This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

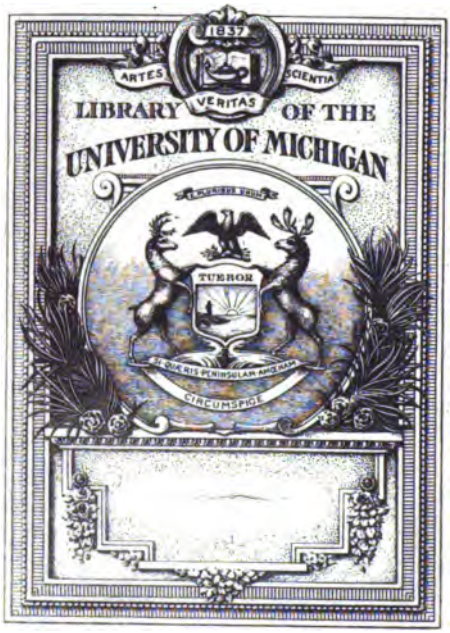
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 1,077,419


1837
ARTES
VERITAS
SCIENTIA
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM
CIRCUMSPICE

G
505
84

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

PRINTED BY THE DARIEN PRESS, EDINBURGH

AND SOLD BY

DOUGLAS & FOULIS, EDINBURGH.

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

EDITED BY

F. S. GOGGS.

VOL. XII.

EDINBURGH:
THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.
1913.

Geography
Grant
1-19-28
16080

CONTENTS.

PAGE

As Heaven's Water Dealeth—To Glen Affric and Glen Shiel. *By Wm. Anderton Brigg* - - - - - - 1

HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY—
Dr Johnson's Tour, 1773. *By John Buchan* - - 13
Newte's Tour, 1785. *By S. A. Gillon* - - - 94
Skrine's Tour, 1787, 1793. *By S. A. Gillon* - - 99
Hon. Mrs Murray Aust's Guide, 1796. *By Henry Alexander, jun.* - - - - - - 164
Rev. James Hall's Tour, 1803. *By S. F. M. Cumming* - 275
Fisherfield and Letterewe. *By Geo. T. Glover* - - 21
New Climbs in the Isle of Skye. *By J. M. Archer Thomson* - 31
Ben Vane. Poem. *By W. P. Ker* - - - - - 46
Table of Members of the Club grouped according to Place of Residence, from 1889-1912, inclusive. *By Jas. A. Parker* 50
Odds and Ends - - - - - - 51, 122, 182, 341
New Guide Book - - - - - - 53, 121, 221
The Islands of Loch Awe—
I. Inishail. *By Mr and Mrs Wm. Douglas* - - 65
II. Fraoch Eilean. *By Mr and Mrs Wm. Douglas* - 137
III. Kilchurn. *By W. Douglas* - - - - 189
"The Unseen Corrie" preceded by "The Dubhs." *By J. R. Young and others* - - - - - - - 77
The Black Pinnacle of Coire Brochain, Braeriach. *By Jas. A. Parker* - - - - - - - - 84
A New Year's Dream. *By T. Fraser S. Campbell* - - 90
A Wet Day on Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour. *By H. W. Hoek* - 104
Notes on South Uist. *By F. G. Farquhar* - - - 107
Wanderings on the Cuillin. *By Jas. C. Thomson* - - 129
Aonach Eagach. *By W. Inglis Clark* - - - 146
Song: "I Sing of a Club, and a jolly good Club." *By J. G. Stott* - - - - - - - - 151
Ardgour. *By J. H. Bell* - - - - - 153
Bidein Druim nan Ramh. *By W. W. Naismith* - - 173
Toindoun. *By H. T. Munro* - - - - - 177
The Brack: the Elephant Gully. *By Harold Raeburn* - 209

PAGE

The Forbidden Mountains (Beinn Dearg, Ross-shire). *By George Sang* - - - - - - - 215
A Delightful Day on Clisham. *By F. G. Farquhar* - - 255
A Fifteen-hour Walk in Benderloch. *By F. S. Goggs* - 258
Lichens. *By Wm. Watson* - - - - - - 267
Midnight Wanderings in the Larig. *By Ed. Backhouse* - 286
Club Song. *By J. G. Stott (reprinted)* - - - - 291
The Bird Cliffs of St Abb's. *By Wm. Douglas* - - 311
Umbrae Quaedam S.M.C. (Poem) - - - - 322
Argyll's Bowling Green and Glen Croe. *By F. S. Goggs* - 323

FULL OR HALF-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS—

Loch Duich from Sgurr Fhuaran - - - - 1
Mam Sodhail from the Col between it and Carn Eighe - 2
From Sgurr a' Bhealaich Dheirg looking West - - 2
From Sgurr Fhuaran looking South-South-East - - 6
Sgurr na Ciste Duibhe from Sgurr nan Spainteach - 8
Highest Summit of the Saddle from the West Summit - 8
Beinn Lair from Summit of Torr na h'Iolaire - - 22
Central Towers of Beinn Dearg Mhor - - - 24
Torr na h'Iolaire and Fionn Loch from the Path above Carnmore - - - - - - - 24
On the Centre of Torr na h'Iolaire - - - 26
Stac a Chaorruinn at East End of A'Mhaighdean - 26
A'Mhaighdean from Torr na h'Iolaire - - - 28
Inishail Churchyard - - - - - 65
Inishail Churchyard - - - - - 66
Stones in Inishail Churchyard - - - - 68
Cross in Inishail Chapel - - - - - 70
Inishail Church - - - - - - 72
Inishail Chapel - - - - - - 76
Braeriach from the South-East - - - - 84
Coire Brochain, Braeriach - - - - - 86
Cliffs of Coire Brochain from the South-West - - 88
Top of Black Pinnacle from the West - - - 88
Sgorr Dhearg from North Ballachulish - - - 112
Coire Lagan, Skye (*photogravure*) - - - - 129
Fraoch Eilean - - - - - - 138
Fraoch Eilean, Interior of Castle - - - - 144
Bidean nam Bian from Stob Mhic-Mhartuin - - 146
Bidean nam Bian from Aonach Eagach - - - 148
Bidean nam Bian from Aonach Eagach - - - 150
Aonach Eagach—Meall Dearg - - - - 152
Loch Sunart from summit of Garbh Bheinn - - 156
Bidein Druim nan Ramh from Sgurr an Fheadain - 174
Kilchurn Castle - - - - - - 189
Kilchurn Castle - - - - - - 197

PAGE

FULL OR HALF-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS—*continued.*

Kilchurn Castle in 1770 - - - - - - 203
The Brack - - - - - - - 213
Beinn Dearg (Ross-shire) - - - - - - 215
Choire Ghranda - - - - - - - 217
Cliffs of Beinn Dearg from Loch a' Choire Ghranda - 220
Braeriach and Sgoran Dubh from Càrn Eilrig—panorama (*photogravure*) - - - - - - - 251
Beinn Sguliaird - - - - - - - 258
Loch Nevis and Garbh Chioch Mhor - - - - 297
Coire Reidh and Coire nan Gall - - - - - 300
Glen Shiel and the Saddle - - - - - - 302
Sgor na Ciche - - - - - - - 304
Ben Sgriol - - - - - - - - 308
St Abb's from Whiteheugh - - - - - - 311
St Abb's Head - - - - - - - 314
The Barnyards from the Nunnery - - - - 318
Fast Castle - - - - - - - - 320
View from the Brack (south) - - - - - 323
Plan of Ardgoil - - - - - - - 324
Glen Croe (from an old print) - - - - - 328
Glen Croe - - - - - - - - 332
Ben Donich - - - - - - - - 332
Tom Molach from Lochgoilside - - - - - 336
Portincaple Ferry and Mark - - - - - 336

ILLUSTRATIONS IN TEXT—

Sgurr nan Gillean (Diagram) - - - - - 31
The Castles from Harta Coire (Diagram) - - - - 34
Face of Sron na Ciche (Diagram) - - - - - 36
The Cioch and the Cioch Buttress (Diagram) - - 38
Mr Cobbler wearing a Jaeger Helmet - - - - 44
Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour (Diagram) - - - - 158
Kilchurn Castle, Ground-Plan of - - - - - 192
"Rest and be thankful" stone, Glen Croe - - - 344
Stone near Whistlefield - - - - - - 351

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES—

Ben Nevis—Coire na Ciste—An Easy Way out - - 54
A Wondrous Sky - - - - - - - 56
Beinn an Lochain, Height of - - - - - 57
Garbh Bheinn, Motor Launch - - - - 57, 126
S.M.C. Abroad in 1911 - - - - - - 57
S.M.C. Abroad in 1912 - - - - - - 236
Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club - - - 62, 126, 245
Avalanche on Ben More - - - - - - 124
Larig Ghru Route—Opening of Allt na Beinne Moire Bridge 184

PAGE

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES—*continued.*

Stob Coire nam Beith - - - - - 185
Ben Ime and the Cobbler (Botanical Note) - - 186
Caisteal a' Gharbh Choire (Skye) - - - - 187
Sgurr Alasdair and Sron na Ciche - - - - 187
Clach Beinn (Cowal) - - - - - 235
Càr Mhor B_1-B_2 Rib - - - - - 236
Bidean nam Bian, Derivation of - - - - 236
The Brack, Elephant Gully - - - - 294
Ardgoil "Rest and be thankful" stone, Glencroe - 344
Crook Inn, Broughton - - - - - 350
Kingshouse Inn, Glencoe - - - - - 350
Stone near Whistlefield - - - - - 351
Knoydart Meet, Eastern Section - - - - 352

REVIEWS AND NOTICES—

H. H. Bailey's "Geology of the Neighbourhood of Fort William" - - - - - 55
Mrs Parker's "The Selkirk Mountains" - - - 127
Seton Gordon's "The Charm of the Hills" - - 246
Arnold Lunn's "The Englishman in the Alps" - - 248
Dr Marion Newbigin's "Ordnance Survey Maps" - 295

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB

Twenty-third Annual General Meeting and Dinner, 1911 41
New Year Meet at Tarbet, 1912 - - - - 43
S.M.C. Library and Club-Room - - 47, 120, 234, 293
Dinner to Joseph G. Stott, 27th February 1912 - - 110
Easter Meet at Glencoe, 1912 - - - - 112
Twenty-fourth Annual General Meeting and Dinner, 1912 225
New Year Meet at Fortingall and Killin, 1913 - - 228
Easter Meet at Aviemore, 1913 - - - - 251
Knoydart Meet, May 1913, Eastern Section - - 297
Knoydart Meet, May 1913, Western Section - - 304

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XII. FEBRUARY 1912. No. 67.

AS HEAVEN'S WATER DEALETH—TO GLEN AFFRIC AND GLEN SHIEL.

BY WM. ANDERTON BRIGG.

OUR previous experiences of Scottish weather had been more boisterous than pleasant, and "Skye in rain, Schiehallion in storm, Arran in mist, the Cairngorms in blizzard, Ben Nevis in fog, Glencoe in spate"—if I may quote from another source *—is not an unfair summary of them. But these had all been early in the season, and we were entitled to hope for something better at Midsummer, especially in such a year as 1911. When, therefore, Garden asked Greenwood and myself to spend the Coronation Week with him and J. A. Parker in the wildest recesses of Rossshire, we decided to give Scotland one more chance, and excusing ourselves from an invitation to join in the pleasures of

> That majestic and sonorous day
> When London was one gaze at her own joy,

we took our courage—and our tickets—in both hands, and accepted.

Our programme embraced the mountain ridges on both sides of the head waters of Glen Affric and the south

* *Yorkshire Ramblers' Journal*, iii. 154.

side of Glen Cluanie and Glen Shiel, and included the fine peaks of Carn Eige, Mam Sodhail, Sgurr Fhuaran, the Saddle, and Maol Chinn Dearg.

The district has already been more or less fully described by various writers in this *Journal* (see the Bibliographical Note, *post*, pp. 11-12), but it is not, I believe, well known, even to members of the S.M.C., and this must be my excuse—"a false Southron"—for inflicting this paper on them.

I need hardly say that all this part of Scotland is "under deer," and accommodation for the mere tourist or climber, especially now that the Shiel Inn is closed, is, like angels' visits, few and far between, and practically confined to the hospitality afforded by the landlords or their lessees. But Garden knows how to "work the office," and thanks to him we found our way made smooth and could truly say our feet were "set in a large room."

The fine weather was showing signs of breaking up when we left Yorkshire in the afternoon of the 21st June, it grew worse as we sped north, and when we reached Inverness at 5 A.M. next morning to find the gay bunting that adorned the Station Square drooping under a steady drizzle, we could only say to each other: "I told *you* so!" But a hot bath, a change into climbing kit, and Garden's smiling face at breakfast, restored our courage, and we set off in a motor car at 7.30 A.M. for Benula Lodge in Glen Cannich, by way of Drumnadrochit, Glen Urquhart, and Invercannich.

We reached the keeper's cottage opposite Benula Lodge at 11.30 A.M., and after sheltering there long enough to drink to the new-crowned King in hot milk, crossed the burn to its south side, dismissed the car, shouldered our rucksacks, and started up the path which leads from Benula Lodge to Glen Affric Lodge.

It had rained most of the way, and rain and wind were still our portion as we plugged steadily up the hill side, Loch Mullardoch looming below us in the mist, past a fine waterfall, as far as the shoulder of the hill where the path turns over to the left, and then swinging to the right made up the slopes to the summit of Tom a' Choinich

June 1911. *W. Garden.*

MAM SODHAIL FROM THE COL BETWEEN IT AND CARN EIGHE.

June 1911. *W. Garden.*

FROM SGURR A' BHEALAICH DHEIRG LOOKING W.

1. Sgurr na Ciste Duibhe. 3. Sgurr Fhuaran. 5. Sgurr nan Spainteach (Spaniard's Peak).

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

(3,646 feet)—"cognac" is the local, and to rain-sodden climbers not unattractive, pronunciation.

We were now on the watershed between Gleann nam Fiadh and the Allt-a-Choire Dhomhain, and the western gale tried hard to blow us over into the former, but we held on steadily through the mist, guided by Parker's compass, up the rocky ridge of Sron Garbh (3,500 feet), which was furnished in one place with an obviously artificial stone staircase and everywhere encumbered with wire entanglements, the relics of the late Mr Winans's expensive attempts to part the deer from the goats—I mean the sheep, when sheep were still grown on one side of the hill.

The weather did not allow of any extended view, and our downcast eyes had the more leisure to observe the wealth of mountain flora at our feet—Alpine it might almost be called—and the green cushions of *Silene acaulis*, studded with pink stars, recalled happy memories of its Swiss brethren.

At Tom a' Choinich we had struck the Ross-Inverness march, and as this coincides with a whole string of Munros we kept our eyes peeled for fear of missing any. An Leth Chreag was the next we flushed, and we might have walked over it without knowing, but luckily Parker carried a 1-inch O.S. map, enriched with notes from the 6-inch O.S., and armed with this weapon the most retiring peak had no chance. It was clear that to climb without it would be like going gunning without a smell-dog.

Continuing on the watershed we came upon the nearest approach to a rock *arête* we found that day, a bunch of splintered pinnacles twenty to thirty feet high, "hoary white with eld," draped in wet moss and scabrous with a scaly lichen smaller than, but similar to, that which makes the climbing on the Horungtinder of Norway so rough, especially on clothes. Parker was for tackling the biggest of them, but they were too cold and wet, and we contented ourselves with spread-eagling on them for the camera.

By this time the rain had ceased and Garden was able to begin an admirable series of views, some of which adorn this paper. From one of the first taken I gather that we had at this point a fine view of Sgurr na Lapaich

to the south, but I had not then heard of the gentleman and cannot remember what he looked like—probably wet.

Thence we traversed the unexciting summit of Creag na h' Eige (3,753 feet), and by a broad ridge reached Carn Eige (3,877 feet), a peak of some importance, as he is not only the highest to the north of the Caledonian Canal, but the thirteenth highest peak in Scotland. Mere height, however, is not the chiefest attribute of a mountain, and in others he was sadly lacking, his summit being a "rounding flat" and his flanks gently sloping declivities. Between him and his sister peak, Mam Sodhail—the latter name invites the use of the feminine—lies a broad saddle which circumscribes the desolate Gleann nam Fiadh, and from it we had a good view, on the one hand, of that glen, and on the other of the highest reaches of the Gleann a Choilich, one of the two glens which converge in Glen Cannich, with its burn gleaming in the sunlight that filtered through the lifting rain-clouds. Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan stands at the head of this glen, and in between lay the rest of our day's march.

Great patches of hard snow, many feet thick, lay on the northern slopes of Mam Sodhail, and I indulged in a small glissade, merely for the sake of saying I had done so in the British Isles at Midsummer, and as a foretaste—alas! not realised—of my Alpine holiday.

Mam Sodhail (3,862 feet) is crowned with a colossal cairn, like the stump of a lighthouse for size, where we crouched for shelter and food, and close by is a stone shelter. The summit itself is even broader than that of Carn Eige.

From Mam Sodhail we traversed a broad ridge, crossed the col at the head of Allt Coire Leachavie, traversed Ciste Dubh (3,606 feet), and descended the steep slopes that lead to the col at the head of Allt Coire Ghaidheil. The climb thence up to the summit of An Socach (3,017 feet) was hard work for tired and sleepy men—I fancy I shirked the last bit—and when we had stumbled down to the depression to the east of the head of Allt na Faing and were asked by the indefatigable Garden, who had not, like us, spent the previous night in the train, to tackle the still distant Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan, we said it was time to

think about the supper and bed he had promised us at Alltbeath in the glen below.

Perhaps the pleasantest part of the mountaineer's day is the evening descent into the valley—the peak won, the toil over, and the mind free to speculate on the number of beds and the quality of the supper waiting below. Certainly the memory of that quiet glen, fragrant with the intoxicating perfume of the rowan and carpeted with wild thyme and bog myrtle, is not the least pleasant.

At Alltbeath, a stalking lodge in Glen Affric Forest, we were warmly welcomed by the keeper, Mr Scott, and his wife, a Harris woman, gifted with a voice "gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman," recalling in its tones recent memories of the Irish Players. They had no meat or bread, but with scones and eggs and marmalade we were made happy, and a nine hours' sleep fitly rounded off a good day.

It was still broad daylight when we went to bed, and the same when we got up, indeed it was never, I think, really dark, and when we left at 8 A.M. we had sunshine and a cool wind, which accompanied us through the day.

The carriage road up Glen Affric ends at Affric Lodge, eight miles down the valley, and there is only a rough track forward past Alltbeath as far as the keeper's house at Camban. Beyond that point it is possible to push a bicycle over into Gleann Lichd, but it must be hard work. We followed the track as far as Camban, disturbing on the way a wild duck with her brood and a heron at his breakfast, and then turned south up the spur that runs down from Sgurr a' Bhealaich Dheirg—Sgurr an Fhuarail with its clear outline filling the head of the valley to our right and the gloomy slopes of Ciste Dhubh looming on our left. We kept straight on up the narrow ridge, cutting across the path from Camban to the Cluanie Inn near some red screes from which the peak gets its name (the Peak of the Red Pass), and reached the summit, whose naturally sharp crest was accentuated by a stone wall. The slope to the right was steep and in places precipitous and seamed with gullies which would be snow couloirs in winter, but without pitches. At this point the county boundary doubles

back sharply to the east to follow the watershed of Glen Affric.

Down below on our left lay Glen Shiel, a deep cut trough, fenced on the further side with the high range that separates it from Glen Quoich and threaded by one of the roads that General Wade made to tame the Highlands; whilst in front, to the west, lay the far-stretched watershed, curving westward, and strung with shapely pyramids, identical almost in size and outline, a coronet of mountain loveliness. To reach the first of them we had to traverse the inconspicuous Saileag, a mere swelling in the ridge where the Mountain Spirit has turned in his sleep and lifted the coverlet a little, but none the less a Munro, and as such to be gathered in. Greenwood and I, however, tempted by the sight of the green oasis of a spring beyond, shirked the *allerhöchste spitze* and met the others on the *col* beyond where we had our frugal lunch of sweet scones and marmalade, helped down by a slab of St Ivel cheese. This last, Garden's contribution, is a toothsome delicacy in itself and with raisin pasty as I have since eaten it, a dish for the gods, but so charged with digestive *bacilli* that you find yourself an hour later asking when lunch is coming.

Sgurr nan Spainteach, the Peak of the Spaniards (3,129 feet), which came next, takes its name from the Spaniards who found themselves in this out-of-the-way place, in the year 1719, helping in the Battle of Glen Shiel. It has a cluster of rocks of no great size on the north side, but affords a fine view of the summit and east ridge of Sgurr Fhuaran.

Ciste Duibhe (3,370 feet), the Black Kist or Chest, which followed, is more of a mountain, and with some encouragement would make quite a good rock peak. There is a false ridge on the north side with steep sides, a rock-strewn *vallon* between it and the summit, and on the summit a cairn and great piles of enormous stones with black holes in among them, any one of which would be sufficient warrant for the imaginative Celt giving the peak the name it bears. We have the same word "kist" in Yorkshire for a chest or meal-ark. The precipitous north side

June 1911. *W. Garaen.*

FROM SGURR FHUARAN LOOKING S.S.E.

1. Sgurr na Ciste Duibhe. 2. Sgurr na Carnach.

of the mountain might afford good climbing if there were any sleeping place within a day's journey, or any chance of pitching a tent in the valley below—a very remote possibility under present conditions.

At this point the ridge, which has hitherto run east and west, turns sharp to the north, and a descent of 600 feet brought us to the foot of Sgurr na Carnach (3,270 feet) —the Peak of Cairns—and another 500 feet of knee and breast work up its rugged slopes brought us—or rather them—to the summit. I was tempted by the easier gradient to work round its west slope which is steep and full of easy rock traverses. We met on the saddle (2,856 feet) beyond, at the foot of Sgurr Fhuaran, and a steady climb of 650 feet on very broken ground landed us on the summit of this, the real *objectif* of our trip, and we had a prolonged rest at the cairn. We counted ourselves fortunate in a week of such broken weather to have it fine for what must surely be one of the finest, if not the finest, view points in Scotland. We did not, perhaps, have it quite so clear as Sheriff Scott Moncrieff Penney (*cf. S.M.C.J.*, III. 28), but the light summer clouds on the distant hills gave them an added beauty. We seemed to be set in the centre of Scotland's mountain districts, and could see them all—the Cairngorms in the east, the Coolins in the west, Ben Nevis in the south, and Torridon in the north; with all that lay, or rather rose, between—Ben Screel in the south, our friends of yesterday and to-day in the east, Rum and Eig in the offing, Sgurr nan Saighead immediately at hand on the one side, and the range culminating in the Saddle on the other, and at our feet Glen Shiel and the gleaming waters of Loch Duich. To me the array of peaks, for the most part strangers, was quite bewildering, but the ease with which Garden and Parker picked out one after another spoke of many a day spent in the open, and of many a night devoted to the Index. We have no such panorama like it in England, and in the Alps it is worthy of compare with that, say, from the Col du Géant looking southwards, saving of course the snow peaks.

There is a steep descent to the *col* between Sgurr Fhuaran and Sgurr nan Saighead to the north, with what

seemed to be imposing precipices on the east side, but only Parker went down. The ridge running down from where we stood to Invershiel presents, perhaps, the longest ridge of uniform gradient in Great Britain, but we wanted to get down to the keeper's lodge at Achnangart, four miles higher up the valley, so we worked across the head of the coire and skirted along and down the western slopes of Sgurr na Carnach. On the way we actually saw two black-faced sheep, trespassers, alas, now, and what was even sadder, a herd of goats once tame which had been left behind when the glen was cleared and are now wilder than the deer.

We were given hot milk and biscuits at the keeper's house but he could not put us up for the night, so we had to walk down the road to Invershiel. Our long day's work—it was then 9 P.M.—had not been as an Oxford Sunday was once described, "An imperceptible sliding from meal to meal," and the four miles' steady grind was a trying addition to it, but in memory we forget this and think only of the cool light of that "endless summer evening" and the sweet sleep that followed.

I suppose everyone, except the map makers and guide-book writers, knows by this time that the Shiel Inn has been closed, and a perusal of the S.M.C. Guide Book will show what its loss as a climbing centre means.

Invershiel is a small hamlet in the flat and marshy river bottom at the head of Loch Duich, with a fine view of Sgurr Fhuaran from the stone bridge at the junction of the Glenelg and Dornie and Shiel roads.

We had intended to traverse next day the watershed on the south-west side of Glen Shiel, as far as Bealach Duibh Leac, and return to Invershiel, and on the following day drive up Glen Shiel, regain the ridge at Creag nan Damh, traverse it and descend to the Cluanie Inn, whence the motor car would whisk us off in the afternoon to Inverness. But, fortunately as it happened, we could not arrange this, and decided to carry out the first day's climbing programme, and drive on to the Cluanie Inn in the evening.

From Sgurr Fhuaran we had seen and admired the

June 1911. *W. Garden.*

SGURR NA CISTE DUIBHE FROM SGURR NAN SPAINTEACH.

June 1911. *W. Garden.*

HIGHEST SUMMIT OF THE SADDLE FROM THE WEST SUMMIT
(SGURR NA FORCAN TO THE RIGHT).

OF
MICH.

sharp outlines of the Saddle, the culminating point in the ridge that encircles the Allt Undalain, the glen which runs down to Invershiel from the south, and wondered why, in a district where every eminence and hollow, however unpretentious, has been endowed with a Gaelic name, each fuller of redundant letters of the alphabet and more defiant of the rules of orthoëpy as usually understood than its neighbour, this fine rock peak should be labelled with a mere Sassenach title—and a commonplace one at that. It is as bad as Saddleback in our English Lakeland.

The most sporting route to the summit would have been to follow the Allt a' Choir Uaine to its head and climb straight up by the rocks, but this would have avoided the line of peaks on the south side of that glen, and we did not want to miss any of them—all above the sacred 3,000-feet level. We therefore went up the bottom glen only to the point where the hunting path divides, and then followed the right-hand branch of the latter, up the steep brae side—and very hot and steep it was—to the *col* between our glen and Glen More. Thence we followed the watershed, traversing a long succession of rock *kopjes* and swampy hollows, not unlike the traverse of Glaramara in Lakeland, peaks of no great merit but gifted with high-sounding names—Sgurr a Gharg Gharaidh, Sgurr Leac nan Each (3,013 feet), and Spidean Dhomhuin Bhric (3,082 feet). From our lunching point on the south side of the last named we had a fine view of Ben Screel and the country beyond to the south. The ridge from this point is decidedly rocky and the precipitous slopes of the Saddle on the north side ought to give some good climbing, especially one big chimney which cuts the mountain side from top to bottom. But I doubt if the character of the rock itself, from a climber's point of view, is as good as that in Skye. The rock on the ridge itself is tilted at a sharp angle in thick flakes and makes quite a good scramble. A fall on either side would be decidedly unpleasant. The tangled remains of a wire fence do not make the going easier. Three-quarters of a mile beyond Spidean Dhomhuin Bhric is the Saddle, a rock peak, conical in outline and guarded on the south by steep precipices; and a quarter of a mile east

of the Saddle, with a sharp ridge intervening, is Sgurr na Forcan (3,100 feet), The Little Forked Peak, a veritable *gendarme* with some fifty feet of interesting hand and knee work, but it can be circumvented on the south by climbing up an easy chimney. The descent of the ridge on the other side can be made very interesting as it is all rock, much broken up, and there is plenty of scope for the exercise of that much-neglected art, in British climbing at any rate, the rapid *descent* of rock mountains. The south ridge is quite another affair, very steep and smooth, and apparently unclimbable.

After clearing the rocks we made our way down the rough brae side into the upper parts of the Allt a' Choire Chaoil, setting up on the way a covey of ptarmigan that could just fly, crossed over the ridge to the north, and descended, some direct and others by the zigzag hunting path, to the high road in Glen Shiel at the cottage, a short mile above Achnangart.

We had ordered a carriage to meet us here and drive us to Cluanie Inn, and I was looking forward to a restful time in the usual "machine," but Invershiel does not run to that, and had sent only a two-wheeled dog-cart—and a horse! There was only room for three, including the driver, in the former, and

> The delicate question—which
> Of us *three goes on the cattle*, arose,
> And we argued it out as sich!

Greenwood said horse exercise was a tender point with him—he had only indulged in it once, and his two days' experience of a Norsk pony last year had fed him up. Moreover, if the animal were to shy at a motor car—as in fact it subsequently did—he should certainly fall off. Garden said he had not ridden anything since the rocking horse of his childhood's happy days. Parker vowed he would as soon walk. So the lot fell upon me and we started, two and the driver bulging out on both sides of the front seat and the third reclining sack-wise with the luggage behind, whilst I tittupped painfully in the rear.

As we made our way up that wild valley and over the

watershed to the Cluanie Inn, we marked down for to-morrow's foray the long line of high peaks stretching eastward from the Saddle.

But alas! when to-morrow came—I ought to say that there were only two bedrooms in the inn, both occupied, and three of us had to sleep in the parlour, whilst Parker unselfishly took the box room—it was raining hard and climbing was out of the question. At least we others thought so, but Parker, who I suspect has got *Munroitis* pretty badly, went out for three or four hours and came back wet through but with his rucksack stuffed with the summits of Druim Shionnach, Aonach air Chrith, and Maol Chinn Dearg—at least he said so, and he probably spoke truth, for there is no "place of public entertainment" within many miles.

The motor car came up from Inverness at two o'clock, and at three o'clock we left, just as the rain was ceasing, and had a fine run home by way of Glen Cluanie and Glen Moriston.

In conclusion I may say that to Greenwood and myself the trip was a revelation of the vast extent and beauty of the S.M.C.'s playground, and of the work still waiting for its active members. More power to their hobnails!

APPENDIX.

The following articles in the *S.M.C. Journal* and the *Cairngorm Club Journal* deal with the subject of this article:—

S.M.C. Journal—

Altitudes of Scottish Mountains. H. T. Munro. I. 276.
Diary of a Week's Ridge-Walking in the North-West of Scotland. J. Rennie. II. 291.
A Climb for a View—Scour Ouran. S. M. Penney. III. 28.
Excursions: The Saddle. H. T. Munro. IV. 176.
In the North-West Highlands in February. S. A. Gillon. VIII. 230.
S.M.C. Guide Book: The Saddle, &c. VIII. 259 *et seq.*
Excursions: The Saddle, X. 5; Glen Affric, XI. 54; Carn Eige, Beinn Fhionnlaidh, &c., XI. 120.

APPENDIX (*continued*)—

Mam Sodhail (Soul) and Carn Eige. C. E. W. Macpherson. XI. 193.

Ridge-Walking at Easter, 1911, in Glens Affric and Cannich. Allan Arthur. XI. 351.

Cairngorm Club Journal—

From the Beauly Firth to Loch Duich. Rev. R. M. Cairney. V. 24.

Excursions and Notes: A Letter from Shiel Inn, V. 174; Shiel Inn, IV. 280.

HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

"A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," by Doctor Samuel Johnson. 2 vols. 1775.

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

THE Editor's command has made me get down from a top shelf a little squat duodecimo which I have not opened for many a year. I presume my copy is the first edition; at any rate it was issued in the year of the first edition, and though it is wrongly paged and bears an Irish imprint, the bookplate of the first Lord Sheffield would seem a guarantee of authenticity. I can scarcely think that a noted bibliophile like Gibbon's friend and editor would content himself with a pirated version. I read the book years ago in a fishing inn in Argyll, and it is, perhaps, scarcely a work which calls for frequent re-reading. The truth is that Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands" compares ill with Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides." Johnson was no picaresque chronicler of wayside humours, and he had not the art of that delightful form of literature which the French call *carnets de voyage*. He is no Borrow or Stevenson to reproduce for the fireside reader the glamour of travel, and, unlike Boswell, he is too modest, too dignified, to give us gossip. He tells of his adventures as the leader of an advance party might report to his commanding officer—an accurate but colourless itinerary. Indeed, it was as a leader of an advance party that he thought of himself, a scout sent forth from the coffee-houses of Town to report on the outer darkness of the North. If you want a parallel you will find it in that desiccated narrative, the "Anabasis" of Xenophon. Johnson was inspirited to risk the journey, Boswell tells us, by reading Martin's "Descrip-

tion of the Western Islands of Scotland." Martin was a Skyeman, and his exceedingly dull work was first issued in 1703. The world about 1770 was beginning to talk about the "life of nature," and speculate on sociology. Johnson's purpose was more than half-scientific. The Highlands were the nearest approach to the free and barbaric natural existence about which eighteenth-century litterati talked wisely and knew nothing. The honest old Doctor had a conscience beyond his contemporaries; he determined to go and see. So at the age of sixty-four he packed his bag, hoisted his huge body on a horse, and set off like a boy on his first expedition, sacrificing all the comforts of Fleet Street, agreeable and admiring ladies, and innumerable cups of tea. Who can withhold admiration from a spirit so candid and indomitable?

But even if the purpose of the journey had been less courageous, the record of it might merit our attention for its own sake. It is a masterpiece of pure and stately English. I do not know any work in which the style is a finer example of Augustan prose at its best. Then, again, Johnson's was an intelligence of the first order, and his comments are never negligible. He might be lacking sometimes in knowledge, but, like Alan Breck, he never failed in "penetration." So we may welcome the inspiration in the Lochaber glen which prompted the work. Here is his own account:—

"I sat down on a bank, such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had indeed no trees to whisper over my head, but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which by hindering the eye from ranging forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well, I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration."

Boswell has described for us the traveller. "He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide

brown cloth greatcoat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio 'Dictionary'; and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick." We can imagine that after a debauch of Edinburgh intellectual society he was not sorry to get on the road again. He travelled light, and had no reason to regret it in a land where "that which is not mountain is commonly bog."

"It is not to be imagined without experience," he tells us, "how in climbing crags, and treading bogs, and winding through narrow and obstructed passages, a little bulk will hinder and a little weight will burthen; or how often a man that has pleased himself at home with his own resolution, will, in the hour of darkness and fatigue, be content to leave behind him everything but himself."

What the doctor's baggage consisted of we are not told; Boswell, we know, was accompanied by a volume of sermons, a map of Scotland, and a Bible.

We may pass rapidly over the earlier stages of the journey among the sour cornlands of Fife and the Mearns. At St Andrews they had a spate of professors and much meditation among ruins. At Montrose, to Johnson's surprise, they found an English chapel with an organ! In Aberdeen the Doctor was given an honorary degree, and observed that the women of the lower classes were "visibly employed" knitting stockings. He visited the Bullers of Buchan, and considered that Slains Castle might be a good place to realise the Lucretian situation, "Suave mari magno," &c. The treelessness of Scotland oppressed him. "I had now travelled two hundred miles in Scotland and seen only one tree not younger than myself." Another saddening fact was that the windows in the houses seemed to be designed not to open. "He that would have his window open must hold it with his hand, unless what may be sometimes found among good contrivers, there be a nail which he may stick into a hole, to keep it from falling." He still complained of crumpled roseleaves, for he had not sampled Highland shielings and the Outer Isles.

At Nairn, according to his own view, he entered the Highlands, for there he first saw peat fires and heard Gaelic.

Thence by way of Inverness he traversed the Great Glen, amazed at the multitude of waters, and, like a true Southron, apprehensive of the barrenness of streams that did not flow deep. "Such capricious and temporary waters cannot be expected to produce many fish," he writes, with perhaps the Lochy in his mind! His night's lodging was now a matter of adventure; in an inn he might have to enter a couch new vacated by "a man black as Cyclops from the forge," or in a gentleman's house find a bed of fine linen standing in a puddle on the bare earth. On the whole he was a philosophical traveller, and he seems to have been lucky in the way of food. He tasted the delicacies of a Scots breakfast. "If an epicure could remove by a wish, in quest of sensual gratification, wherever he had supped he would breakfast in Scotland." In the islands, however he was disgusted by the spectacle of cheese at the morning meal! Whisky he did not like, and only once tasted it —at Inveraray. He records with admiration that the inhabitants of the Hebrides begin the day with a dram. Let it be added that Boswell and he attempted, and succeeded in, the pious task of making some English soldiers very drunk on the road to Glenelg.

The mountains made a strong impression on this traveller to whom Primrose Hill had hitherto done duty for a height. They saddened and solemnised, but they did not terrify him. He notes that they deserved, like the Homeric Ida, the epithet "abundant in springs," but by no means the phrase used of Pelion, "waving their leaves." His orderly and cultivated tastes were depressed by the "wide extent of hopeless sterility," and like every English traveller of his day he disliked the heather—"one sullen power of useless vegetation." He loved the classic line, and the evidences of civilisation and art. Here is his comment on Loch Lomond: "The islets, which court the gazer at a distance, disgust him at his approach, when he finds, instead of soft lawns and shady thickets, nothing more than uncultivated ruggedness." But at any rate he perceived the quality of the wilds, even if he did not welcome it. He was oppressed with a sense of the littleness of man. Unlike his modish contemporaries, Johnson could realise the

sublimity of the deserts, of wild lochs and lonely seas. He fled from it to an inn or a tea-table, but he took off his hat to it all the while. He is immeasurably beyond the townsman, who, having ascended a few hundred feet of Helvellyn, was horrified by the sight, had blood let, and was carried home; or even Burt, to whom the mountains were only "a dirty purple, but most disagreeable when the heath is in bloom."

The real adventures began in Skye. There he was taken to the hearts of the lairds, and saw island life from the inside. He was full of fine notions of chieftainship and their duties, and fell foul of Sir Alexander Macdonald at Armidale for being more of an Etonian than a Highlander. Sir Alexander rackrented his tenants and aped urban gentility. Raasay was more to the Doctor's liking, and a very pleasant picture he draws of his entertainment there —"nothing but civility, elegance, and plenty"—good food, books, and dances of an evening. Thence he journeyed to Dunvegan, visiting Flora Macdonald on the way. Though the mighty ridge of the Coolin must have been continually before his eyes, there is no sentence to hint that he saw anything in it more remarkable than in the more commonplace hills of Lochaber. At one spot only was he struck with awe. Talisker had not then its convivial associations. "Talisker," he wrote, "is the place beyond all that I have seen from which the gay and the jovial seem utterly excluded; and where the hermit might expect to grow old in meditation without possibility of disturbance or interruption." "What must be the solicitude of him," he asks, "who should be wandering among the crags and hollows, benighted, ignorant, and alone?" Let it be a comfort to the members of the Club when they are next travelling on a starless night the long road between Glenbrittle and Sligachan that Dr Johnson foresaw and pitied their fate.

From Skye the travellers went south by Coll, where to their joy they found a shop at which Boswell purchased writing-paper. They next landed at Tobermory and pushed southward through Mull to visit Iona. On this stage the lexicographer's mind envisaged the subject of

afforestation. The objection, he thought, was the poverty of the people.

"Plantation is naturally the employment of a mind unburdened with care, and vacant to futurity, saturated with present good, and at leisure to derive gratification from the prospect of posterity. He that pines with hunger, is in little care how others shall be fed. The poor man is seldom studious to make his grandson rich."

They visited Ulva, and at Inchkenneth found Sir Allan Maclean, the chief of the clan, who accompanied them to Iona. Every schoolboy knows, and has turned into Latin prose, the famous passage which ends in the typically Augustan declamation: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Less often quoted is the delightful account of the Doctor's arrival at Lochbuie—"where we found a true Highland laird, rough and haughty, and tenacious of his dignity; who, hearing my name, inquired whether I was of the *Johnstones* of Glencoe or of Ardnamurchan." This is interesting, for it tells us that the MacIans—that sorrowfully fated clan—were accustomed to translate their name into *Johnson*, and thence, and most incorrectly, to the Lowland Scottish *Johnstone*.

The purpose of the journey was sociological—how Doctor Johnson would have condemned Comte's bastard word!—and the "Journal" is full of reflections upon the transition of the Highlands from patriarchalism to a modern society. Emigration was the Doctor's pet aversion, for he did not believe in any law of supply and demand for human souls. He set out with a prejudice, for, as he told Sir William Forbes in Edinburgh, "it spreads mankind, which weakens the defence of a nation and lessens the comfort of living. Men thinly scattered make a shift, but a bad shift, without many things. A smith is ten miles off; they'll do without a nail or a staple. A tailor is far from them; they'll botch their own clothes. It is being concentrated which produces high convenience." Again and again he returns to the subject, how to find some means "to

stop this epidemick desire of wandering." Some of his reasoning will not appeal to us. He conceived of no future before the colonies; a "nation scattered in the boundless regions of America" seemed to him destined to remain a scattered nation—like rays diverging from a focus, the rays remaining but the heat gone. Nevertheless there is much in his argument, which the world, having forgotten the truth for a hundred years, is now preparing to recognise. Take such a passage as this:—

"In more fruitful countries the removal of one only makes room for the succession of another; but in the Hebrides the loss of an inhabitant leaves a lasting vacuity; for nobody born in any other part of the world will choose this country for his residence; and an island once depopulated will remain a desert. . . . Let it be inquired whether the first intention of those who are fluttering on the wing and collecting a flock, that they may take their flight, be to attain good or to avoid evil. If they are dissatisfied with that part of the globe which their birth has allotted to them, and resolve not to live without the pleasure of happier climates; if they long for bright suns, and calm skies, and flowery fields, and fragrant gardens, I know not by what eloquence they can be persuaded, or by what offers they can be hired to stay. But if they are driven from this country by positive evils, and disgusted by ill-treatment, real or imaginary, it were fit to remove their grievances and quiet their resentment."

The observations on Scotland and the Scots are gentler than one might imagine from a reading of Boswell. Doctor Johnson had a sense of decency; he was not prepared to repay hospitality by acrimonious comment, and he had a proper traveller's modesty. "I cannot but be conscious," so runs the last sentence of the book, "that my thoughts on national manners are the thoughts of one who has seen but little." Yet there are some delightful notes. "The conversation of the Scots," he says, "grows every day less unpleasing to the English; their peculiarities wear fast away; their dialect is likely to become in half a century provincial and rustick, even to themselves." It is only too true. In good company, he records, Scots is seldom heard, "except now and then from an old lady." To-day we should have to go far to find that old lady. Here is perhaps the least

amiable comment, though who shall say it is wholly undeserved? "A Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist, who does not love Scotland better than truth. He will always love it better than inquiry, and if falsehood flatter, his vanity will not be very diligent to detect it." Lastly, let me quote a passage which is an excellent example of the Doctor at his best:—

"Men bred in the universities of Scotland cannot be expected to be often decorated with the splendour of ornamental erudition, but they obtain a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance, not inadequate to the purpose of common life, which is, I believe, very widely diffused among them, and which, countenanced in general by a national combination so invidious that their friends cannot defend it, and actuated in particular by a spirit of enterprise so vigorous that their enemies are constrained to praise it, enables them to find or to make their way to employment, riches, and distinction."

Augustan prose has its limitations. It can be unintentionally comic, with its sonorous epithets, as when, describing the "tail" of a chief, he laments that this "animating rabble" is now no more. When it is playful it suggests the mountains leaping like rams, as in a note about a girls' school at Inverness. "Hither the young nymphs of the mountains and valleys are sent for education, and, as far as my observation has reached, are not sent in vain." But it has its own dignity and beauty, and it suited well with the character of one who, though not among our greatest writers, is assuredly among the greatest figures in our literature. My last quotation shall be a sketch of the minister of Coll, which seems to me the most self-revealing passage in all Doctor Jonson's works:—

"His conversation was not unsuitable to his appearance. I lost some of his good-will by treating a heretical writer with more regard than, in his opinion, a heretick could deserve. I honoured his orthodoxy, and did not much censure his asperity. A man who has settled his opinions does not love to have the tranquillity of his convictions disturbed, *and at seventy-seven it is time to be in earnest.*"

FISHERFIELD AND LETTEREWE.

By Geo. T. Glover.

ANYONE commencing an account of climbing or crossing the hills of the glorious north-west of Scotland is at once faced by the horrid thought that should his screed be of any interest, and should it fall into the hands of the non-elect (such as those not bound by the solemn oath of the S.M.C.), it might lead sundry such persons to conclude that Ross-shire is free to all comers at all seasons, and so to plan a trip during the summer, either to find that he is debarred from such glorious places, or worse still, that he has spoilt other people's sport, for one day at least, if not more. So let me state that the places hereinafter mentioned are all in the heart of strictly preserved forest, and that permission is absolutely necessary to enter and should not be asked between 1st July and the end of the year.

During our memorable three days at Poolewe in May 1909 W. N. Ling and myself at eventide gazed at the mists forming and reforming at the far end of Fionn Loch. In particular, they appeared to hover around two rock towers, the easternmost of which appeared to be a veritable "Torr na h' Iolaire." On winter evenings, assisted by the Inverbroom 1-inch Ordnance Sheet, No. 92, Ling and I often discussed those rocks and fondly hoped that they would be such gorgeous pinnacles as one might expect to find on the celebrated Scottish mountain, the Distincthorn, non-Munro though it be. The first ascent of the splendid north peak of Beinn Airidh Charr at Easter 1910, afforded us surreptitious glances across the lochs, somewhat damping our enthusiasm, as no towers were apparent, but there appeared an attempt at bastions, so we agreed that an early visit was desirable, for (in addition) we feared an attack on these crags by our Hon. Secretary on some off-day when the starting handle of his car was not striking for recognition.

The whole of this district between Loch Maree and

Little Loch Broom is an exceptionally fine one and consists largely of the famous forest of Fisherfield and Letterewe, and as both Ling and myself were free for a few days at Coronation time, all we needed was similar weather to the ever memorable "Sea to Summit" sample of 1902, but unfortunately we struck about the only break in the marvellous summer of 1911.

Midday on Wednesday, 21st June, found us at Garve and we motored to Dundonnell without incident, the one change in the strath since our visit being the influx of cars, which has rather removed the feeling of remoteness and has led, as we saw, to some scandalous exhibitions of road-hoggishness. We were pleased to find Dundonnell full to overflowing and so decided to go straight on that night to Larachantivore where we had been granted permission to stay. Ominous clouds were drifting up from the south-west as we drove back along the three miles of road with the Urquharts to the commencement of the path up Gleann Chaorachain just above Corryhallie. As we mounted, we were soon met by sheets of rain driven by heavy gusts from the Teallachs, which looked grim with the storm clouds around them, the Coire Loch Toll an Lochain being inky black, slashed with snow in the deepest recesses. When we looked over the col into Strath na Sheallag, the place was a sea of mist, and now thoroughly wet through, we passed by our old haunts of Achneigie and Shenavall, opposite the latter fording the Abhuinn, which, we afterwards learnt, would have been a difficult matter six hours later when in spate. On arrival at Larachantivore, Mr and Mrs Angus were surprised to see us, as it had set in a thoroughly bad night; but we were soon inducted into the tin hut, and the howling of the wind and the thrashing of the rain on the roof were most comforting sounds at night, except when to-morrow's expedition was thought of.

It was annoying on such a short holiday to find on rising next morning (Thursday, 22nd June) that the day was quite unfitted for exploration purposes—thick mist, heavy rain, and all the hillsides white with burns in spate. We, however, decided to start, and left our hut at

June 1911 FIG. 1.—BEINN LAIR FROM SUMMIT OF TORR NA H'IOLAIRE. *G. T. Glover.*

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

10.10, tramping up Gleann na Muice Beag, down which we returned from Beinn Dearg Mhor in 1907. The path commences soon after leaving Larachantivore, and at first rather indefinite, becomes really first-class in about another half-mile, thereafter continuing so all the way to Carnmore on Fionn Loch—a matter of some eight miles or so. The rain ceased as we mounted the zigzags past Loch Beinn Dearg and our spirits rose up to the pass at 1,400 feet, but wavered when the storm recommenced as we strode along the level, stony moor towards Lochan Feith Mhic-'illean—a "weary" looking place on such a misty day. By the time we reached the corner (where the path turns westward to Carnmore, and where one should get a perfect view of the Dubh and Fionn Lochs backed by Beinn Lair) (Fig. 1) the day was so hopeless that we beat a retreat, to find on our arrival at Larachantivore at 2.20 P.M. that Fionn Loch had received the worst of the storm and that the country was drying rapidly; so after tea and a change into the oddest of garments, Ling suggested a turn on the Dearg.

Few hills are so well placed relatively to a hut as Beinn Dearg Mhor is to Larachantivore, and at first only intending a short walk, we mounted higher and finally decided to make a complete circuit of the Dearg. We first made up into the corrie, where it is almost a shock to find no lochan; we then slanted upwards to our right to the first rocks on the north-east horn of the crescent. We looked at a very striking crack, which in any other type of rock would have been worth a trial, but we left it to our right as we scrambled up about 150 feet on rock of the standard sandstone type, such as everywhere appears to be excessively easy but at close grips gives one so little encouragement that any steep angle soon becomes unclimbable. I remember that on a traverse of one of the awkward slabs on this portion, the rope was comforting, but probably of slight use. Once off this, mixed scree and grass took us to the ridge, and the circuit became merely a fine walk with glorious views all around, especially to the westward where the Hebrides appeared, like St Brandan's Isle, away in the sunset. Sentiment—excepting that of loyalty which led to a verse of the National Anthem

being chanted at the summit cairn (2,974 feet)—did not distract us so far as to prevent a really careful scrutiny of the country round in the clear evening light, and we paid particular attention to the Fisherfield country, due west of us. Rock there was in plenty, but so far as we could judge, the craggy north-east faces, stretching down to the various small lochs, are all too broken up to give any decent continuous climbing, the south bank of Loch Toll a' Mhadaidh appearing to be the longest face of rock. From the summit we continued our circuit south-eastwards, reaching Larachantivore at 8.15 after some pleasant scrambling down the chimneys and slabs directly facing the farm, whose inmates, unknown to us at the time, watched us and criticised our form on rocks, having like most Highlanders, up to now considered such a route as this descent on their familiar hill impossible.

Further acquaintance with the hill and the rock confirmed us in our previous views that the scenery will always prove better than the climbing. The rock angle is very severe. There is a great lack of hand-hold at the top of each pitch, and a good deal of progress has to be made on awkwardly sloping grass traverses and ledges; but on these quite a number of possible routes might be made until the sides of the final summit-towers are reached (Fig. 2)—when the climbing, I should say, is quite impossible; but some fine days spent here by the coming generation may see the elucidation of some sporting routes.

June 23rd was a fine morning. We set off at 9—no Spartan hour of starting—and leisurely walked again up Gleann na Muice Beag, reaching the 1,400-foot col at 10.20. The level portion of the moor seemed short to-day as we gazed for the first time on this side of A' Mhaighdean and noted her rocky north-west sides, and on the view which gradually unfolded itself as we approached the next col—that above Dubh Loch—where stood Beinn Lair and Beinn Thairsuinn Chaol—the former referred to by Munro as "possibly the grandest inland line of cliffs to be found in Scotland," *pace* Ben Nevis admirers (Fig. 1). And whatever the climbing may prove to be, there is little doubt that at no other part of the mainland is so much vertical

June 1911. *G. T. Glover.*

FIG. 2.—THE CENTRAL TOWERS OF BEINN DEARG MHOR.

June 1911. *G. T. Glover.*

FIG. 3.—TORR NA H'IOLAIRE AND FIONN LOCH FROM THE PATH ABOVE CARNMORE.

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

rock to be seen at one time as from the hillside here above Carnmore. Beinn Lair—from my experience with Ling—will always, I believe, be a disappointment from the strictly climbing point of view, as the rock is slabby, slopes the wrong way, and is often unsound; but the whole face is so huge that it would take days to prospect thoroughly, though both when on it and when gazing down afterwards from the sky-line the last few hundred feet never looked promising.

Beyond Beinn Lair lay the Sail Mhor end of Ben Eighe, and the grand corries of Liathach, dim in the haze of a June morning, whilst to the west over Fionn Loch one's attention was compelled by Beinn Airidh Charr, whose fine north peak stood out boldly, deep in the shade though the north face was. But we had come out to find our "Torr na h' Iolaire," and candidly were getting anxious, when at a turn of the path our minds were set at rest, for a grand sweep of crag, some 800 feet high, met our eyes. Here at least there was no deception—hundreds of feet on the sky-line were obviously for the future generation of climbers, and although it could hardly be considered a true tower—as the northward side did not rise far above the hill-side—still there was no question that it would yield plenty of sport.

Once assured of our find, we lunched on the hillside above the Dubh Loch from 11.15 to 11.40. The view of the Torr (Fig. 3) taken from here gives a good idea of a small portion of our surroundings, but cannot give any notion of the glorious colouring of land and water, or the general *stimmung* of the place, as we sat there in brilliant June sunshine, with our hopes realised as far as finding something worth while. How different the place must be just now on a stormy evening in December—as I write—when the wind is shrieking around it; as old Angus told us when we returned that day, "Carnmore (the farm below this crag) is a terrible and lonely place in winter, with Beinn Lair opposite and the crags around one sheet of black ice for weeks."

"Torr na h' Iolaire," as we name it, is about 800 feet high from base to summit, with a big gully running up it

at the eastern end, which gully we did not attempt, as apparently it would have led us nearly to the summit, without affording any face climbing. At 11.40 Ling made me cut short my remarks about the countryside being fit for the third act of "die Walküre," and we started across the hillside, skirting around the base of the crag, after we had glanced at the commencement of the big gully, which at the foot was not difficult, and appeared easy for some distance up. The lowest portion of the rocks is rounded and slabby, with grass traverses, more or less exposed, which would lead under the final tower, portions of which were obviously unclimbable. As we gradually wound around the base of our crag, a very similar but slightly smaller, though far more slabby, crag came into view. We had no time to examine this further, but consider that the only line of ascent, if any is to be found, must be on the western side. We continued our circuit along and up the west side of our "Torr," until we began to fear that we would completely encircle it, without touching rock at all, so after one trial, where we soon stopped at an overhang about forty feet up, we finally selected an *einsteig* at 1,500-foot level, on a prominent rib, about south-west of the summit.

The rock was firm—in large masses and exceedingly steep—the holds good and the whole climb safe, excepting, perhaps, one disagreeable point where the rock ceased about 150 feet up, and where heather (whose roots occasionally afford a slight feeling of security) should have commenced, but instead earth or mud, more or less hard, was scarcely comforting either to hand or foot. Commencing with our very steep little rib, which we crossed here and there in seach of holds, sixty feet up found us on a platform barely large enough for two, with a slab above us. Ling, who was leading, then strode over to a foothold, which gave an awkward position, but here, as in several places, one had a really good belay, in this case rather above him, but it proved to be, of course, entirely unneeded. Once above this slab, we worked up to our left over steep rock and grass—then upward and back again by a traverse over some boulders, detached but apparently firm enough, until we were about eighty feet above our first platform. Here we were checked by an upright slab, about twelve

June 1911. *G. T. Glover.*

FIG. 4.—ON THE CENTRE OF TORR NA H'IOLAIRE.

(Arrows show direction of Climb.

June 1911. *G. T. Glover.*

FIG. 6.—STAC A CHAORRUINN AT EAST END OF A' MHAIGHDEAN.

feet high, which Ling proposed to ascend by its right-hand edge. The alternative suggestion was to utilise a foothold in the centre of it, but Ling finally ascended by his route, and at the top asked for his rope to run out easily, whilst he went up about twenty feet of nerve-shattering loose earth—this adjective is permissible in view of the sheer drop of 300 feet below the slab, as we had been climbing rather across the face of the hill and thus added rapidly to our height. Once Ling had negotiated this obstacle, he found a large open space of heather whereon he anchored, and I joined him, after which we walked for some eighty yards slanting upwards along this heather, where we saw marks of deer, showing, as one so often finds on Highland rocks, that there must be a traverse somewhere, though at first sight this heather plateau seemed quite inaccessible to four-footed beasts. We found a small trickle of water, and lunched about the centre of the crags, looking right on to the roof of Carnmore, where, in an adjoining field, some workers occasionally glanced up at the unaccustomed sight of two travellers on these rocks.

Lunch finished, we hesitated betwixt a narrow shelf traverse or a direct ascent of about ten feet, both leading to the obvious route up rather to our left, as the face in front was frankly unclimbable. Ling took the direct route and held the rope to play me along the traverse. This accomplished, he graciously handed to me the lead up the pleasantest rocks of the day—very steep but everywhere good and broken up into sound and suitable holds of every description. There was only about eighty feet of this; a picture (Fig. 4) taken in the middle of it looking eastward shows how good the rock was, and also how fine the sweep of the face to the right of us—quite in the style of a true "Torr na h' Iolaire." We made far more rapid progress than we anticipated, and all too soon reached another open heather space which experience on this class of climb warned us that all climbing for this ascent was nearly over; but we managed to find another fifty feet of excellent rock, including a narrow traverse spoilt by the want of any depth below us, and one short chimney, which finished the first ascent of Torr na h' Iolaire (2,050 feet), 3.30. We sat at the cairn which we found at the top, admiring and taking a picture of

A' Mhaighdean (Fig. 5), then left at 4.10, getting a close view of a tiny fawn near the summit of Sgurr na Laocainn, and arriving comfortably at Larachantivore, 6.15, in time for a bathe before the sun left the now clear and shallow burn of the Muice.

Torr na h' Iolaire has thus been found and proved to give a first-rate climb. It is the fault of a short holiday in a big district that one cannot do more than discover the finest climbs and make some sort of a way up as in this case. I consider that there are probably several very severe face routes and perhaps a good gully climb on the eastern side. The rock is firm and as good as any that we have struck in the North-West Highlands, but it must be remembered that any climb here is in no sense to the summit of a hill, but rather up to the edge of a big plateau, and to this extent there is a want of mountaineering *éclat*.

Saturday, 24th June, was our last day on account of Ling's numerous engagements. We left at 8.30, going straight up Abhuinn Gleann na Muice. The path does not pass up this glen, although there is occasionally a faint track to be picked up after the Beag burn has been passed; but except in dry weather—and the spate of the day before had left no permanent impression on the parched ground—there would be a good deal of rough and wet walking on any line one chose to take. The long grey slopes of the quartzite Beinn a Chlaidheimh lay always on our left, the small outcrop of rock which runs for some distance along it offering no attractions to the climber, although we had learnt the night before of sundry hair-raising episodes which had occurred to stalkers thereon. The wild bird life was charming, as duck of sorts whistled to and fro up the glen, and we were quite convinced that, had we had ample time, this corner was sufficiently remote and unvisited to have enabled us to return in triumph with the find of some egg hitherto unknown except to Arctic travellers.

At 10.30 we reached a col (1,320 feet) between Beinn Tarsuinn and A' Mhaighdean. Here we examined the cliff of Stac a Chaorruinn (the Peak of the Rowan Trees), the eastern bluff of A' Mhaighdean; the rock in large blocks appeared sound and climbable, possibly not well weathered

June 1911

FIG. 5.—A'MHAIGHDEAN FROM TORR NA H'IOLAIRE.

G. T. Glover.

into hand-holds, but given some hours to try, there looked possibilities of a good climb at A (Fig. 6).

But mist began to hover around the tops of all the hills over 2,500 feet, and we decided to make for the summit as rapidly as possible in order to pronounce definitely on the inducements of A' Mhaighdean, as, on the Munro-fixing visit of April 1900, the weather was so bad that only a few feet around could be seen in the mist and driving snow; and such a remote hill is so rarely visited that accurate information is wanted. A long grass traverse with two pitches B (Fig. 6) appeared the speediest way: this led us on till we looked down into a large gully, which would probably give a fine snow climb until quite late in the season. We then turned sharp to our left, skirted the gully, and after a short climb on rather slippery rock, soon found ourselves on the long flat slope that leads to the summit. Here occurred one of the real tragedies of this holiday—the mist thickened as we rose, and although we found the summit without difficulty, we rarely, and never continuously, saw fifty yards; every now and. then the sight of a perfect ridge climb down to the south-west showed momentary signs of existence, only to close in again, or to show itself as a face like Slioch, where the crags can be turned by grass terraces in every direction. We were able to define nothing, and at 12.25 eventually left the summit of the coy berg, which twice had closely veiled itself at Ling's approach. We worked our way down northwards towards Ruadh Stac Mòr, intending to land on the very sharply-defined col between Fuar Loch Mòr and the western arm of Gleann na Muice. Magnificent rock towers looming up as we descended into the mist, proved to be only rocks of thirty to forty feet high, and everywhere we could manœuvre around any difficult pitch on grass ledges; and whatever their appearance, I should not like to predict any climb (except in snow and ice) on this side (Fig. 5, A). On the south-west side (Fig. 5, B) we had no chance of exploration, but I should say that the possibilities of a decent climb are rosier there.

At about 2,100 feet we emerged from our blanket of mist to find that we were a little west of our col, but seeing a good path below us we decided to make for it, here

crossing a short sample of the roughest and stoniest Ross-shire glen. Than Fuar Loch Mòr on a misty day it would be hard to imagine any scene more desolate.

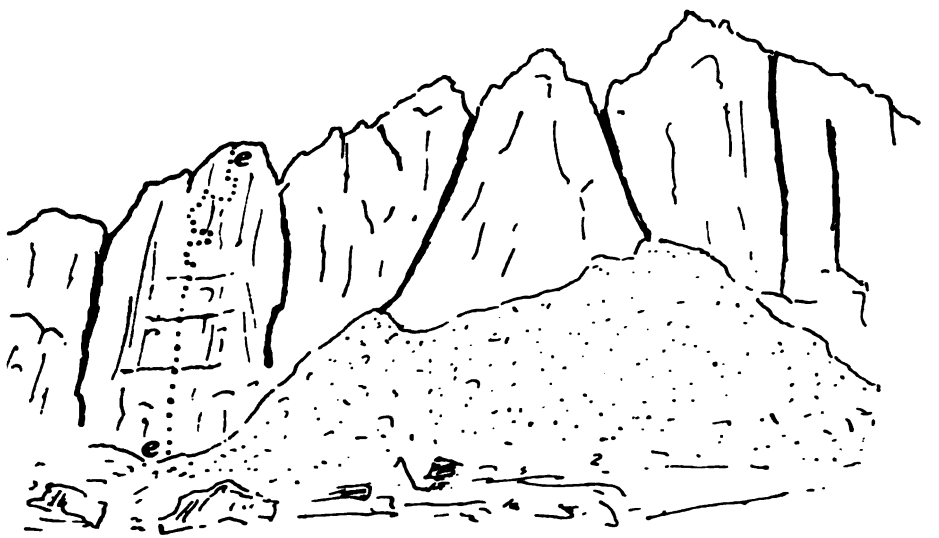
Time and mist forbade any attempt on Ruadh Stac Mòr, which we had looked at earlier in the day from the col below Stac a Chaorruinn, but although it boasts of a rock-girt summit, no climb of any length appeared likely. We followed a very fair path for about half a mile past the loch, halting every now and then to give the mist a chance of lifting and allowing us to speak with more authority on the slopes of A' Mhaighdean, which lead to Fuar Loch Mòr, but the clouds never rose more than 200 feet above the loch, so we reluctantly turned our backs on A' Mhaighdean and made a straight line over rough ground to the col above Loch Beinn Dearg. In foggy weather, whether going to Larachantivore or Carnmore from Fuar Loch Mòr, it would be undoubtedly "value" to take the path to the Bruthach col, then going north-east or south-west as required, as the path thence is so good that there would be no fear of delay in finding the way. We took our last trip for the year down the zigzags into Gleann na Muice Beag, reaching our bothy at 3.10.

We left at 4.15 after tea, taking a fair-weather route across the hillside, turning off about a quarter of a mile west of Achneigie. As we rose to the col, clouds began to lower to the south of us, and shut out Beinn Dearg Mhor and the "small group of the very oldest mountains in Europe." The Teallachs hid themselves as we passed, but the Dundonnell Glen looked lovely as we gradually descended and waited near the road for the car. We went back to Dundonnell Inn, which we left at 7.35 in doubtful weather, arriving at Garve Inn just in time to escape a night of rain. Next day (Sunday) found us in the train, and we arrived before midnight at our respective homes—to hear tales of the fearful rainstorm of the day previous (3.25 inches in twenty-four hours), which in wild North-West Ross-shire, which we had just left, is probably no unusual record, but in Northumberland was sufficient to take Nature by surprise and decimate the birds in the best partridge ground of that county.

NEW CLIMBS IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.

By J. M. Archer Thomson.

Our party of six met in Skye during the second week of September. It included Miss B. Jones, H. O. Jones, A. M'Laren, E. S. Reynolds, L. Shadbolt, and myself. Our base was the Sligachan Hotel. Though not comparable to the Swiss hotels Jones and I had recently left, we found it comfortable. We avoided doing violence to its somewhat rigid traditions, and never returned from the mountains late for dinner.



SGURR NAN GILLEAN.
e-e. Face of the Second Pinnacle.

The Face of the Second Pinnacle from Coire a' Bhasteir.

On our first day Miss Jones, H. O. Jones, and I so far fell in with custom as to go to Sgurr nan Gillean, but we varied it undesignedly in our ascent. At the foot of the ridge many alluring routes from the Coire are presented to the eye of the ignorant. Our choice fell on the Second

Pinnacle, and we betook ourselves to the centre of the face. Several terraces transect it. On the highest we roped, for the easy pleasant rocks we had spent an hour in ascending leisurely, gave place to precipitous slabs. We reached them by a short chimney, and here the nail-scratches, frequent below, came to a significant end. A breezy rectangular excursion was made to the right, then it became just possible to advance in an oblique line to a groove in the slabs. This terminated abruptly in a vertical crag, which shelters a beautiful small shelf on the left of the groove. Here the party halted. No continuation was obvious. However, what seemed at first an experiment of doubtful issue proved the key to the climb. We traversed the slabs on the right of the furrow close to an overhanging cornice. The passage is sensational. Round an edge forming a sky-line we reached and ascended simple rocks for a hundred feet. There the prospect of a fitting finish drew us a little to the left. This last portion was remarkably steep and much stiffened by a projecting bulge of rock awkward to surmount. We came out on the top of the peak within a few feet of its cairn.

The face of the Second Pinnacle, probably the nearest climb to Sligachan, should attain a measure of popularity. The rock is excellent throughout. It should be added that it includes passages of very great difficulty, on which the leader cannot be aided, and is therefore suitable only for strong parties. A rope of a hundred feet does well for a party of three.

The Sligachan Buttress on Sgurr nan Gillean.

On the next day our party of six went to the foot of the Sligachan Gully, in quest of shelter from rain and wind. When the refuge was reached the weather bettered. Accordingly, Shadbolt and M'Laren went to search for hidden treasures, and later in the day descended the Gully. Miss Jones, H. O. Jones, Reynolds, and I attacked from the shelf at its foot the buttress on the left side of the Sligachan Gully. From the start the leader drew out

nearly eighty feet of rope before coming to anchor in a recess. About forty feet above, an airy stride had to be made to the right to round a corner. The take-off, a little rock-ledge, is very small for two, but Jones managed to get a firm pose during the operation. Later we struck at a right angle into a cave, which was identified subsequently as the last pitch of a parallel chimney. From this we emerged easily on a terrace. By a very unusual move in the nature of a considered spring across the top of the chimney we attained an abnormally steep wall which brought us finally to the summit of the buttress, whereon we set up a cairn. The line throughout was nearly straight; the slight deviations were to the right. We began the climb at 1.30 and were at Sligachan at five o'clock, so that the climb must have taken about two hours.

The rocks were not dry, and the wind was very harassing. Certainly under these conditions, and possibly under any, the "Sligachan Buttress" will be found an exceedingly difficult climb.

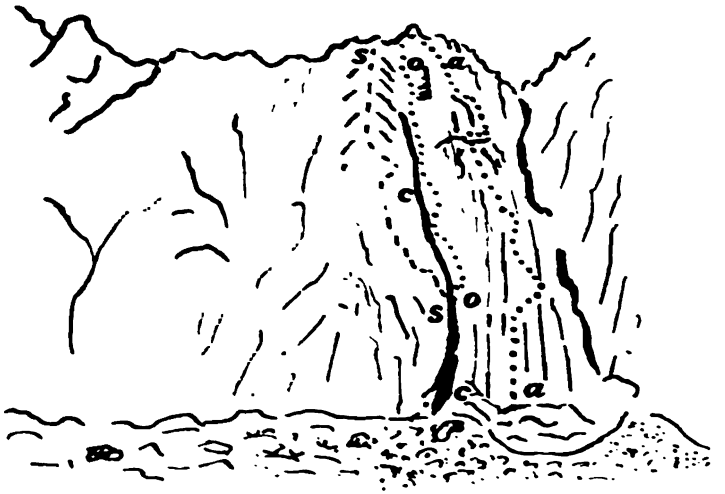
Eastern Face of the Castles.

On our third day the rain was heavy but abated a little before noon. A start was then made for Harta Corrie. The pace set across the desolate eerie morasses was quite inexplicable to me, until the fine face of the Castles came into view. On the scree we divided our forces. M'Laren and Shadbolt entered the wide mouth of the Central Gully, and as soon as possible climbed out by a vertical corner on to the South Buttress. This they ascended first by its remarkable slabs and then by a narrow arête, which abutted finally against the summit ridge. They regard the climb as one of moderate difficulty, but of a unique character.

Jones and I worked up the middle of the Central Buttress. Here, too, the slabs are extraordinary. Three unbroken stretches are defined by two transecting overhanging walls. In their vicinity are short sections of hard climbing, but the average gradient compared with that of Lliwedd is not forbidding. Our nails gripped sufficiently

well, but an ascent in shoes could doubtless be made with greater freedom of movement. A green slope intervenes between the great glacis and the final wall of the Castles.

We began the latter on the retaining buttress to the right of the chimney that lies furthest to the north. This exposed pitch proved to be mainly basalt and extremely difficult to climb for the first sixty feet. It gave access to a gully, and in its bed or on its side-wall we found a pleasant route to the summit. The approximate height



THE CASTLES FROM HARTA COIRE.

s-s. The South Buttress Climb. *o-o.* The First Route.
c-c. The Central Gully. *a-a.* The Central Buttress Climb.

is 1,200 feet, and we took nearly two hours including halts, if there were any. The climb is uncommon in character and full of interest; it is withal practically devoid of belays.

THE FACE OF SGURR A' MHADAIDH.

The day following, 11th September, the whole party migrated to Glen Brittle by way of Coire Tairneilear. Miss Jones, M'Laren, and Reynolds went up the Slanting Gully, and the other three up the face of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh.

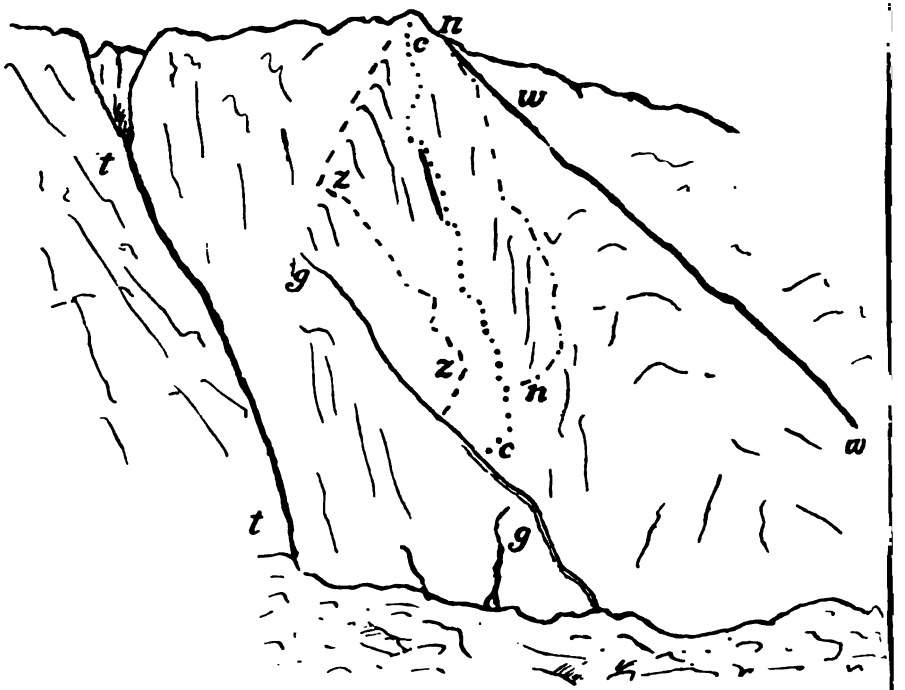
These crags are most impressive with their gaunt slabs and overhanging cornices, and it has been rightly written of them in "Climbing in Skye" that "they are sheer and look quite inaccessible." The route we made lies up the centre of the face, midway between the Slanting Gully and the Deep Gash Gully. A short stretch of easy rock brought us to a ledge, where we roped and made a cairn. The initial pitch, on the left side of a shallow groove, was found to be about eighty feet high, that is to say, the first stance occurred at that level. The whole ascent proved practically a pitch, until, after overcoming many difficulties, we broke into a theatre or wide mouth of a gully. Crossing its bed at once we soon struck and followed to the right a horizontal dyke, and then climbed a succession of very steep crags up to the level at which the Foxes' Rake loses individuality in the final rocks under the summit. Here we placed a conspicuous cairn. The ascent had taken 2¼ hours, but no time had been lost by following false scents. The last rocks were simple, even in the squall that overtook us upon them. The ascent of the face of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh is one of exceptional interest and difficulty; my comrades were equally charmed with its many severities and sensational surprises.

The Face of Sron na Ciche.

On the day following we went from Glen Brittle to the precipice of Sron na Ciche, which we believed at the time had not been climbed except by the West Gully or its purlieus. By a corridor we ascended the first rocks to a point, which can be easily identified from the Coire by its likeness to the angle of a V. At this stage we were forced to cower under various rocks from the usual downpour of driven rain. The opportunities for exploration appeared manifold, for the face, despite its terrific aspect from a distance, was now seen to be much broken, and no climb so continuously resistant as that on the face of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh will be ever found upon it. The prediction, therefore, that "the finest climb in Skye will be discovered upon it" will doubtless remain a prophecy; nevertheless some of its rocks are very fine and formidable.

THE ZIGZAG ROUTE.

Shadbolt, M'Laren, and Reynolds continued eastwards along the corridor, for a short distance, and then climbed for fully 100 feet a difficult dyke whose last section approached the vertical. Proceeding upwards and to the left, two chimneys were met, and by way of two ledges,



FACE OF SRON NA CICHE.

t-t. Central Gully. *z-z.* Zigzag Route. *n-n.* West Route.
g-g. West Central Gully. *c-c.* Crack and Chimney Route. *w-w.* West Gully.

the first to the east, and the second to the west, a gully was reached which gave out 200 feet higher on an arête which was followed to the summit ridge.

A cairn found on this arête was left by Messrs Barlow and Buckle, who seem to have reached it by the continuation of the corridor, which they have suitably named the West Central Gully.

THE CHIMNEY AND CRACK ROUTE.

From the angle of the V, Miss B. Jones, H. O. Jones, and I climbed up to a cave which may be seen from the Coire. At the top is a shelf, which I gather from recently reading their account in the *Climbers' Journal* was reached by Messrs Steeple and Chase, who appear to have gone westward from this level. Immediately above the shelf we found good rocks, a short vertical chimney and then interesting slabs which brought us finally to the foot of a singular crack, which again is plainly visible from the Coire. The crack is 110 feet high, it begins steep, continues vertical and overhangs near the top. No one could desire a more exciting bit of climbing than is given by the over-arching boss that causes the crack to overhang for several feet near the finish. It must be admitted, though not without a pang of regret, that I cannot suggest any Cambrian parallel to this crack of Sron na Ciche.

The crack ends on a good platform; after a few minutes' rest hereon we continued up a trap dyke, which took a slightly winding course up to a little cave. Some fifty feet above this we emerged suddenly on the highest point of the summit ridge.

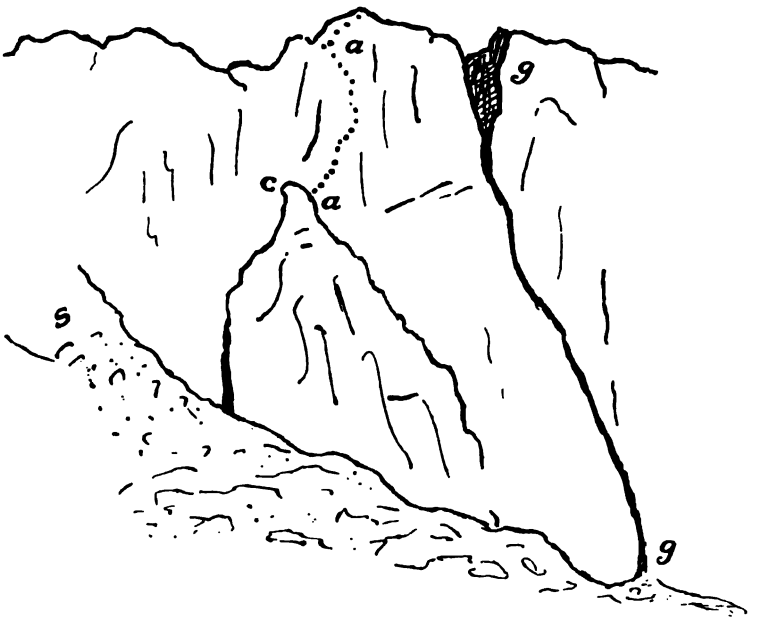
It is nearly certain that this route, which lies directly up the centre of the face, could be followed without climbing the crack; the rocks to the west of it plainly offer a less romantic alternative.

THE FACE OF SGURR SGUMAIN.

The Cioch Buttress.

The following morning we went up the Cioch, and enjoyed contracting a debt to Dr Collie. We were driven from the top by a downpour of rain, but as soon as it moderated, we turned our attention to the parent precipice. An attempt upon it was Shadbolt's idea, and he had already detected what seemed to be the most promising line of attack. A cairn showing the termination of the Cioch Gully is built on a ledge. This ledge or line of

holds on the cliff runs obliquely upwards to a sky-line; it proved a fascinating climb, and at its end a platform was found, which enabled the whole party of six to assemble below a practically vertical rib, some sixteen feet high. On landing upon the platform at the top of it, I was shocked to find the remnant of an infant cairn, for the rocks throughout had shown no trace of previous ascent, moreover we had been obliged to tip over several lodged blocks that had barred or encumbered the way.



THE CIOCH AND THE CIOCH BUTTRESS.

s. Sgumain Stone Shoot.
c. The Cioch.
g-g. The Central Gully.
a-a. The Cioch Buttress Climb.

Some days later Donald Mackenzie solved the mystery; the stones had been put together by a prospecting party. From this point we proceeded up a glacis for 250 feet to the summit. Our party of six on joined ropes took one and a half hour from the neck of the Cioch to the top of the mountain.

This ascent of Sgumain by the Cioch and the Cioch Buttress is a charming climb. The environment through-

out is singularly impressive, and the rock traversed is of perfect quality.

The Slanting Gully of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh.

First direct ascent throughout.

On the next day our party returned to Sligachan over the Bealach, but a visit was paid on the way to the Slanting Gully by H. O. Jones, M'Laren, Shadbolt, and myself. Most of the gully seems to be very well known, but some interest may attach to our ascent because we adhered to the gully throughout from the Coire to the proper termination at a gap in the summit ridge. We roped for convenience in two pairs. On the first section the Great Cave seemed the most pleasurable pitch, and this we all climbed throughout by bridging. In Wales an excursion on a side-wall is often more interesting than the gully-pitch beside it; that may be the case here, but not knowing of the traverse out at the time, I missed the opportunity to inspect it. On the second section the Cracks Pitch was dry and delightful, and almost equally so a high pitch of 70 to 90 feet some distance beyond it, called, I believe, the Overhanging Crack. A projecting bulge of basalt gives it a stern aspect and had protected its virginity. The lower reach of 25 feet hides an upper reach of about 60 feet. The lower part is very difficult but the leader needs no aid, if he begins with the back against the right wall and afterwards turns to face the bed. In the upper portion are several low chockstone pitches. We built a cairn at the exit on the Upper Rake; this we crossed to the third section of the gully, which likewise appeared to have been left unclimbed. It consists of tiers of caves; above the last a few yards of scree-channel brought us out on the summit at a notch between the first and second peaks. These innovations lengthen the gully-climbing probably by 200 to 300 feet. Though longer, the ascent is not so difficult as that of the Great Gully of Craig yr Ysfa.

On our last day we traversed the Bhasteir Tooth by ascending, in darkness, the north chimney, and descending in daylight Naismith's Crack. From early that morning,

except for a dry interval at 3 P.M., rain fell continuously for many days, and brought about exceptional floods. But our campaign was concluded. By choice or by chance we had climbed for a week on virgin rocks; their scale impressed us as magnificent, and their quality as excellent beyond previous experience in Britain. With one possible exception all these climbs include passages of great difficulty and delicacy, but parties of ripe experience (and such only should essay them) may approach them with the confidence given by the knowledge that all were climbed straightforwardly from coire to cairn without any preparatory descents. The Crack of Sron na Ciche indeed cannot be recommended without the most extensive and important reservations, but all the other numerous obstacles met with gave unalloyed pleasure to every member of the party. For us, our week's exploration in the Isle of Skye will remain a lasting and a charming memory. Our hope is that its results will be found a useful addition to the fine climbs that the Coolins afford.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

GENERAL MEETING.

THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the St Enoch Station Hotel, Glasgow, on the evening of Friday, 1st December 1911, with the President, Mr Godfrey A. Solly, in the chair.

The minutes of the Twenty-second Annual General Meeting were read and approved.

The HON. TREASURER, Mr Nelson, submitted his statement for the past year, showing a balance in favour of the Club of £119. 6s. 3d. The income of the Club had been £165. 15s. 9d., and the expenditure £225. 11s. 8d. (of which £53. 16s. 4d. went to the *Journal*, £31. 1s. 7d. to the Club-room, £13. 0s. 1d. to additions to Library and Lantern Slide Collection, £11. 11s. 7d. to the Club Reception, &c., £15. 4s. 8d. to Furniture and Fittings, £77. 12s. 1d. to the Index of the first ten volumes of the *Journal*, the balance, £23. 5s. 4d., being for printing and sundry expenses). Besides the above account, the Treasurer submitted that of the Commutation Fund, showing that sixty-three members were now on the roll, and that there was a balance of £299. 2s. 8d. at its credit. The Treasurer also reported the receipt of a donation of £100 from the Gaiter Club towards the cost of the New Guide Book. The total funds of the Club at 31st October 1911 amounted to £518. 8s. 11d. The accounts were approved.

The HON. SECRETARY, Dr Inglis Clark, reported that nine new members had been elected to the Club, viz.:— Howard Graham Drummond, George Buckland Green, Edmund John Gunn, Robert Jeffrey, jun., William G. C. Johnston, Alastair Campbell M'Laren, Alexander Kirkwood Reid, Paul Scoones, Leslie G. Shadbolt, A.C., and that the membership of the Club was now 196. At the beginning of the year the membership of the Club had been 188, of whom one had resigned

The HON. LIBRARIAN, Mr Russell, in his report referred to the new books added to the Library during the course of the year, to the use of the slides, and to the successful lantern meetings held during the winter months. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr Sang, the Custodian of Slides, for the time and trouble taken by him during the year in connection with the additions to the Club collection and the lending of the slides to members.

The OFFICE-BEARERS, with the exception of those retiring or resigning, were re-elected.

Mr J. H. BELL was elected Vice-President in room of Mr Harold Raeburn.

Mr GEO. DUNCAN was elected a Member of Committee. Messrs Hill and Parker retired by rotation, and owing to the refusal of a member to accept nomination, it was left to the Committee to appoint Mr Stuart Cumming as a Member of Committee till the next Annual Meeting.

It was decided to hold the New Year Meet at Tarbet, and the Easter ones at Glencoe, *i.e.*, Ballachulish, Clachaig, Kingshouse, and Kinlochleven.

Mr Garden reported that the Index to the first ten volumes of the *Journal* by Mr Parker and himself had been completed and issued in October to members and the general public; he mentioned the number sold up to the present. A unanimous and hearty vote of thanks was passed to Messrs Garden and Parker for their services so freely given, also to Mrs Garden for the assistance rendered by her during compilation.

The Hon. Secretary gave in the report of the Committee regarding the price of the *Journal*, and a letter from the Editor in regard thereto was read in his absence by the Librarian. It was decided not to increase the present price—one shilling.

A question was raised as to the advisability or otherwise of admitting advertisements into the *Journal*, and after a considerable amount of discussion, it was decided that advertisements should be taken for one year, and that the question should be raised again at the next Annual Meeting.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL DINNER.

At the close of the General Meeting, the Annual Dinner was held in the same hotel, with the President, Mr Godfrey A. Solly, in the chair. The members present numbered 55, and the guests 16—in all, 71.

The toasts proposed were:—

The King - - - - - - The President.
The Imperial Forces - - - - H. T. Munro.
Reply—W. G. Macalister.

The Scottish Mountaineering Club - - The President.
The Alpine Club and Kindred Societies T. Fraser S. Campbel.
Reply—Harry Walker.

The Guests - - - - - - - Wm. Garden.
Replies—Professor Medley.
Professor Gregory.

RECEPTION.

Previous to the Annual General Meeting, the Club held a reception at the Charing Cross Halls, Glasgow. Mr J. C. Thomson showed a number of the latest Club slides, illustrating Scotland, and the President, some illustrating the Alps. Both sets were much appreciated by a large gathering of members and their friends.

FORTY-EIGHTH MEET OF THE CLUB. NEW YEAR 1912.

TARBET.

As in the last preceding Meet, held at Tarbet in 1902, the Secretary's arrangements with that most inefficient of Government Departments, the Meteorological Department, failed most signally. Again, however, in spite of most disappointing weather conditions, the Club held a record New Year Meet. It is interesting and encouraging to note that whereas in 1902 the record stood at twenty-one

members and guests, in 1911 it had reached no less than forty-five. Another interesting point illustrative of the relative loyalty to the Club of East and West lies in the fact that of the Scottish contingent twenty-two were from the West and eighteen from the East. This, in spite of the well-known fact that Tarbet is rather looked down upon by the West as being merely a suburb of Glasgow—some rather disparaging remarks by members from the

J. S. Napier.

MR COBBLER WEARING A JAEGER HELMET.

East on the decadence of the West may be remembered and ruminated upon. As usual there was also a gratifying representation from across the Border, and the Club was glad to welcome as guest a member of the Canadian Alpine Club.

The members present at the Meet were thirty-two in number:—Messrs Air, Arthur, Backhouse, Bell, Fraser Campbell, Clapperton, W. Inglis Clark, Cumming, Donald, Goggs, Goodeve, Hillhouse, Ling, Macalister, M'Intyre, Mackenzie, M'Laren, Maclay, MacRobert, Munro, Nai-

smith, Nelson, Raeburn, Rennie, A. W. Russell, Sang, Solly, Gilbert Thomson, H. Walker, Watson, Workman, and Young.

The guests were thirteen in number :—Dr Bell, J. Hirst, J. S. Lloyd, A. Macharg, W. D. Mackenzie, F. P. Maclaren, R. H. Maclaren, J. H. Maxwell, T. D. Murray, W. I. Pollock, T. Shaw, R. G. Todd, and J. Wordie.

The honour of opening the Meet fell to Fraser Campbell, Clapperton, Goodeve, Ling, M'Intyre, and M'Laren, who arrived on Thursday. Goggs, arriving by the first train on Friday morning, joined Goodeve, Ling, and M'Laren, and the party did the wettest and most difficult climb of the Meet—the M'Laren-Shadbolt Gully.

The rest of the party spent the day on the Cobbler.

On Friday evening there were large additions to the Meet, and after dinner a very pleasant evening was spent at the now time-honoured game of "fives" on the billiard table. A tournament was held which was won by Backhouse and MacRobert, their most dangerous opponents being Goodeve and Sang. The amazing and most uncalled-for anxiety displayed by Goodeve as to the alertness of his partner made the game very amusing, and the cry of "Yours, Sang!" will long be remembered by the agile spectators.

Saturday was spent most wetly on various hills in the district, and in the evening the gentle game of curling on the billiard table was indulged in, Munro very obligingly skipping for both sides. New Year's greetings were received from various members greatly missed at the Meet.

On Sunday, amongst other excursions, a party crossed Loch Lomond and climbed THE Ben. They were rewarded by seeing some very beautiful cloud effects over the loch on the way down. A split in the party, due to a difference as to the route, brought three of its members to the loch-side some twenty minutes before the rest. Two of the former spent the time profitably *in* the loch, gently washing away the grime brought from the bogs above.

In the evening an excellent selection of the Club's and a member's slides were thrown on the screen, and formed the subject of much pleasant informal discussion.

Monday dawned wetter than ever. Several members

from Glasgow and Edinburgh arrived, and numerous parties went to the hills. The evening saw the party considerably reduced, and was spent quietly in anecdotes and "bridge."

On Tuesday, the last day of the Meet, all that were left went to the hills, and some of the longest expeditions were made. A prominent official of the Club reported that his party found Ben Ime still to be a Munro—at least.

It was agreed by all that the Meet had been a great success, as, indeed, S.M.C. Meets always are.

A Geological Poem from a member unable to be present in person at the Meet:—

BEN VANE.

1.

Of mica schist, in many a twist,
The goodly frame began
By Lomond shore, some time before
The Leven water ran.

2.

First there was heat; to find a seat
Was inconvenient here,
And grievous then, in every glen,
Was many an atmosphere.

3.

But, ages long, the fabric strong
Had time enough to cool,
When ice and snow their virtue show,
In every furrow full.

4.

At last yielding, one lucky spring,
The winter shrank, and there
Beneath the face a resting place
Was offered to the bear.

5.

And woolly elephants, they tell,
In Coiregrogan roamed;
Still on the bank you find the fank
Where they were clipped and combed.

6.

Then, withering fast, the glaciers passed,
And there at length arrayed
With waters sheen and mosses green
The mountain was displayed.

7.

This Bard would fain return, Ben Vane,
The strength of thee to scan,
But then, you see, his destiny
Has formed another plan.

W. P. KER.

LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

THE Librarian would remind members of the *Monthly Meetings* in the Club-Room at 8 P.M. on Mondays, 5th February, 4th March, and 1st April, and also of the *Lantern Nights* on 15th February and 15th March. It is hoped that members will make use of these opportunities of meeting, and will bring slides with them on the lantern nights.

The following additions are to be noted to the Library and Club-Room :—

The Mountain that was "God"; being a little book about the Great Peak which the Indians named "Tacoma," but which is officially called "Rainier." By John H. Williams. *Presented by* Author.

River Findhorn from Source to Sea. By George Bain. Illustrated. *Presented by* H. C. Comber.

Scotland, A General Description of, to which is prefixed a copious Travelling Guide exhibiting Direct and Principal Cross Roads forming an Itinerary of Scotland, with Map. By George Alex. Cooke. 2 vols. About 1800.

Dunkeld and Blair in Atholl, Description of the Scenery of. (Attributed to Macculloch.) 1823.

The Wild Hebrides. By Walter Cooper Dendy. With Map and Sketches. 1859.

Scotland, Sketches of a Tour in the Highlands of (Perthshire, Argyllshire, and Inverness-shire in 1818, with some account of the Caledonian Canal). Deals largely with roads. London, 1819.

Gairloch in North-West Ross-shire. Map and Illustrations by John H. Dixon, F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh, 1886.

Scotland, An Eight Days' Pleasure Tour in. With Map. 1835.

Scotland, Walker's Geographical Tour Through: an Instructive Pastime. London, 1812.

Key to same with Directions for making the Tour.

British Tourists or Travellers' Pocket Companion Through England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, comprehending the most celebrated Tours in the British Islands. By William Mavor, LL.D. 2 vols. 2nd Edition. 1800.

Scotland, The New Picture of; being an accurate Guide to that Part of the United Kingdom, divided into Tours and Districts, with a Map and Plates. By J. Morison. 2 vols. 1807.

South Queensferry, Summer Life on Land and Water at. By W. W. Fyfe. Illustrations. 1851.

Tours to the British Mountains, with the Descriptive Poems of Lowther and Emont Vale. By Thomas Wilkinson. 1824.

Wanderings by the Lochs and Streams of Assynt and the North Highlands of Scotland. By J. Hicks. Illustrated. 1855.

Remarks on Colonel Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders. 1823.

Scotland, Extracts (manuscript) from the Journal of a Tour made by Dr and Mrs Hook in 1799.

Callander of Monteath, A Sketch of the most remarkable Scenery near, particularly the Trossachs at the East End of Loch Catherine and the Road by Lochearn-head to Duneira. 6th Edition improved. Margaret Oswald. 1815.

Perthshire, Botanical Tour in the Highlands of. By W. P. and A. I. Reprinted from "The Phytologist." 1857.

Scotland and the British Isles, A Topographical Dictionary of. By Nicholas Carlisle. 2 vols. 1813.

North of England and Great Part of Scotland, Three Successive Tours. By Henry Skrine. 1795.

Journey from Edinburgh Through Parts of North Britain, with Engravings of Lake, River, and Mountain Scenery. By Alexander Campbell. 2 vols. 1802.

Caledonian Sketches, or a Tour Through Scotland in 1807. By Sir John Carr. Illustrated. 1809.

Scotia Depicta, or The Antiquities, Castles, Picturesque Scenery, &c., of Scotland. Illustrated by James Fittler, A.R.A. From Drawings by John Claude Nattes, with Descriptions. 1804.

Scotland, Atlas of; being a new set of County Maps from actual surveys, showing Principal Roads and Cross Roads, Hills, &c. Published by Thomas Brown. N.D.

Scotland, Maps, 6-inch Ordnance Survey Sheets of the "Arrochar Alps."

Leslie Stephen, his Life and Letters. By F. W. Maitland. 1906.

Scotland, Reports of Commissioners on Roads and Bridges in the Highlands. 8 vols., from 1804 to 1824. With Maps and Diagrams.

Scotland, Report of Commissioners on Morpeth and Edinburgh Road. 1822.

Scotland, Report of Select Committee on Leith Harbour. 1836.

Scotland, Britannia or a Chorographical Description of. With large Maps, Lists of Plants, &c. By Camden. 1806.

Appalachia, Vol. XII., No. 3, July 1911: contains Articles on the Rockies in 1910 and the Pennine Alps in 1908. *Exchange.*

Norwegian Touring Club. Year Book for 1911. *Exchange.*

Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Journal, No. 2 of Vol. II., 1911. *Exchange.*

Climbers' Club. Journal, Contents and Index to Vols. XI., XII., and XIII. 1910. *Exchange.*

Swiss Alpine Club (Geneva Section). L'Echo des Alpes. November and December 1911, Nos. 11 and 12. *Exchange.*

Italian Alpine Club. Rivista Mensile, October and November 1911, Nos. 10 and 11 of Vol. XXX. *Exchange.*

French Alpine Club. La Montagne, November 1911, No. 11. *Exchange.*

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. Annual Report 1910-11, List of Members 1911-12, and Library Catalogue, one Pamphlet. *Exchange.*

Alpine Club. Journal, Vol. XXV., No. 194, November 1911. *Exchange.*

Bulletin Pyrenéen. November and December 1911.

Alpine Ski Club. Annual, 1911, No. 4. *Exchange.*

Société des Touristes du Dauphiné. Annuaire, No. 36 for 1910, *Exchange.*

Switzerland, Roll Map of. 1750. *Presented by* Mr David Ballingall, Blairdrummond, *per* J. W. Drummond.

Canadian Rockies: Panoramic View from the West of Burgess Pass 3,280 feet above Field. From Photograph by Charles D. Walcott. Framed. *Presented by* R. R. Russell.

All books and maps have been purchased except where otherwise mentioned.

SLIDES.

The following donors are thanked for their respective contributions to the Club collection :—

Mr A. W. Russell—4 slides presented, 2 negatives lent.
Mr Jas. A. Parker—11 slides presented.
Dr W. Inglis Clark—10 slides presented, 1 negative lent.
Mr H. MacRobert—2 slides presented.
Mr J. R. Young—5 slides presented.

TABLE SHOWING THE TOTAL NUMBER OF MEMBERS OF THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB, GROUPED ACCORDING TO PLACE OF RESIDENCE, FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CLUB TO THE YEAR 1912.

Compiled from the Official Lists of Members by JAMES A. PARKER.

	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
Glasgow and Suburbs	46	51	42	40	38	40	38	41	38	35	35	31	31	30	26	28	28	31	30	29	30	32	29	31
Edinburgh and Suburbs	20	19	25	25	27	25	24	25	30	31	31	30	30	33	35	38	36	39	41	43	45	48	53	55
Dundee	3	3	3	3	3	4	5	5	7	7	7	7	11	11	12	13	13	13	11	11	12	12	12	12
Aberdeen	2	2	2	4	4	4	4	4	6	5	5	5	5	4	3	3	3	3	4	5	9	9	10	11
Inverness	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	..	...	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	3
Rest of Scotland	11	13	13	13	12	11	11	16	16	15	16	15	17	16	17	15	15	14	19	18	18	17	18	19
TOTAL FOR SCOTLAND	82	88	85	85	84	84	82	91	97	93	95	90	96	96	95	99	97	102	107	108	116	120	124	131
London	7	6	6	11	12	12	14	18	20	22	22	24	26	27	24	24	28	25	24	25	24	20	21	20
Rest of England	6	7	7	6	11	13	15	17	20	24	28	29	27	28	30	30	31	31	33	35	35	37	39	41
TOTAL FOR ENGLAND	13	13	13	17	23	25	29	35	40	46	50	53	53	55	54	54	59	56	57	60	59	57	60	61
Ireland	...	...	...	.	...	...	...	...	...	1	1	1	...	1	1	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	.	...
Abroad	...	...	...	...	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	3	3	3	4	6	4	4	4
TOTAL	95	101	98	102	108	110	112	127	130	142	148	146	151	153	152	156	159	161	167	172	181	181	188	196

ODDS AND ENDS.

Cairngorm Club Journal, January 1912.—Mr Kyd, who has edited the last two numbers of the *C.C. Journal*, has left Aberdeen for London, and Mr J. B. Gillies will now take his place as Editor. This number contains six articles, and it is curious to notice that no less than three of the writers have Alexander as a Christian name. In a note on page 125 Mr Jas. M'Coss mentions a climb by him and one companion up a prominent gully on the **Sgor an Lochan Uaine** precipices of the Garbh Choire. "The feature of the climb is the last pitch, which is blocked by a huge choke-stone; our attack on this obstacle consisted in working out to the right on to the wall and gaining the mastery by working upwards. The climb took about two and a quarter hours."

Mention is made of the intended rebuilding by the Cairngorm Club of the **Allt-na-Bienne Bridge**, and the following note thereanent will, we feel sure, be of interest to members of the S.M.C.:—

The track through the Cairngorms from Aviemore to Braemar crosses the Allt-na-Bienne Moire two miles south of Coylum Bridge by a wooden bridge rebuilt by the Cairngorm Club some years ago. In spite of repairs made from time to time, the bridge at the present moment is in a dangerous and ruinous state, and the Cairngorm Club are raising the sum of £100 in order to erect a steel bridge of suitable design. About £80 has been obtained up to the present. Many of our members have already subscribed; those who have not and wish so to do can send their contributions to Mr T. R. Gillies, 181A Union Street, Aberdeen. Sheriff Grant, the proprietor of Rothiemurchus, has granted every facility for the building of the proposed permanent bridge, and it is expected that work will be commenced thereon in May of this year. Mr James A. Parker, a well-known member of our Club, and who is also a member of the Cairngorm Club, has undertaken in an honorary

capacity the planning of the bridge and the oversight of its erection.

Alpine Journal, November 1911.—This number contains, *inter alia*, an article entitled "Some Climbs in Tyrol," by Dr Inglis Clark, and one by Mr Raeburn, "The Disgrazia by the North Face." The latter is illustrated by a most effective reproduction from one of Mr A. W. Russell's negatives.

Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal, 1911.—The above journal contains a number of interesting articles by no means limited to the English Lake District; even the wilds of Labrador are drawn upon for material. From the strictly S.M.C. view point only one article need be mentioned, that by Mr H. E. Bowron, entitled "Some Climbs from Kingshouse." The ascent of a shallow chimney on a rock wall above the Curved Ridge gave the party a stiff climb, as did also a ridge to the left of the Curved Ridge. Some five pitches in the Great Chasm were successfully tackled, and finally a "striking little pinnacle of the Cioch type was discovered on the west side of Sron Creise."

New Guide Book.

Spring will soon be with us, when it is hoped that favourable weather will prevail to enable good progress to be made with the New Guide Book. Members are asked to volunteer to supply information regarding any hills with which they are already acquainted, or to offer their services in obtaining particulars of hills in connection with which the information to be found in the old Guide Book or *Club Journal* is meagre. All offers of assistance should be made direct to the sub-editors, whose names and districts are given below. If the exact boundaries of the districts are required the reader might refer to *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XI., p. 361, October 1911.

Scotland,	North.	W. N. Ling, Ashgate, Wetheral, near Carlisle.
„	North-west.	H. C. Boyd, Strathfarrar, Glen Urquhart Road, Inverness.
„	West.	Harry MacRobert, Kilmalcolm.
„	East.	George Duncan, 15 Golden Square, Aberdeen.
„	South.	J. J. Waugh, 43 George Street, Edinburgh.
„	Islands.	W. W. Naismith, 57 Hamilton Drive, Glasgow.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

BEN NEVIS—COIRE NA CISTE—AN EASY WAY OUT.—On 28th September 1911, Mr A. W. Russell and the writer were in the upper or eastern section of Coire na Ciste. Our objective was the ascent of No. 2 Gully (Tower Ridge-Comb) without the aid of snow. There seems to be only one recorded ascent of this gully—this was under snow conditions. However, on the above date we found a considerable quantity of fresh snow and the rocks were in the worst possible state. At one wet and slimy pitch not far from the top, the fall of a not inconsiderable weight of sodden snow upon the head of the leader decided a retreat as prudent. On reaching the foot of the gully, level with the foot of the Comb, we felt unwilling to lose the height gained, yet, without ice axes, and with all the rocks deeply covered with soft, fresh snow, were not inclined for any serious difficulties. The route we followed avoided these. After crossing a wide bay of snow-covered scree, we struck up easy angled slabs towards the middle of the Tower Gap Chimney. Then after a little an easy ledge led upwards to the right. Back again by another upward sloping ledge to left. Then again right for a considerable distance, finishing by a short scramble to the upper plateau, about half-way between No. 2 Gully and the Tower Ridge.

There was throughout, in spite of the adverse conditions, practically no "handwork" required, except at two places, one on the upper ledge where, at one point, a projecting rock rather pushes one out, and again a few feet of the last piece to the plateau.

This must be the easiest route out of the Carn Dearg and Nevis corries except Gully No. 4, generally known as the Easy Gully.

It might be worth noting that any party climbing the Tower Ridge as far as the Tower, and finding the upper rocks of Nevis in too icy condition, might make a safe descent to Coire na Ciste by this route. Crossing the Tower Gap Chimney about half-way of its height, the upper ledge would be gained. Thence the upper snowfield above the "Garadh" is easily reached.—H. RAEBURN.

GEOLOGY OF BEN NEVIS.—A paper by Mr E. B. Bailey, B.A., F.G.S., appearing in the *Proceedings of the Geologists' Association*, Part 4, 1911, on "The Geology of the Neighbourhood of Fort William," contains much of interest to those members of the Club who frequent Inveroran, Glen Coe, and Fort William. Mr Bailey has constructed a map of the district lying between Loch Linnhe and the Moor of Rannoch and Etive granites, which gives clearly and completely the area of granite from Cruachan, on both sides of Loch Etive, to the Moor of Rannoch, the field of lavas which includes many of the Glen Coe mountains, and the leading Highland schists of the district, viz., the Eilde flags, the Glen Coe quartzites, the Ballachulish limestones, and the Leven schists. For further particulars he refers to the Geological Survey Map 53 and Memoir which are to be published shortly. The paper contains two excellent photographs by Mr Lunn, of the Scottish Survey, one showing the folded Glen Coe quartzite and Leven schists on Sgor a' Mhaim in Mamore, and the other being a picture of the well-known huge *roche moutonnée*, modified by "plucking," which lies by the roadside about one mile above Polldubh, in Glen Nevis. Part of the paper is devoted to the igneous history of Ben Nevis. He divides the mountain into three well-defined concentric zones: (1) a discontinuous ring of granite, passing from grey to pink, which on the Achintee side rises to near the loch; (2) an inner continuous ring of later granite, finer in texture and more acid in composition, which rises apparently to the 2,500 feet level; and (3) a central core, of 2,000 feet of volcanic rocks, with underlying schists; the volcanics being described as mainly hornblende-andesite lavas.

Carn Dearg Mòr consists of the inner or later granite; Aonach Mòr of the outer or earlier variety. The porphyry dykes seem to be confined to the outer granite. Mr Bailey quotes Mr Maufe's graphic description of the physical changes in this central core. "Then an event occurred which, so far as we can tell, is peculiar to Ben Nevis. The roof of the subterranean cauldron gave way, and a block of schists, with its burden of lavas, subsided into the still liquid inner granite. The motion developed a streaky flow-structure in the magma, which itself became chilled against the cool descending mass. The latter, during its subsidence, buckled into its basin shape by reason of the friction on its walls, and its cracked margin on coming into contact with the magma, was penetrated by veins of granite. The sinking block in its descent must have dropped over 1,500 feet." A somewhat similar cauldron subsidence in Glen Coe is described. Mr Bailey also discusses the original lines of drainage in the high plateau round Loch Linnhe before it was disturbed, or segmented, by the shatterbelt valleys, such as Loch Linnhe and Loch Leven. He makes a continuous line of Locheil and Glen Nevis, of River Leven, Lairig Mor and Glen Cona in Ardgour, and of Glen Coe and Glen Tarbert. We are informed that the geological term Corrom, meaning delta-watershed, is derived from the Gaelic *cothrom*, a balance, and

actually from the Allt a' Chothruim, the stream issuing on the col of Glen Tarbert, "since, at its point of entry, it has built up a great cone, upon which it is balanced, as it were, with the possibility of flowing either east or west."—WILL. C. SMITH.

DUNIPACE, LARBERT, 21*st October* 1911.

A WONDROUS SKY.—We witnessed a very extraordinary sunset sky and evening burst of light about 5 P.M., when coming from the Denny Hills after grouse-driving. All day it had been misty, with drizzling rain and with occasional showers of pretty heavy rain. As we were leaving the hill a powerful beam of low sunlight seemed to reach away underneath the high banks of dense sky-wrack in the south and south-east, whence came a considerably swift "carry" of the higher cloud-land. Although the wind beneath or upon us as we sat in the butts was considerably more easterly; and in the distance to the south, and over the long flats of the valley of the Forth and Clyde watershed, there seemed, both in cloud-land and smoke-land, to be a gentle "suck" in from the west. A very pale, very perpendicular "sun-dog," or right limb of a high-arched rainbow, lit up the valley with startling effect. Later the left limb also appeared, and the cloud-land shifted with the "carry." Then suddenly this fairy scene disappeared, and a little later high overhead, and over the hill we had left behind us in the west, dark smoke-coloured clouds rioting across a higher mackerel and flecked sky caught up all the tints of the lost rainbow, as if it had been spread over the whole vault, from the extreme horizon of the hill in the west to the high, pale sky above. Blue, dappled with white, and streaks of rose above; lower, silky films of mist and whips of shattered cloud, with all the richest colours displayed, and strongly coloured lines of GREEN, SEMI-TRANSPARENT shreds and patches, rich, deep, and pale purples, yellows, and rose, and coral pink, and snowy white; and more in the distance and lower on the horizon "Murut brown" or smoky brown disordered masses across a watery, pale blue sky, and their edges deeply dyed with flaming crimson, like "chariots drawn by fiery steeds" hurrying pell-mell across the west. I shall be surprised if no one else takes note of one of the most wondrous evening skies, I, for one, have ever witnessed.

J. A. HARVIE BROWN.

BEINN AN LOCHAIN.—When Munro's tables were made out, this mountain appeared therein by virtue of its height being given in the

6-inch Ordnance Survey Map as 3,021 feet. In the revised 6-inch map the highest point given is marked 2,992 feet, and it seemed as if Glen Croe would be compelled to surrender one of its Munros. Before, however, accepting such a surrender, an appeal was made to the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, and the following is a copy of that gentleman's courteous reply :—

"SOUTHAMPTON, *6th October* 1911.

"I am desired by the Director-General to thank you for your letter of the 29th ultimo, in which you point out the omission of the altitude, 3,021 feet on Beinn an Lochain, and to say that it is an accidental omission, which will be corrected on reprint."

MOTOR LAUNCH FOR EXPEDITIONS TO GARBH BHEINN OF ARDGOUR.—Mr Malcolm Campbell of the Ardgour Hotel has now a motor launch capable of seating ten persons. This launch might be a great convenience to parties for Garbh Bheinn, as it could meet them at Fort William or Ballachulish and land them in Inversanda Bay, returning with them in the evening, thus saving all the present troubles with steamer, ferry, and bicycles. The launch is said to have an average speed of 7½ m.p.h., and the charge for the day is £2, or 1s. 3d. per mile.

S.M.C. ABROAD IN 1911.

Mr and Mrs W. A. MOUNSEY spent three weeks at Davos in January 1911, and had fine settled weather the whole of the time. The snow conditions were good, and numerous expeditions on ski were undertaken, including the ascents of the Pischahorn, Körbshorn, Jacobshorn, and Piz Sarsura over the Grialetsch Glacier, a long day. Perhaps the keenest enjoyment was afforded on the day over the Parsenn Furka and the Kistenstein to Kublis, involving a climb of only 3,000 feet and a descent of 7,000 feet over perfect northern slopes.

Davos certainly is a fine centre for ski-ing and the completion of the railway enables you now vastly to extend your field of operations.

Messrs EDWARD BACKHOUSE, W. A. MOUNSEY, and ROBERT CORRY made the following ascents together :—

July 28. Crossed Col de Tour and the Fenêtre de Saleinaz and climbed the Grande Fourche.

July 31. Aiguille d'Argentière from Glacier du Chardonnet.

Aug. 3. Traverse of Charmoz, north to south.

Exit Mr Corry.

Messrs Backhouse and Mounsey ascended together—

Aug. 5. Dent de Perseverance (Aig. Rouges).

Aug. 7. Dent du Requin (turned back 100 feet from top by threatened storm): slept at Géant Hut.

Aug. 8. Aig. du Géant.

Aug. 10. Aig. Verte by Moine ridge (up and down).

Mr Corry had with him the guide Hans Kaufmann and Messrs Backhouse and Mounsey had Alexis Brocherel, and as porter Alphonse Chenoz.

Exit Mr Mounsey.

Mr Backhouse, with the guide Jean Charlet, and a porter, — Charlet, climbed—

Aug. 17. Aig. du Chardonnet from Lognan, descending to Tour glacier.

Aug. 18. Aig. de la Blaitière.

Messrs Mounsey and Corry traversed the south peak of the Aig. du Tour and climbed the Aig. de la Fenêtre, the latter giving a fine short climb of some 400 feet from the Fenêtre de Saleinaz. Mr Corry before meeting his friends did, with his guide Hans Kaufmann, the Aig. du Tacul, traversed Mont Mallet and the Aig. du Rochefort and climbed Les Droites.

As regards weather conditions, Mr Backhouse says: "We had of course much splendid weather, but for the first twelve days were troubled with frequent thunderstorms which robbed us of two climbs and interfered with others.

"The rock peaks were in fine condition, but the warm nights increased the chance of falling stones. The glaciers were awkward, and their condition often entailed long detours notably in going for the Réquin."

And Mr Mounsey writes: "This latter (*i.e.*, ascent of Aig. Verte by Moine ridge) showed the exceptional condition of the rocks during the season of 1911: there was practically no snow or ice encountered on the climb except a short cornice on the final ridge and 100 feet or so of snow slope to the summit."

Messrs J. A. PARKER and W. A. REID spent about ten days in the Adamello District at the beginning of September. In the Brenta Group the Cima Tosa was climbed from the Tosa hut and the interesting Sega Alta traverse made from the Bocca di Brenta to the Bocca di Tuckett. A guideless ascent was made of the Rochetta di Nambrome at the head of the Nambino Valley, but the correct route up the final rock tower would not be discovered in time and about 25 feet of the peak remained unclimbed. Two nights were spent at the charmingly placed Club hut at Bedole in the Val di Genova;

and from Credo, where two nights were also spent, the little known Val Daone was explored for a distance of about fifteen miles.

Reid on his way out visited the Stubai and climbed the Burgstall, while Parker on his way home *via* Milan and the Lakes "did" the Rigi.

Messrs GEORGE SANG and W. N. LING had an excellent holiday in Switzerland, and made good use of the splendid weather and conditions prevailing. In the seventeen days (25th July to 11th August) they were climbing together, ten peaks were ascended or traversed, and after Sang unfortunately had to leave for home, Ling brought his number up to the round dozen, of which seven were traversed.

Starting at Saas-Fee, the Weissmies was traversed as a training walk, and the next day the pair went up to the Mischabel hut. Leaving at three o'clock the following morning the Ulrichshorn was ascended from the Windjoch, and then the traverse of the Nadelhorn and the Südlenzspitz was made back to the hut. The descent of the east ridge of the latter gave good sport. The hut was gained at 6.40 and Saas-Fee before nine just in time to escape a thunderstorm. The next afternoon the track past the Almageller Alp was taken to a bivouac about 9,000 feet up on the way to the Zwischbergen col, and after a fine but rather cold night under a stone the Portjengrat was climbed, a sporting ascent. On the final slab the leader had reason to bewail his lack of inches.

After an off-day the baggage was despatched to Zermatt and the party moved its quarters to Mattmark. Thence the next morning the crossing was made to Zermatt by way of the Adlerjoch and the traverse of the Rimpfischhorn.

After a morning spent in greeting friends at Zermatt the party walked up to the unfinished hotel which has arisen beside the Matterhorn hut on the Hörnli, and from there the next morning the Matterhorn was ascended in perfect weather and condition, the Schwarzsee hotel being reached in time for lunch at two.

Next day the baggage was sent to Arolla, and after lunch the journey was resumed as far as the Schönbuhl hut.

At two the following morning a start was made for the Dent Blanche; the weather looked rather uncertain but improved later, and the summit was reached at 9.45. The descent was made to Ferpècle and Haudères where the night was spent, and next morning the journey to Arolla was completed.

Here the President and his party and many other friends were found.

The Pas de Chèvres was visited to spy out the land, and next morning the route was repeated and Mont Blanc de Seilon ascended before crossing the glacier to the Col de Giétroz. A pleasant after-

noon was spent basking in the sun on the slopes leading down to Mauvoisin. The inn was unusually full, and the only accommodation obtainable was the *salle à manger*, which necessitated early rising the next morning. After lunch the rücksacks were again shouldered, and a novel but direct route steered for the Panossière hut. There was a wonderful afterglow on the Grand Combin.

Leaving at 2.15 by bright moonlight, the pair ascended to the Col des Maisons Blanches, and thence climbed the Valsorey ridge to the Combin de Valsorey and the highest point, 10.45. The route was interesting. The descent was made by the corridor and through the Col de Moine to a charming place for afternoon tea, with a glorious view of the Chamonix peaks, and here two restful hours were spent before it was time to descend to Bourg St Pierre.

Next morning the journey was continued by diligence and train to Martigny, where the pleasant partnership was dissolved, Sang returning home, while Ling made his way back to Arolla.

Here he was privileged to join the President and his party in the traverses of the north peak of the Bouquetins, and the Mont Collon, a fitting close to an excellent season.

All the ascents were guideless.

Mr H. M. D. WATSON went out to Switzerland at the end of July, and sends me the following list of climbs :—

From Saas Fée.—Fletschhorn and Laquinhorn, Weissmies from north, Ridge Südlenzspitze and Nadelhorn, Strahlhorn (on way across to Zermatt *via* Adlerjoch).

From Zermatt (*Schönbuhl Hut*).—Dent Blanche (crossed over Col de Bertol to Arolla same day).

From Arolla.—Aiguilles Rouges from north, left out part of the ridge, crossed Col de Seilon from Arolla to Fionnay.

From Chamonix.—Traverse of Aig. d'Argentière from Lognan Cabane to Orsières. Went to Valsorey hut to traverse the Grand Combin but stopped by storm.

Mr SOLLY went out in July to Ormont Dessus, from whence he ascended the Diableret and two smaller points with the Rev. H. J. Heard. He was then joined by Mr G. L. Collins, who accompanied him on 1st August over the Sanetsch Pass to the hotel at Zanfleuron. The afternoon of that day was spent in reconnoitring. On 2nd August they ascended the Wildhorn, having some difficulty in finding the summit owing to the clouds. On the way down they also

climbed the little rocky peak known as Mont Pucelle. The next day they walked to Sion and then, after driving to Vex, went on to Prazlong. On 7th August they ascended the little known Métailler, a fine view point, and next day crossed by the Col de Darbonneire to Arolla, taking the Pointe de Vouasson on the way.

At Arolla a large party had gathered which, besides those named, included at various times Messrs Ling and G. K. Edwards of our Club, also Colonel Clayton and Messrs Haskett Smith and J. M. A. Thomson.

The climbs in which Mr Solly took part included the north peak of the Aiguilles Rouges, the traverse of the north peak of the Dent des Bouquetins, the traverse of Mont Collon, and the ascent of the Pigne d'Arolla by the north face, and a party of six, which included Mrs Solly and Miss Collins, ascended the Aiguille de la Za. A traverse of Mont Blanc de Seilon was planned for 18th August, but on the 17th Mr and Mrs Solly were called home in consequence of the railway strike, so that they were unable to make it, but Mr and Miss Collins and others had a long and most enjoyable day on that mountain.

Mr H. C. COMBER sends the Editor a note of the following expeditions :—Kandersteg to Gemmi, up Wildstrubel, then on to Ried. Went for the Bietschhorn, but owing to a bad storm that night and much resulting snow only got three-quarters of the way up the west ridge. Over the Lötschenlücke to the Egor von Steiger hut, from whence the Aletschhorn was crossed to the Eggishorn. Then the Finsteraarhorn was climbed from the Concordia, and the next day the Mönch to Grindelwald. A jump was then taken to Randa, and the Weisshorn climbed in perfect weather. The Matterhorn was the final peak secured.

Mr G. K. EDWARDS sends the following brief note :—

"My doings in Switzerland this summer were as follows :—

"From *Lac Champex*—Pointe d'Orny and Aig. du Chardonnet.

"From *Ormont Dessus*—Over the Diablerets to the Rhone Valley and *via* the Val des Dix to Arolla, where I joined Mr Solly's party.

"From *Arolla*—Traversed some of the peaks in the district (N. peak of Dents des Bouquetins, Mont Collon, Mont Blanc de Seilon, Petites Dents de Veisivi, Central Peak of Aiguilles Rouges)."

The Hon. Secretary, Dr INGLIS CLARK, writes as follows :—

"During August the 'Clark family' made their annual motor visit

to the Alps. Passing through Dauphiny they reached the Dolomites by way of Verona. An unfortunate motor back fire prevented me from accomplishing more than the circuit of Tofana and the ascent of Crepedal, but the other members of the party had some good climbing. The chief peaks secured were Cima Etwas, Cadinispitze, Cristallo, Croda da Lago, and Cima Falzarego, guideless, also Kleine Zinne, Monte Pelmo, and traverse of Sorapiss, with guides."

Messrs CHAS. A. AIR and T. H. B. RORIE spent a very pleasant holiday in Switzerland at the end of August and early in September Visiting Arolla, ten days were spent climbing in the neighbourhood. Crossing *via* the Bertol Hut and Col d'Herens, Zermatt was reached, and a week's climbing done from there. Weather fairly good, but a number of days spoilt with severe thunderstorms. Quite a number of S.M.C. members were met.

THE LADIES' SCOTTISH CLIMBING CLUB IN 1911.

The year has been a very successful one, the Club having added considerably to its numbers as well as to its experience. The members have been active both at home and abroad, and the Meets in the Highlands and on the Lowland hills have been well attended.

New Year's Meet 1911 was held at Tyndrum, where frosty weather and somewhat sporting conditions were experienced.

In April, Glencoe was the scene of one of the stormiest Easters, the snow lying deep around Kingshouse Hotel on Easter Monday. Notwithstanding a tremendous south-easterly gale, the traverse of the Aonach Eagach ridge was made from Kingshouse to Clachaig, and on the following day Bidean nam Bian was also traversed. Sron Creise was ascended by the Central Buttress, which, under icy and stormy conditions, afforded an interesting climb. Gearr Aonach was climbed from the "Study," and, owing to glazed rocks and icy snow, the expedition proved a difficult and arduous one. From Inveroran to Kingshouse over Stob Ghabhar and the peaks of the Clachlet made an enjoyable first-day excursion, the weather being good, as is sometimes the case on the first day of a Meet! Members present were:—Mrs Inglis Clark, *President;* Mrs Douie Urquhart, Misses Lowson, Inglis Clark, Eckhard, Fleming, Gillies, I. R. M'Bride Ranken, L. M. A. Smith, Stuart. Guests: Misses E. M'Bride, Palmer, Jean Ritchie.

During the summer and autumn several hill-walks were taken, including Ben Ledi, Lammerlaw, and the Pentland Hills.

The eighth Meet in the Highlands was held from 28th December to 2nd January 1912, at Loch Awe. In spite of inclement weather and dense mist there were parties on the hills each day.

Ben Cruachan, Drochaid Ghlas, Stob Diamh (*via* snow and rock gully), Stob Garbh, Sron an Isean, Ben a' Chochuill were climbed. Members present were:—Mrs Inglis Clark, Misses Inglis Clark, A. Gray, E. M. H. Gray, Newbigin, Ranken, Ruth Raeburn, L. M. A. Smith. Guest: Miss White.

M. INGLIS CLARK, *Hon. Secretary.*

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1912.

Hon. President - The MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE.
President - - GODFREY A. SOLLY.
Vice-Presidents { HARRY WALKER. J. H. BELL.
Hon. Secretary - W. INGLIS CLARK, 29 Lauder Road, Edinburgh.
Hon. Librarian - A. W. RUSSELL, 23 Castle Street, Edinburgh.
Hon. Treasurer - WALTER NELSON, 135 Wellington St., Glasgow.
Hon. Editor - F. S. GOGGS, 15 Grange Terrace, Edinburgh.

Committee.

THOS. E. GOODEVE.	GEORGE SANG.
W. A. MORRISON.	R. ERNEST WORKMAN.
W. DOUGLAS.	GEORGE DUNCAN.
HARRY MACROBERT.	STUART F. M. CUMMING.

Sub-Committee for Club-Room.

The Hon. Secretary.
The Hon. Editor.
The Hon. Librarian (*Convener*).

THE JOURNAL.—Nos. 15, 29, 30, 44-46, 48-50, 53, 55, 58, 59, 61-67 are still in print, and may be obtained at 1s. each from Messrs Douglas & Foulis, 9 Castle Street, Edinburgh, who also accept orders to supply the Journal regularly, at the rate of 3s. (or 3s. 6d. by post) per annum, payable in advance.

The Hon. Librarian, Mr Arthur W. Russell, 23 Castle Street Edinburgh, has for sale a few copies of a number of those parts of the *Journal* which are out of print; also various complete volumes: for prices and other particulars application should be made to him.

Copies of the Index to the first ten volumes of the *Journal* (3s. 6d. net, postage 4d.) can also be had from the Librarian.

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

March 1912

INISHAIL CHURCHYARD

W. Douglas

THE SCOTTISH

Mountaineering Club Journal.

JUNE 1912. No. 68.

DS OF LOCH AWE.

NISHAIL.

IRS WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

nds of Loch Awe, Inishail alone
l." According to some accounts
island," while current tradition
me to "Aillidh," or "the beautiful,"
Denmark whose remains are said

up of islands at the north end of
he largest in Loch Awe it is only
le in length and less in breadth.
and except for some three clumps
nolls† it is almost entirely under
e little enclosed graveyard, which
ecclesiastical buildings, is at the
there among a tangle of bracken
for so we first saw them on a day
moss-covered tombs of many a
and solemn sheep stare at the
to the churchyard, and Common

* "New Stat. Acc.," vii. p. 83.

† No trees were on it in 1822—"Bridal of Caolchairn," p. 266.

PLATE I.

W. Douglas

THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XII. JUNE 1912. No. 68.

THE ISLANDS OF LOCH AWE.

I. INISHAIL.

BY MR AND MRS WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

OF the many lovely islands of Loch Awe, Inishail alone bears the name "beautiful." According to some accounts it means "the beautiful island," while current tradition gives the origin of the name to "Aillidh," or "the beautiful," a daughter of a king of Denmark whose remains are said to be interred there.*

Inishail lies in a group of islands at the north end of the loch, and although the largest in Loch Awe it is only about a quarter of a mile in length and less in breadth. There are few trees on it, and except for some three clumps of larches on wooded knolls† it is almost entirely under grass and bracken. The little enclosed graveyard, which also contains ruins of ecclesiastical buildings, is at the western extremity—and there among a tangle of bracken and glory of daffodils—for so we first saw them on a day in early spring—lie the moss-covered tombs of many a Highland chief. Large and solemn sheep stare at the intruder as he crosses to the churchyard, and Common

* "New Stat. Acc.," vii. p. 83.

† No trees were on it in 1822—"Bridal of Caolchairn," p. 266.

Gulls rise in clouds from the benty grass. Hamerton,* who writes of the island, says that in spring it is one blue field of flowers, in summer green with fern, and in autumn when the fern dies it reddens the whole island.†

This pathetic little island burial-place, remote and lonely in its isolation, surrounded by scenery as impressive and inspiring as any in the Highlands, is a magic haunt for the dreamer of dreams. He sees on that far shore in a ray of sunlight the glint of burnished steel, and hears on a ripple of wind from the dark pass of Brander the clash of arms. The tones of phantom harps sound across the deep from Macnachdan's isle, and melt away into the lapping of waves. He hears the wail of the coronach, and the weeping of women as sorrowing clansmen bear across the waters their chieftain to his last resting-place. Sleep on, Macnachdan of Fraoch Eilean and Campbell of Inveraw! You who once stood, as here we stand, looking up at the mighty Ben Cruachan, whose slopes knew many a bloody fray—you are now at peace as peace is now in all your mountain fastnesses, and Cruachan, sun-kissed or storm-swept, stands in eternal benediction.

While wandering among the moss-covered stones one longs to know when they were placed here, and whose memory they were intended to perpetuate. Alas! all record has vanished, and one is left to wonder at it all. "There are no inscriptions, perhaps there never were," says a writer‡ in 1833; "the fame of their name, it might be thought, would never die within the shadow of Cruachan."

An earlier writer,§ by some eleven years, mentions, that "the isle was the principal burying-place of many of the most considerable neighbouring families; among the

---

* "Painter's Camp," p. 67.

† Mr C. H. Alston, of Letterawe, writing under date of 22nd April 1912, says: "The island is not over blue nowadays. Very possibly it was formerly blue with wild hyacinths, but if so the sheep have now pretty well eradicated them, as is their wont. In old days it would be grazed with cattle."

‡ *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1833, vol. 31, p. 989.

§ "Bridal of Caolchairn," 1822, p. 266.

1895

IN INISHAIL CHURCHYARD

Ian Alston

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

tombstones are many shaped in the ancient form, like the lid of a coffin, and ornamented with carvings of fret-work, running figures, flowers, and the forms of warriors and two-handed swords. Among the chief families buried in Inishail, were the MacNauchtons of Fraoch Elan and the Campbells of Inbherau. I could not discover the spot appropriated to the former, nor any evidence of the gravestones which must have covered their tombs. The place of the Campbells, however, is yet pointed out. It lies on the south side of the chapel, and its site is marked by a large flat stone, ornamented with the arms of the family in high relief. The shield is supported by two warriors, and surmounted by a diadem, the signification and exact form of which it is difficult to decide; but the style of the carving and costume of the figures do not appear to be later than the middle of the fifteenth century."

With regard to this stone of the Campbells (Plate II.) we are told in a book published in 1889* that it is "now deplorably defaced, a few years back it was easy to make out the long plumes depending from the conical helmets of the two men-at-arms supporting the shield. The plumes descended to, and lower than, the shoulders. When last seen this was much obliterated by the action of the weather. The owner of this island, the Duke of Argyll, has sanctioned steps being taken for the better preservation of this grave and other tombstones here found, and these are being carried out under the eyes of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne."

Hamerton† when he saw this stone in 1852 describes it thus:—

> ". . . On one beside the church
> Are seven figures—Jesus on the cross,
> Two women, and four knights in suits of mail;
> Almost grotesque, for they have monstrous heads,
> As though the sculptor had a comic turn;

---

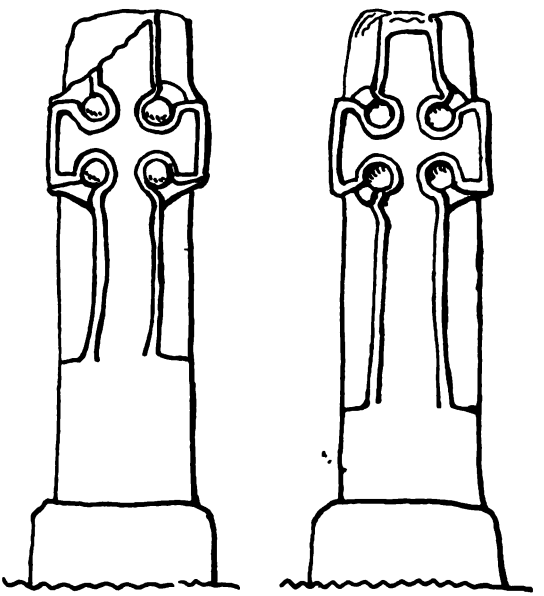
* "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," by Lord Archibald Campbell, London, 1889, p. 87.

† "Isles of Loch Awe," by Phillip Gilbert Hamerton, 1859, p. 32.

tracery; on their left is either the blade of a large sword, a pastoral staff, or the shaft of a cross.

"(28) Slab of tapering form, bearing a cross composed of intersecting circles, on a shaft covered with a row of winding ornaments. While perfect, the whole ornamentation must have been particularly beautiful."

We have not been able to find if these rubbings are still in existence, but they do not appear to be among those bequeathed to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr Muir's trustees.



Front. Back.

What great chieftain's resting-place is marked by that grim old cross (Plate IV.) standing in the centre of the ruined chapel? It is figured and prosaically described in J. Romilly Allen's "Early Christian Monuments of Scotland" (1903), p. 404, thus:—

"An erect cross-slab of blue slate, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, 1 ft. 3 in. in breadth, and 4-5 in. in thickness. The slab is sculptured on two faces thus"—from which a reduced reproduction is given here.

It does not appear to have been very long in its present erect position in the centre of the ruined chapel, for in 1858 when Mr T. S. Muir* visited Inishail he refers to a cross, 6 feet in length, lying prostrate in the open burying-ground among several carved slabs of the usual Argyllshire pattern.

A touching reference to this out-of-the-world cemetery appeared in the *Scotsman* for 16th February 1905. It is so full of deep and loving feeling that perhaps the unknown author will forgive an extract being quoted here:—

"There will be a miscellaneous uprising on the Judgment morning in this lone place, for some of the forgotten and nameless resting here must have been once of mighty name and note enough. It is no common man whose tomb is marked by that deep carved slab, whereon is graven the Christ upon His cross, with nuns and warriors on either side. And the others, with their Celtic inter-twining traceries, mysteriously and pathetically knotted with hearts, and the dust that sleeps under that old rude upright—they had brave, fair faces here—there will be a look of kingly wonder in their gaze again, when they waken, and stand up before God. The Celt beautifully chose such quiet, secluded places for the last sleep of his beloved, where the water and the wind should sing their cradle song, till the Angel of the Dawning touched them."

Fair Inishail! Where shadows play
And wild birds sing their roundelay,
Where sunlight on each laughing wave
Tells of the lovely and the brave—
Fair Inishail!

Green Inishail! Where warriors lie
Beneath a mossy canopy,
And all their strifes and passions sleep
For ever guarded by the deep—
Green Inishail!

---

* "Ecclesiological Notes," p. 76.

March 1912 CROSS IN INISHAIL CHAPEL *W. Douglas*

UNIV. OF MICH.

Sweet Inishail! Where young buds bring
Their message, miracle of spring,
And pine trees murmur: "Be content
Whatever for thy lot be sent"—
Sweet Inishail!

When chill November plays her part
And there is winter in my heart,
O Inishail, my thoughts shall stray
To thee upon that April day.

Inishail is not without authentic historical records, for we find in the "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ" and other books many references to ancient charters and documents relating to it, from which the following are a few abbreviated selections.

In 1257 a son of Malcolm Macnauchtan, Athe by name, with the assent of his brother, Sir Gilbert, knight, for the weal of their souls, gave to the abbot and canons of Inchaffray the church of St Findoc of Inchealt (Inishail) with all the tithes, &c., pertaining to the said church.*

In 1375 John of Prestwych for a certain sum of money paid to him beforehand sold to Colin Cambale, son of the lord of Lochaw, half the island of Insalte (Inishail), with other lands, Terwhedych, Selechan, and Dalyen, which Duncan M'Nachtane had died vest and seised (Argyll Charters).†

In 1400 Fordun says, "In Louchquhau is the isle of Inchesalt (Inishail) in which is a parish church" ("Forduni Scotichronicon," lib. ii. cap. 10).‡

In 1529 Archibald, Earl of Argyle, for the honour of God, of the Virgin Mary, of Saint Fyndoc, and of all the saints, granted to Duncan Makcaus, with remainder in succession to his brothers Ewen and Alexander, and

---

* "Charters of the Abbey of Inchaffray," *Scot. His. Soc.*, 1908, p. xlii. The Latin text of the original charter, which is preserved at Dupplin with granter's seal in white wax entire, is given on p. 75.

† "O.P.S.," ii. p. 130.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 129. We do not know what edition of Fordun was used by the Editor of the "O.P.S." and have failed to verify the quotation in Skene's printed translation.

to his own heirs whomsoever, the lands of Barindryane in the lordship of Lochaw of the old entent of twenty shillings, to be held of the Earl in heritage and charitable alms, on condition that the grantees and their heirs should at their own expense becomingly maintain the chapel of Saint Fyndoc, founded in the island of Inchald (Inishail), and cause one mass to be celebrated there every week for the weal of the souls of King James V., of his predecessors and successors, of the Earl's deceased father Colin, and mother Jonet, Earl and Countess of Ergyle, of himself, his predecessors and his successors, and of all the faithful dead. In 1556 the grant was confirmed by Queen Mary ("Reg. Mag. Sig.," lib. xxxi. No. 285).*

Very little is known of St Fyndoca, whose date is 13th October, and who is associated with St Fincana, and no life is given in the Breviary of Aberdeen (Forbes, "Kalendar of Scottish Saints," p. 352).

In 1542 and 1543 Master Roland Makawis was vicar of Inchalt.†

In 1560 the house of nuns was suppressed and the temporalities granted to Hay, the Abbot of Inchaffrey.‡

About the year 1575 the church of Inchald was one of four, of which the teinds and dues of the bishop's quarter were granted to Gawin Hammiltoun by James, bishop of Argyle, as security for a yearly pension of £40 from the fruits of the bishoprick ("Reg. Sec. Sig.," xliii. fol. 41).§

In 1572 Master Donald Carswell was presented by Archibald, Earl of Argyle, to the vicarage of Inchalde. (Protocol Book of Gavin Hammiltoun at Taymouth.)‖

In 1618 James, lord of Madertie, commendator of Inchaffray, leased to Patrick M'Artor of Torvadiche for nineteen years the teind sheaves and other teinds called "the brokis frutis," and rents both great and small of the parish church and parish of Inchald, the parsonage and vicarage thereof, so far as the fruits of the church were part

---

* "O.P.S.," ii. p. 130.
† *Ibid.*, p. 129.
‡ "*Old* Stat. Acc.," viii. p. 336.
§ "O.P.S.," vol. ii. p. 827.
‖ *Ibid.*, p. 129.

March 1912

INISHAIL CHURCH, 1736

W. Douglas

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

of the abbey of Inchaffray and of its patrimony, the grantee paying £12 Scots yearly to the commendator, and to the minister the dues assigned to him by the commissioners of parliament, with the exception of the teinds of Barbreklochow ("Liber Insule Missarum," pp. 137-8).*

In 1630 Macfarlane says, "another (island in Lochaw) also with a church therein cal'd Inche-Ayle."†

In 1630 the teinds of Inchecheall leased to Patrick M'Kairtour of Tullierodiche were valued at £238. 6s. 8d. yearly ("Liber Insule Missarum," p. 116).‡

In 1662 Elizabeth Murray, heir of her father, Master Patrick Murray, commendator of Inchaffray, leased to Duncan Cambell, captain of Dunoon, for £12 Scots yearly, the parsonage and vicarage of the church of Inshald, being a kirk of the abbey of Inchaffray (Argyle Inventory).§

In 1667 the patronage of Inshaall was included in a new grant of the earldom of Argyle by King Charles II. to Earl Archibald (Argyle Inventory).‖

In 1698 William, Viscount Strathalland Lord Madertie, was served heir to his father the former viscount in the kirklands, teinds, and patronage of Inchaill (Retours)¶

In 1736 service was discontinued in "the ruinous chapel on the island of Inishail."**

In 1736 a church more commodious for the parish was built on the south side of the loch opposite Inishail.††

Many writers mention that at one time there was a nunnery on the island. This tradition rests solely on the testimony of the Rev. Dr Joseph Macintyre, and he says in his description of the parish of Glenorchay and Inishail, which appeared in the "*Old* Statistical Account of Scotland" published in 1793 (at page 336 of vol. vii.):—

"Inishail, once the site of a small nunnery of the Cistertian order; and where, in a ruinous chapel of that religious house, public worship was alternately performed till the year 1736." On another page he again refers to

---

* "O.P.S.," ii. p. 129.
† "Geographical Collections," by W. Macfarlane, vol. ii. p. 512.
‡ "O.P.S.," ii. p. 129.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 129.
‖ *Ibid.*, p. 130.
¶ *Ibid.*, p. 130.
** "*Old* Stat. Acc.," viii. p. 336.
†† *Ibid.*, viii. p. 336.

the nunnery and says: "The remains of a small monastery with its chapel are still to be seen. Concerning this religious house, there is little on record, and tradition conveys but small information. It was a house of Nuns, memorable for the sanctity of their lives, and the purity of their manners. At the Reformation when the innocent were involved equally with the guilty in the sufferings of the times, this house was suppressed and the temporalities granted to Hay, the Abbot of Inchaffrey; who, abjuring his former tenets of religion, embraced the cause of the reformers."

This statement as to there having been a nunnery is slightly depreciated by the writer in the "New Statistical Account" (1845), for the words "said to have been" are inserted before "of the Cistertian order,"* and the writer in "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ" in 1855 in quoting the "New Statistical Account" still further weakens the tradition by saying:—

"On the island of Inishail are the remains of a building said to have been a Cistercian nunnery, the temporalities of which, it is also said, were at the Reformation granted to Hay, the abbot of Inchaffray."†

The church referred to as being erected in 1736 (see Plate V.) is still standing on the south side of the loch near Innistrynich House, and about a mile north of Cladich post office. It is a quaint, low-roofed little building of bare exterior, and inside reminds one of a Quaker meeting-house.

There is a reference to this little church in Miss Christina Brooks Stewart's "Loiterer in Argyllshire" (1848) which is not without interest. She says: "After traversing a wide heathy moor, we approached an humble-looking one-storeyed house, apparently under repair, but judge of my amazement to find on inquiry that this was Cladich church! I thought of the words of the Psalmist, 'Shall I dwell in a cedared house while the ark of the Lord is between curtains?'" Although the good lady is a little

* "New Stat. Acc.," vol. vii. p. 82.
† "O.P.S.," vol. ii. p. 130.

wide in her biblical quotation (see 2 Sam. vii. 2) we much appreciate the sentiment that gave rise to it.

Service is conducted in this little church every alternate Sunday by the minister of the parish of Glenorchy and Inishail,* who when we were at Lochawe in March 1911 preached in the forenoon in Glenorchy church, in the afternoon in Inishail church, and in the evening in St Conan's chapel, Lochawe. We were interested in seeing him being rowed across the loch in a boat in order to reach the last place of worship. The day was wet and stormy, and the wind high and cold. These Highland clergymen have sometimes a hard life in ministering to the needs of their extensive parishes.

It is difficult now to tell when the church on the island of Inishail, whose ruined walls (see Plate VI.) at present stand a few feet above the ground, was originally built, but we may safely say that these are the remains of the building referred to by Dr Macintyre as the "ruinous chapel of the nunnery in which services were continued till 1736."

Mr T. S. Muir, who visited it in 1858, says: "From the few broken details here and there left it would appear to have been a First-Pointed building" of some 51 feet in length.† If he is right in his surmise, and from his extensive knowledge of old West Highland churches, we have every reason to give credence to his views, these existing ruins must be of a building which dates back to the thirteenth century.

There are a few outcrops of foundations of walls seen here and there among the moss-covered tombstones which might by a careful search reveal where the old monastery stood, but it would take more time and labour than a casual visitor could give to make anything of them now.

The burial-ground may at one time have contained many more tombstones than are there now, for it is frequently stated that there are in Glenorchy churchyard

---

* In 1618 the parish of Inishail was united to Glenorchy, and having been disjoined from it in 1650 was again united by Act Rescissory in 1662.—"*Old* Stat. Acc.," viii. p. 335.

† "Ecclesiological Notes," p. 76.

many ancient gravestones which have been brought from Inishail. The earliest reference for this statement that we have found is in Stoddart's "Remarks on Local Scenery" published in 1801, vol. i. p. 273.

In "Pennant's Tour," 1769, it is mentioned that "about two miles hence (on the Inverary road from Cladich) on an eminence in sight of the convent on Inchail is a spot called Crois-an-t-sleuchd, or the cross of bowing, because, in Popish times, it was always customary to kneel or make obeisance on first sight of any consecrated place" (p. 238).

From the few fragmentary facts we have been able to collect it will be seen that the story of Inishail is one of exceptional interest, and one that might well illustrate the whole range of religious thought from almost the dawn of Christianity in Scotland to the present day, and we fondly hope that a narrative worthy of the setting may some time be weaved around its stones.

March 1911

INISHAIL CHAPEL

W. Douglas

UNIV. OF MICH.

"THE UNSEEN CORRIE,"* PRECEDED BY "THE DUBHS."

BY J. R. YOUNG AND OTHERS.

Characters

(In the order of their appearance at breakfast)—
The Pessimist; The Humorist; The Major.

WHETHER or not inspired by a summer of our ideals, or moved by the promptings of those who have in hand and at heart the successful revision of our high-level guide to Scotland, certain it is that the number of our members who forsook those caravanserais of Alpine Europe, dear to climbers, for the inns and shielings of the North, was last year unusually large. Nor of this number did the Isle of the Mists fail to attract a full share; albeit at the risk of losing its time-hallowed reputation. This was, however, averted, unhappily at the expense of those who made Skye their Mecca during the closing days of August and the early half of September.

For four days the barren ridges of the Black Coolin had been hidden behind a mantle of mist, save when, at rare intervals, a chance drouth in the air would permit of a dissolving view, now of one peak, now of another. For the Humorist and the Pessimist, met together at Sligachan, the situation was only saved by the foresight of the former in bringing with him two fishing rods, whereby both time and trout were successfully beguiled.

The evening of the fourth day brought the Major, and the party being for the nonce complete, it was resolved to strike camp on the following morning, and endeavour to come by Glen Brittle ere evening. Discussion on the route to be followed was reserved, as likely to prove a valuable means of preventing a too hasty departure after breakfast on the morrow.

The rosy-fingered dawn, which had ushered in the fifth day, had long given place to a blue sky, flecked here and

* For one night and matinée.

It was about this time that the axiom—often doubtless reflected on before under less pressing circumstances—was brought home to each, that mountaineering, even amongst the home mountains, is a sport which does not admit of abandonment just when its votaries feel inclined to return home. And now visions of a rocky couch for the night began to obtrude themselves; for on no other part of the Coolin ridge is a belated climber more awkwardly placed than on the traverse of the Dubhs: as, should he decide to leave the ridge and seek out a devious route to one of the glens, neither in An Garbh-Choire nor in Coir'-uisg is there any comfort to be found on a stormy night.

The top of Sgùrr Dubh Mòr was reached about 7.45, and half an hour later the cairn on Sgùrr Dubh na Da Bheinn was seen under the light of the lantern. It was a murky darkness, and with its descent there had come a gradual lessening of speed. For here the befogged climber has no knife-edge arête to guide him like a blazed trail, so that repeated reference to the compass is necessary. Thus aided, however, the leader held on a true course, and eventually brought his party safely into Coir' a' Ghrunnda. Here an aneroid reading disclosed the proximity of the lochan; but in spite of the warning thus given two members, a few minutes later, found themselves in its gloomy waters, fortunately, however, at a place where a shelving rock prevented a sudden and complete immersion.

With the crossing of the sill of the corrie the difficulties of the way increased tenfold. For Coir' a' Ghrunnda, unique amongst the corries of Skye, has but two lines of weakness over its scaly flanks. Of these, the high-level route under Sgùrr Sgumain was first groped for; but at each attempt the party found themselves on some narrowing ledge, finishing on a slabby face; and so at last recourse was had to the direct descent down the twelve hundred feet of ice-worn slabs. The rope, which had been taken off at the foot of Sgùrr Dubh Beag, was again put on; and soon the Major, securely tied at the end and furnished with the lantern, was rapidly disappearing, a dimly illuminated nebulous mass. over the edge of what appeared to be the end of all things,

A chilly pause, then to give more rope the Pessimist followed into the void. Suddenly the blurr of light vanishes. An ominous clatter, then—profane silence, broken at length by the mutterings of the Major as he resumes his downward way in quest of the missing hardware. This happily recovered, the expedient of dropping down stones was tried. Here one would come to rest a foot or so below the hand which had released it, so impossible was it to see downwards; while others again sent up an intermittent sound, as they ricochetted from pitch to pitch, finishing, perhaps, with a splash, on finding a resting-place in some pool of the gorge far below. Many a time was an impasse reached, steps retraced, and another way tried, only again to result in defeat.

At length it was decided to seek out a bield in which to pass the night. The way, therefore, once more lay upwards, in order that the boulder-strewn slopes above the slabs might be regained. It was at this stage, while climbing without the lantern, that the Pessimist, for the moment a pronounced optimist, caught in a vice-like grip the nose of the Humorist, who was somnambulantly taking in the rope. The change from the file-like rock to a handhold of "vegetable" smoothness was hailed with a shout of triumph; for the rough gabbro had wrought much havoc to finger tips by reason of the tenacious grip taken of it in the darkness, when footholds were generally either x or y. The triumph, however, was short-lived, for the hold itself at once emitted a strangled yell. To the Major waiting below, the animated dialogue, which ensued, was the only evidence he had, that a tragedy had not taken place, but offered no security that one was not about to do so.

An undercut rock was at last revealed by the lantern's rays, and the couch beneath it straightway cleared of obtruding stones. This gave comparative shelter from the rain for two, while the third sat without, and pressed the others together and further into their niche. It was now just on the eleventh hour, but it was too cold and wet to woo sleep. Spirits, however, revived, following on the serving out of a ration of peppermint balls and jujubes,

and songs and jests volleyed forth to the certain astonishment of any prowling denizen of the corrie who chanced by. Let it not, however, be imagined that all was mere frivolity. More serious discussions had their place, and "Young's Night Thoughts" provoked numerous reflections, reflections, however, quite unsuited to the pages of this *Journal.* But as the wee sma' hours—never less deserving of these epithets—dragged their course, there settled down on the shelter a quietness, broken only by the shrieking of the wind and the lashing of the rain. At such times the recumbent figures within the bield would feel an increased pressure from the watcher without, he, poor soul, vainly imagining it possible to become still wetter than was already the case.

Many and varied had been the shifts resorted to in order to keep warm. Rücksacks and camera cases were indiscriminately used as foot-muffs and chest protectors; while the linen-mounted maps of the party were pressed into service in lieu of the waistcoats, which had gone to add to the warmth of a certain pony as it toiled over the Bealach a' Mhaim. It was of course the Humorist who suggested that members should in future provide themselves with maps having eyes down two opposite sides, to the end that, in emergencies, they might be worn, laced up the front, beneath the jacket. The Pessimist was for a time supremely content, having taken the lantern literally to heart, until the Major, doubtless mindful of military exigency, objected to this waste of good tallow, adding significantly that it might be required in the morning.

At long last about 4.15 a perceptible greyness stole through the black; but in its wake no jocund day followed, tip-toeing the mountain tops. Rather did the violence of the storm increase, rain now falling in torrents, while the wind reached hurricane force. The erstwhile chest protectors were once more applied to their proper uses. It was then found that, in addition to his share in the tallow afore-mentioned, each would receive for breakfast one peppermint ball and a chocolate cube. These apportioned and eaten, the direct descent of the slabs was resumed at 4.45 in the morning of 31st August.

There was now sufficient light to allow of some selection being made in the route. At first the rocks to the right of the burn were descended; but lower down the bed of the stream appeared to offer the line of least resistance, and was followed over waterfalls, or wherever else it chanced to lead, little discrimination being used. At length the lower limit of the mist was passed, almost at the foot of the rocks, and here a deep pool with smooth and steeply-sloping sides, affording no foothold, completely blocked the gorge. It seemed inevitable that a plunge and swim would now go to swell the amphibious delights of the morning; but just then the Major called down from above that a crack which he had discovered appeared to offer an alternative. It was, however, with difficulty that the Humorist, about whom by now there was no dryness, could be persuaded to abandon further aquatic sport.

The descent of the slabs had taken an hour; but before another had passed the sodden trio were standing, each in his own proper pool, within the hospitable shelter at Glen Brittle, where weel-kent faces beamed cheery, if somewhat drowsy, welcome.

And so this expedition, entered on by each of its members with definite though differing desires, had provided fare of a nature unexpected by any. The Pessimist's views were in the main transitory and of the darkness rather than permanent and of the sunlight: the Humorist had his grievance that the Dubhs had so nearly done for him: while by the Major, in spite of his nine hours therein, Coir' a' Ghrunnda was still *unseen.*

THE BLACK PINNACLE OF COIRE BROCHAIN, BRAERIACH.

By James A. Parker.

"There's something like a pinnacle for you!"

We agreed that it was.

It was my first ascent of Braeriach in clear weather, and the words were exclaimed by Garden as we reached the summit cairn and looked over the edge of the great precipice of Coire Brochain. About two hundred feet beneath us a delicate crest of black rock, apparently topped with three small teeth, jutted out from the face of the cliff from which it was cut off by a tiny saddle. There was no record nor sign of the pinnacle having been climbed, and here was apparently that *rara avis* on the mainland of Scotland—a good unclimbed pinnacle on the best face of one of the highest mountains.

There seemed to be two reasons why the pinnacle should be climbed at once. First, in case we might be forestalled; and second, because it seemed to be so delicately constructed that the next thunderstorm might shatter it to pieces. Unfortunately we had no rope with us. Investigation showed that it was possible to gain with ease the little saddle at the back of the pinnacle by descending the steep gully to the west of the well-known Braeriach Pinnacle, and thence ascending a corresponding gully leading right up to the saddle. This I did; but as the first few steps up the pinnacle from the saddle seemed too tricky to attempt without some safeguard, I had to abandon the attack for the time being, as my friends would not come down to assist. I therefore reluctantly rejoined them on the summit with, however, the fixed determination that I would be concerned in the first ascent of the Pinnacle, no matter when it took place.

This was in July 1910, and having now discovered the Pinnacle, my next object on returning to Aberdeen was to get a party together to climb it; or rather Braeriach, for it would evidently be bad policy to say too much about

October 1911

BRAERIACH FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

J. A. Parker

the Pinnacle itself until it had been climbed. But no one wanted to climb Braeriach, it was too far away, and there seemed to be no reason for going so far to climb such an uninteresting hill. It was not till October 1911 that a party was secured. Bruce Miller contributed his motor car, and we left Aberdeen in it, on the 21st of that month, practically under sealed orders. Reid, who was very anxious to climb Braeriach, and had in fact proposed the expedition, knew nothing whatever of the Pinnacle; while Miller did not even know what hill was to be climbed. Alexander, who was the fourth member of the party, knew what the contents of the sealed orders were, as there had been great difficulty in persuading him to come, and it was only by placing my cards on the table face up on the previous evening that he had been secured.

The drive up the south Deeside road is at all times one of great beauty, and it was especially so in the early autumn of the year 1911, when there was a blaze of autumn tints that would have been a credit to, and perhaps shamed, an Eastern State's fall. As far as we were concerned they disappeared about Aboyne where heavy rain commenced, and, the hood being drawn forward, the landscape practically vanished, our view being thenceforth confined to the two crouching figures on the "footplate" peering into the gathering darkness into which we were rushing at thirty miles an hour; it reminded us strongly of the well-known poster issued several years ago in connection with the opening of the Simplon Tunnel.

At Braemar we found that the hotels had had a record season, and that even yet there was a house party of no less than fifteen at the Fife. We had fears, however, that the record weather might now have ended, as it was raining very heavily, and seemed likely to do so for some time. Next morning we rejoiced to find that there was a welcome change for the better, and, leaving the hotel at eight o'clock, we motored up the glen in rapidly improving weather, light mists in the valley with patches of blue sky breaking through overhead and giving promise of a perfect day. By the time Derry Lodge was reached the mists had disappeared and the day was ideal. Twenty-

five minutes were occupied here in wakening Donald Fraser and in getting Miller changed from driving shoes to climbing boots, and at nine o'clock we took the path to the Larig.

Our first halt was called at eleven o'clock, on the lower slopes of Braeriach just above the point where the Larig Burn joins the infant Dee. Here we had lunch, after which we struck up the mountain towards the entrance to Coire Brochain. On entering the corrie we were near enough the great range of precipices at its head to see our route clearly, and to speculate on our chances of getting up. The Black Pinnacle was only discovered by the dark shadow that it cast on the face of the cliffs. On its immediate right there was a small gully evidently containing a pitch, above which there was a small snow patch. Below the foot of the gully there was a big slab sloping down at a steep angle to the right, and terminating in the screes almost vertically below the Braeriach Pinnacle. To the right of this pinnacle the cliffs were cut into by a long, narrow gully, while well to the left of the Black Pinnacle a broad scree slope led almost up to the sky-line.

Our route was perfectly obvious, and we made at once for the foot of the big slab. It was about one hundred feet in height, and each member of the party found his own route up it, there being no special difficulty, although it was not exactly the kind of place to slip off. At the head of the slab, easy ground and snow led up to the foot of the small chimney where we roped up. The pitch was about fifty feet high, and the only trouble was at the top, where the leader had to get a back up and where, having got it, he found his main difficulty was to climb over the fringe of loose stones at the head of the pitch without sending any down on his companions underneath.

We were now on a scree slope, and the finding of an empty meat tin rudely dispelled the feelings we had that we were on virgin ground. Mature consideration showed that the tin might have been thrown over from the edge of the cliff, and as rock climbers do not usually carry large tins of meat with them, we assumed that this was the proper solution, and resumed our climb with renewed courage.

October 1911

COIRE BROCHAIN, BRAERIACH

J. A. Parker

a.—West Gully *b.*—Black Pinnacle *c.*—Central Buttress Gully *a'.*—Braeriach Pinnacle *e.*—East Gully

five minutes were occupied here in wakening Donald Fraser and in getting Miller changed from driving shoes to climbing boots, and at nine o'clock we took the path to the Larig.

Our first halt was called at eleven o'clock, on the lower slopes of Braeriach just above the point where the Larig Burn joins the infant Dee. Here we had lunch, after which we struck up the mountain towards the entrance to Coire Brochain. On entering the corrie we were near enough the great range of precipices at its head to see our route clearly, and to speculate on our chances of getting up. The Black Pinnacle was only discovered by the dark shadow that it cast on the face of the cliffs. On its immediate right there was a small gully evidently containing a pitch, above which there was a small snow patch. Below the foot of the gully there was a big slab sloping down at a steep angle to the right, and terminating in the screes almost vertically below the Braeriach Pinnacle. To the right of this pinnacle the cliffs were cut into by a long, narrow gully, while well to the left of the Black Pinnacle a broad scree slope led almost up to the sky-line.

Our route was perfectly obvious, and we made at once for the foot of the big slab. It was about one hundred feet in height, and each member of the party found his own route up it, there being no special difficulty, although it was not exactly the kind of place to slip off. At the head of the slab, easy ground and snow led up to the foot of the small chimney where we roped up. The pitch was about fifty feet high, and the only trouble was at the top, where the leader had to get a back up and where, having got it, he found his main difficulty was to climb over the fringe of loose stones at the head of the pitch without sending any down on his companions underneath.

We were now on a scree slope, and the finding of an empty meat tin rudely dispelled the feelings we had that we were on virgin ground. Mature consideration showed that the tin might have been thrown over from the edge of the cliff, and as rock climbers do not usually carry large tins of meat with them, we assumed that this was the proper solution, and resumed our climb with renewed courage.

J. A. Parker

October 1911

COIRE BROCHAIN, BRAERIACH

a.—West Gully *b.*—Black Pinnacle *c.*—Central Buttress Gully *d.*—Braeriach Pinnacle *e.*—East Gully

The scree slope was quite short, and we soon reached the small patch of snow which lay against the foot of the final cliff. Here the gully divided into branches; the right hand one ran steeply up to the saddle between the Braeriach Pinnacle and the edge of the summit plateau; while the left hand branch led up to the little saddle between the Black Pinnacle and the face of the cliff. The former held a considerable quantity of snow; but the latter was clear and presented in places a rocky face. Climbing rapidly up it we soon reached the saddle behind the pinnacle.

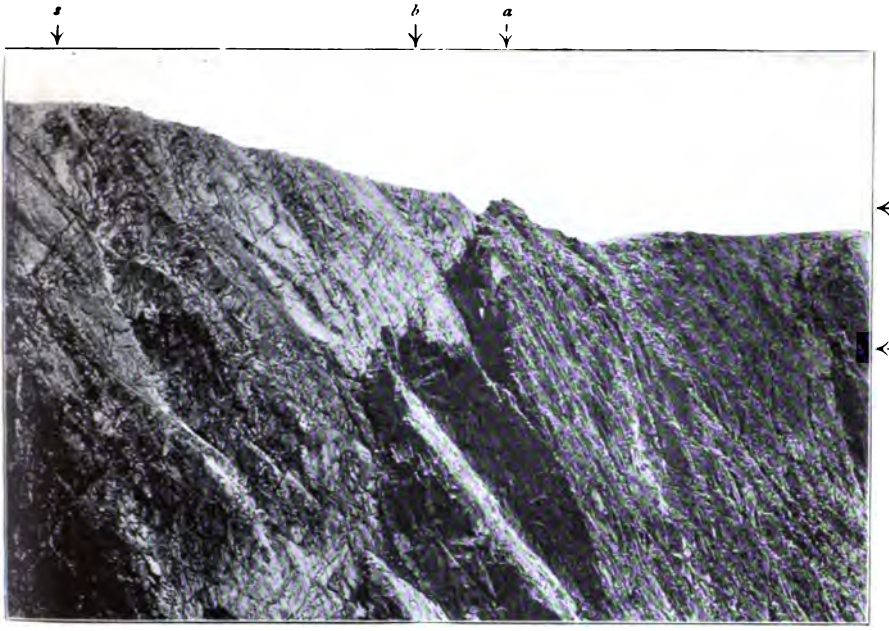
A preliminary examination of the pinnacle from a convenient point a little way up the face of the cliff showed that its west face was an absolute wall, and that it would be impossible to traverse across it even if it could be gained; while the east face was more broken up, and could evidently be traversed just below the base of the final teeth. The only trouble was the first step up from the saddle on to the east face, which was about ten feet in height, and required a little delicate balancing. Above this there was no difficulty in climbing up to the foot of the teeth, and on to the top of the centre one which was the highest. The first and second teeth were found to be the culminating points of a thin flake of rock, while the outer tooth was simply a few loose boulders resting on the edge of a second flake which overlapped the first on its east side. We built a very small stone man on the top of the middle tooth; but did not visit the outer one as the boulders seemed to be too unstable.

Returning to the saddle, a tempting and obvious traverse was followed westward across the face of the main cliff. This, in a short time, took us to the right-hand edge of a shallow gully running up to the sky-line. We climbed up this edge, over easy but interesting rocks for some distance, and then traversed into the head of the gully. This was immediately left by a somewhat awkward step into an easy boulder-filled branch gully to the right which took us up on to the summit plateau at a point only about ten yards east from the cairn, which was reached at three o'clock. The height of the rocks from the foot of the big

slab to the summit is about 650 feet, and the climb took two and a quarter hours.

The following important points now forced themselves upon us for solution. We had an eight-miles walk in front of us, only three hours of daylight, no lantern, and we were exceedingly hungry. We therefore treated the summit with scant courtesy, and at once descended to the Dee by the easy shoulder west of Coire Brochain; and on reaching the river at four o'clock, had a rest of half an hour for afternoon tea. A bee line was then struck across the lower slopes of Cairn Toul, and the Dee was again encountered just beyond a very conspicuous transverse moraine mound which crosses the floor of the valley like a railway embankment. On reaching the river, two of the party walked through it at once; but the other two, disliking its appearance and apparently forgetting the fact that rivers usually increase in volume the further they are followed from their source, kept on the right bank vainly endeavouring to find an easy crossing. The reason they gave was that the walking on the right bank was much better than that on the left bank. They did not explain how they were in a position to say so, but it was evident that the alleged superiority of their path vanished at the instant that it dawned on them that the river was really getting too formidable. Unfortunately for the spectators on the left bank, they crossed without untoward incident.

The walk homewards to Derry Lodge in the rapidly gathering twilight, down Glen Dee and over the pass into the Lui Beg, was delightful. Behind us Braeriach had put on a mantle of dank grey mist, which curled over the face of Coire Brochain and reminded us of the evening mists on the Red Coolin, while on our left the steep slopes of Ben Muich Dhui rose grandly up to a fringe of rock reddened with the last rays of the setting sun. Darkness descended as we were crossing the pass into the Lui Beg. In front the outlines of the hills were being rapidly lost in the approaching night, and behind us the graceful outline of Beinn Bhrotain and Monadh Mor silhouetted in deepest indigo against an amber sky was superb.



A. W. Russell

THE CLIFFS OF COIRE BROCHAIN FROM THE S.W.

s.—Summit *b.*—The Black Pinnacle *a.*—The Braeriach Pinnacle

October 1911 *J. A. Parker*

THE TOP OF THE BLACK PINNACLE FROM THE W.

(The small stoneman is seen just to left of highest point)

UNIV.
OF
CHI.

NOTES REGARDING PREVIOUS CLIMBS IN COIRE BROCHAIN.

10th September 1898.—*West Gully*—Messrs A. Fraser and A. W. Russell climbed the large gully to the west of the central buttress. They found it to consist of a scree slope and slabs, with steep rocks at the top, which were, however, not of any great difficulty.

5th April 1901.—*East Gully*—Messrs J. Drummond, T. Gibson, and A. W. Russell climbed the gully to the east of the central buttress in winter conditions. There were no pitches visible, and an easy exit was found at the top on the west side, where the summit plateau was reached a short distance east of the Braeriach Pinnacle.

Easter 1908.—*Central Buttress Gully*—This was climbed by Messrs W. N. Ling and H. Raeburn in winter conditions, see *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. X., p. 150. Their route was the same as ours up the slab and the small chimney, but from the head of the latter they climbed up the gully to the right leading to the saddle behind the Braeriach Pinnacle. The climb was on snow throughout, and Raeburn described the climb as having been somewhat risky on account of the danger of avalanches.

A NEW YEAR'S DREAM.

BY T. FRASER S. CAMPBELL.

TO exploit a new story, or even to find a new audience for an old one, is a task almost as difficult as to create a new climb. I have Ling's authority for the growing difficulty of the latter, though he admits having achieved the feat last summer in Ross-shire, always with that modesty which clings to him as mist clings to a wettermantel, and which is the attribute of all great craftsmen. Now, the story I have in mind, the story of the Man from Kilmarnock, is a very old one, possibly a true one; but, as our first President once said to me, "all good stories are true." He might perhaps have added that all true ones are old. A man once popped his head into a crowded railway carriage and shouted, "Is there anyone here from Kilmarnock?" On receiving from an unobtrusive person in a corner seat a reply that he was of that persuasion, the intruder softly proceeded, "Then lend me your corkscrew." In the same spirit, if a man from Glasgow is asked if he knows Loch Katrine, he is supposed—I say advisedly supposed—to reply that he does, but that he always dilutes it with whatever may be his favourite brand (the name and attributes of which may perhaps be recorded on the covers of some future issue of the *Journal*). Now, the relevancy of these stories may not at first be apparent, but they are introduced to explain the subsequent behaviour of Goggs.

As students of the earlier numbers of our *Journal* may discover for themselves, with or without the aid of the Index, I was myself, at one time, a very constant attender at the Meets, and I may even claim to have been an actor, in however humble a degree, in some of the historic doings of the Club; but circumstances have conspired to keep me a stranger to all but one or two Meets during the past fifteen years. However, time and place according, I was enabled to be present, though for one night only, at the recent New Year Meet at Tarbet. We were a happy little party there, on the opening night. The big crowd had not yet arrived, so there were just six of us, and two were men

from Glasgow. After dinner we had discussed the Celtic race and its distribution throughout the world, and the man from Crianlarich had proved beyond dispute that the Bretons were really Irish; the Irish, Welsh; the Welsh probably Bretons, and the Scottish Highlanders certainly the finest people in the world. We had then discussed the exact signification of mealls, beinns, sgurrs, cruachs, stobs, stacs, cnocs, creags, cairns, &c., whence we made an easy traverse to the Cobbler, which was apparently to be the *pièce de resistance* of the morrow; and the difficulties having been canvassed of the "right-angled"—or is it the "three-cornered"?—gully on the face of the Cobbler himself, the feasibility was considered of a successful assault on the rhomboidal wart on the neck of Jean.

A little after ten we all retired to bed, without anyone having "touched the bell for the waiter"—a point of subsequent importance; and seven o'clock the next morning found us at breakfast, and listening to the rain coming down in the old, old way.

And this is where Goggs comes in. One of the men from Glasgow, in fact the writer of these lines, had just propounded the question, "Where is Ben Sennacher?" The question seems a harmless one, but on the faces of the other five was clearly suggested the thought that "our poor friend is not quite himself this morning," and then Goggs arrived—dripping: the question was repeated to him: "Where is Ben Sennacher?" At first the editorial nostrils twitched as scenting copy from afar, but a glance at the others sufficed, and he suggested soothingly that I had probably mixed up Loch Vennacher, or Loch Katrine, or other things—an implication which those who have followed this narrative so far, will see to be demonstrably absurd. *Mais tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.* Goggs is a man who always gets up at four —he says he likes it; except upon the rare occasions when he does not get to bed until five, when he has been known to lie as late as six. On this occasion he had left Edinburgh at the convivial hour of 4.30 A.M., and had arranged to meet Goodeve and Ling at Arrochar Station at 7.4, all ready for the fray. But these two worthies

were not there; they were, in fact, in the hotel, debating the point as to whether climbing under such conditions were a hobby, or merely a crime. At this point Goggs had arrived—dripping: but there was thunder in his eye as he bore them off, and I saw them no more. But with Goggs, as I have said, *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, and we remain good friends, as is evidenced by the inclusion of this paper in the pages of the *Journal*.

The fact is that in the night I had dreamed a dream, and in it someone, I know not who, had pointed to a hill rising peak above peak till it touched the very heavens, and he had cried to me, "Yonder is Ben Sennacher." It was a dream—but what are dreams?

Thursday had been a wretched day but as the afternoon train to Tarbet dragged its slow length along the upper reaches of the Gareloch the mists rolled away, pale stars twinkled in a frosty sky, and the black hills, dotted here and there with the lights of scattered dwellings, were faithfully reflected in the glassy waters, the moon sailed out from her harbour of clouds, and as, after losing sight of Loch Long for a few miles, we swept once more within its ken, I saw far below us the lights of Arrochar. I could just make out, across the loch, the snow-flecked tops of the Cobbler and some of his cronies. But alas! as in the morning I turned my backward steps along the same route, the world was steeped again in impenetrable mist, and my beautiful dreams were gone.

> "They had folded their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently stolen away."

But what are dreams but memories? And what are memories but dreams? And what is our New Index, to some at least of us, but a Register of Dreams? Do I not dream when I close my eyes and see through the mists two figures sitting on a steep snow-slope on the foot hills of Cruachan; one is myself, the other a future President of the S.M.C.? suddenly my companion disappears from my side, revolving rapidly downwards on his own axis, while his own axe is pursuing the same course, but far below him? Do I dream when I see our subsequent path traced

in faint points of blood starring the perfect whiteness of the snow, grim testimony of the unequal contest during the descent of naked fingers with the icy crystals of the slope? *

Again I see myself some years later (New Year Meet, 1905) with the same companion, now the President, on the summit of Beinn a' Bhuiridh. I have left him to survey one of the gullies, the scene of a former climb with W. R. Lester, and turning back I find myself lost in the mist, but a loud and continuous whistling out of the darkness guides my wandering footsteps back to the path, and we descend the hill in safety and together.

Is it in a dream that I sit on the summit of Ben Lui on the afternoon of a day at the very end of December, with two companions—one of them another future President —and look down upon a vast and level sea of cloud a thousand feet below, and stretching for miles towards the west, while the setting sun paints in glorious colours the summits of the surrounding hills? †

Are they but dreams, these dear, dead days, some of them before the birth of our Club, when in twos and threes, and sometimes by the half-dozen, we sheltered at "snug Dalmally," or spent the tedious hours of the night in dimly-lighted, slowly-moving trains, just for one brief but glorious day among the hills; days of brilliant sunshine, or days of wind and snow; days when we completed well within the scheduled time the purpose of our quest; days when we had to scamp our work, and race ingloriously for miles to throw ourselves panting into the last train for home just as the bell had rung, and the throbbing engine was waiting to be slipped? But wet or fine, bright or dark, they are now all transmuted by the glorious alchemy of time into memories of pure delight. And there are worse memories than those of many a merry meal within a Highland inn.

So what does it matter whether there is a Ben Sennacher, or where it is? It is but another of my dreams, and—

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

---

* *Journal*, Vol. I., p. 240 ("Note").
† *Journal*, Vol. I., p. 207, "Ben Lui."

HALF HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

1. "Prospects and Observations on a Tour in England and Scotland, Natural, Economical, and Literary. By Thomas Newte, Esq. London, 1791."
2. "Three Successive Tours in the North of England and Great Part of Scotland, interspersed with Descriptions of the Scenes they presented, and Occasional Observations on the State of Society, and the Manners and Customs of the People. By Henry Skrine, Esq., of Warley in Somersetshire. London, 1795."

By S. A. Gillon.

At the close of the eighteenth century two English gentlemen of good position made a thorough examination of Scotland. Mr Skrine was Squire of Warley in Somersetshire; Mr Newte tells us that he is a landholder, and he appears to have been a Devonian. Both had more than the usual smattering of Latin scholarship, and both had travelled. Mr Newte refers to basaltic rocks on Sunda as if he had seen them himself, and evidently knew his "Continent" more than superficially, and Mr Skrine had travelled widely. Both write in the pompous, rather colourless style that one associates with the writings of Samuel Smiles or Dr Wm. Smith of Classical Dictionary fame. Mr Skrine never, Mr Newte rarely, indulges in humour. Both are interested in agriculture, commerce, land-tenure, architecture, planting, and scenery. The kind of scenery that appeals to them is that round Kelso and Crieff.

There is much mention of gentlemen's seats, elegant grounds, &c. Not that they are insensible to the ruder wilds of the Highlands, but approval ceases in Breadalbane west of Killin, and only reappears at Dalmally. Glen Croe and Glencoe occasion much rich writing, of which

I shall give specimens, in which "stupendous precipices," "horrid gloom," "chaos," &c., are freely used.

There is also one surprising trait common to both. Nowhere is there a sneer at Scotland or Scotsmen. If anything, we feel embarrassed at the compliments paid us, and we certainly ought to be gratified at the deep and genuine interest which Scotland roused in these worthy gentlemen. It has been said of an eminent Scottish judge that if he was not actually a great lawyer he was a gentleman, and was thereby enabled to deal out even justice with dignity. Here, it must be admitted, there is none of the personal frankness of Bozzy, or the splendour of Johnson. What would one not give for a little ease interposed amid fishing statistics or a scheme for settling half-pay officers on farms—something of the flavour of Bozzy's carouse at Corriechatachan? But that is not in our authors' line. It is all deadly earnest with them, and accordingly the tone of this article will miss its aim if it is not equally serious.

Mr Newte was the first invader. He entered Scotland at Gretna Green early in June of 1785, and made his way to Glasgow by Annan, Dumfries, Moffat, Douglas, Lanark, Hamilton, and Bothwell. He was struck by the wretched poverty of the people, which was in glaring contrast to the conditions he had left in Cumberland. The Merse seems to have been poorly tilled as far as the outskirts of Dumfries. It astonished him to see women in "huggers," sort of footless stockings, and he remarks with solemn humour that this explains satisfactorily the custom of the bride and bridegroom having their feet washed just before marriage. The people were sallow, thin, and undersized. The lack of trees gave him grave concern, and he would like to have seen fewer sheep and more black cattle on the uplands between Moffat and Douglas. Elvanfoot Inn supplied good wine, but otherwise he sums it up in the following quotation:—

> "Wou'd Heaven, to punish some abandon'd wretch,
> Push the dread vengeance to its utmost stretch,
> Let him, in cold October's wintry storm,

Where sullen heaths the sulky hills deform,
To bleak *Drumlanrig** on a hack repair,
Deluged with floods of rain, and shelter there;
Or should this cursed doom be too severe,
Let the vile miscreant find a refuge here."

His pen becomes obstreperous at the sight of Corra Linn.

"It boils up from the caverns which itself has formed as if it were vomited out of the lower regions. The horrid and incessant din unnerves and overcomes the heart. It is 'as if wearied Nature were going to general wreck.'"

The reflection is recorded that waterfalls are more interesting than—

"those outrageous appearances that are formed by storms when unresisted by rocks or land in the troubled ocean. In the sea water rolls heavily on water without offering to our view any appearance of *inherent* impetuosity."

Glasgow, which then had a population of about 50,000, made a very great impression on him, and he details its rum and cotton trades, its cathedral, eleven kirks, circuit Court of Justiciary, and college, fully, and pays a tribute to the famous names of Smith, Reid, &c.

Once again a touch of humour creeps in as he describes a cunning device to evade the strict Sabbath observance rules. The public-houses being closed and watched, resort was sometimes had to corrupt elders under pretence of seeking spiritual guidance and communing with them. The elders then held a shebeen instead of a conventicle, and the party broke up "sufficiently replenished, it must be owned, with the spirit."

After a visit to Paisley "on the beautiful Cart" and Crookstone Castle, Mr Newte enters the Highlands by Dumbarton and the Loch Lomond military road. He waited two days at Tarbet to climb the Ben, a sign of grace on his part, but his "Majesty" (*sic*) remained buried in mist and unclimbed by Mr Newte, and so the journey proceeded by "the gloomy avenue" and

* The Duke of Queensberry's seat.

Rest and be Thankful to Inverary, where he finds trees and herrings. Cladich, Kilchurn (contrasted unfavourably with the charming residence of Taymouth), Dalmally, Ben Awe follow, and he reaches Oban. Apparently the road was at one point 1,000 feet above Loch Awe, and the descent to the loch most precipitous. It sounds incredible.

Oban takes him by storm. Here is the heaven-built port of the west; and it occasions a long digression on fisheries, salt, the trade in which was much hampered then, dockyards, &c. It was a gift of prophecy on the part of our author, for there was then one vile public-house and only three tolerable houses in the village.

The route now lay northwards by the Falls of Connel and Benderloch and Appin to Ballachulish and Glencoe—

"on each side of which are the most tremendous precipices I ever beheld in any part of the world. It blew a storm. Sometimes the craggy mountains were hid in black clouds, and at others, visible through the mist, which served to aggravate the gloom of this awful place, and render it truly horrible. This seemed a fit scene for the massacre of 1691, which leaves a stain on the memory of King William, or that of his ministers, or on both. . . . It was evidently formerly a forest."

The night is passed in company of drovers at Kingshouse. Small wonder that he calls it a "cursed place" when he leaves by the Devil's Staircase for Fort William next morning.

Our author now gets into the kittle subject of removals, clearings, mergings, sheep runs, annual tacks. He laments the tacksmen gone in numbers to the New World, quotes Goldsmith, and casts doubt on the reliance placed on written titles alone in a country where custom has played so great a part for centuries.

Inverness was now his goal, and to it he went, stopping at Spean Bridge, Achnacarrie, Foyers, Glengarry, and Fort Augustus. The view of Castle Urquhart with the loch in the foreground pleased him most.

He does not fail to see that a canal from Loch Linnhe to Inverness is feasible and desirable. At Inverness he notes the purity of the English accent and prefers

it to that of Aberdeen, and he records that the people in the mountains of Ross are *less* fanatical than those of the "plains and cities" of easter Ross!

The rest of the tour is by the province of Moray, the plantations of Darnaway, affording him particular satisfaction with their 12,000,000 trees, to Banff, Fraserburgh, and Aberdeen. Cawdor Castle was then a ruin. I don't give details, but everything is seen and appraised judiciously from Sweyno's stone to the Bullers of Buchan.

Fraserburgh apparently possessed a bailie of remarkable powers. He lived to be eighty-eight and died in 1783, in spite of the fact that he got drunk *twice a day* on raw whisky or gin. He ate heartily, but took no exercise. He enjoyed excellent health.

"The people of Aberdeen are well-informed, polite, hospitable, cheerful, gay, and great lovers of music."

He attributes the enlightenment and advanced views of Aberdonians to direct contact with London by sea, and seclusion from the humdrum Scottish point of view. I hazard a guess that Mr Newte was a Whig of the Romilly-Bentham brand, but he never gives himself away beyond expressing a detestation of rotten burghs and entails, and an unwearied advocacy of long leases or leases for life.

His route south is by Stonehaven, Bervie, Montrose, Glamis—

"the whole of which castle seems well calculated for the perpetration of the horrid deed which Shakespeare has recorded—"

and Coupar Angus to Perth. The bridge just then completed over the Tay cost £25,000 apparently, and was partly defrayed out of a Government grant. Perth and the neighbouring proprietors and manufacturers come in for eulogy, especially Lord Kinnoull, and I need scarcely say that Luncarty and his Lordship's illustrious progenitor are not omitted.

"Strathern is fuller of gentlemen's seats than any district of equal extent in Scotland,"

so we shall leave Mr Newte in clover busy noting the

points of every mansion from Dunira, to Abercairny and shall skip a dissertation on Ardoch, Mons Graupius, and the roads and camps of Strathmore, and bring him to his paradise—the country watered by the Devon. There there were no big estates, but, on the contrary, a great many small properties of from £20 to £200 value per annum.

"The master and mistress of those happy families are seen every week going to market, to Perth, Culross, Alloa, Dunblane, &c. &c., in which places their sons and daughters are placed in boarding and grammar schools for their education.

"Thus a pleasing and beneficial intercourse is kept up between the inland and mountains, and the low and maritime country: and thus the gods of the hills are at peace with the gods of the plains.

"The whole is a pleasing picture of pastoral scenery and pastoral life."

The Highlands left behind, he reviews that race and quotes an interesting passage from Dr Alexander Cunningham, the tutor and friend of John, Duke of Argyle, which space forbids me to include in this article, but which is well worth reading. Then he discusses the Union of the two Parliaments in 1707, and considers that England got very well out of an awkward situation, and that had Scotland fared better at Darien, she would have been a formidable rival. The common people of Scotland were the greatest gainers by the Union, for they became heirs of the British Empire and got rid of the cruel yoke of feudalism.

Mr Newte visits Stirling, Edinburgh, where his pen moves briskly and sanely, and passes out by Kelso and Coldstream over a beautiful bridge which excites the remark that in general the Scotch bridges are superior to those of England. And so with many thanks we part from our wordy but worthy guide, philosopher, and friend.

Mr Skrine must have been a relation, or educated at the same school, or one or other must be a plagiarist, for his two excursions into Scotland cover much the same

ground as that of Mr Newte, and excite similar reflections. He is a trifle more aristocratic, but still an "enlightened progressive." His sojournings at "the seats of the mighty" (his visiting list was unexceptionable) do not dim the keenness of his eye for observing the humble. He is pained by the poverty of the Lowland rustic, and contrasts him with the brawny Highlander, and sees little except Drumlanrig and the oak forest of Enterkin to delight the eye, before the Falls of Clyde have their usual effect on him.

His first tour was in 1787 and took him by Annan, Dumfries, Sanquhar, Wanlockhead, Douglas, Lanark, Hamilton, and Bothwell to Glasgow, thence by Dumbarton to Tarbet. Loch Lomond gave him genuine pleasure, while Glencroe elicited the following:—

"Encompassed by mountains inaccessible to human footsteps on which the eagle alone builds his nest."

Some sheep are "awfully disposed," not in their evil interiors, but on the crags. In short, Mr Skrine is to be congratulated on getting to the top, and he should have got a better reward than the discomfort and dirt of Cairndow, especially as he hadn't had a decent inn except in Glasgow since reaching Scotland. With the further exception of Tyndrum he has to wait till he reaches Edinburgh to secure real comfort in hotels. He would like to transplant Drumlanrig to the site occupied by Inverary, and little more of interest is mentioned except the striking badness of the road between Dalmally and Tyndrum, and a spurious and impudent claim of the latter to be the highest dwelling-house in Scotland; and the man who had just left Wanlockhead and Leadhills was inclined to believe it! Pennant had started the absurd idea on a still sillier theory based on the fact that the Tay rose close to the Lochy. This uncertainty about heights should not, however, surprise us. Even in the 1st and 2nd Statistical Accounts some extraordinary altitudes are forthcoming. There is probably no reader of the *Journal* who has not seen "Ben Attow, 4,000 feet," in maps and atlases as late

as the eighties.* In addition to this hill Mr Newte has some more wonderful figures in his Appendix. Ben Nevis is given fairly enough at 4,350 feet high, but overtopped by (1) St Kilda (on the authority of the parish minister of that remote isle), 5,400 feet, (2) Ingleborough, and (3) Whernside in Yorkshire (on the authority of Sir Charles Suckburgh and others), both over 5,250 feet.

Vile roads down the Dochart spun out the whole day on the way to Killin, whence the road on the south side of the "second Windermere" took him to the comforts and elegancies of Taymouth. Let no one suppose he missed the Fortingal yew or the Latin tablet to General Wade at Aberfeldy. Suffice it to say that he reached Blair, and, the season being advanced, returned to England by easy stages, visiting Dunkeld, Perth, Rumbling Brig, Castle Campbell, Stirling, and Edinburgh. Stirling Castle with its noble view and superb buildings was quite spoilt for him owing to the meanness of the streets and the filthiness of its indwellers. He had a bad taste in his mouth till the greater horrors of Falkirk and Linlithgow made Stirling delectable by comparison. The nasty effect of Linlithgow was cured by a visit to Hopetoun and Dalmeny, and by the conquering charms of Edinburgh. George Street, the Squares, Princes Street, the North Bridge, Adam's new Register House, Heriot's Hospital, Holyrood, the Castle, and much else drew from him flattering encomiums and sent him out of Scotland at Lamberton delighted with his visit and determined to complete his travels.

His second visit was paid in 1793, and consisted in a journey from Alnwick to Edinburgh by Coldstream and Soutra, and a careful inspection of Fife, including Falkland and St Andrews. No ordinary tourist can write interestingly about Dundee, or the rich alluvial soil of the Carse of Gowrie, or the everyday sights that meet the wayfarer who passes the round towers of Brechin and Abernethy, the mean ruins that disfigure the grand site of Dunnottar,

* The legend still flourishes; it appears in a school text-book dated 1910 and issued by a well-known Scottish firm.—ED.

or, one would think, the village of Laurencekirk. But our author can! The Squire of Warley mounts his Pegasus and indites the following ode to Lord Gardenstone :—

"ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LORD GARDENSTONE.

"Where empty grandeur seeks a pompous grave,
And scutcheon'd pride adorns the trophied hearse,
In solemn order plumes are taught to wave,
And venal bards diffuse the hireling verse.

"Far other rites, in nature's rude array,
To thee, O letter'd Gardenstone, belong;
To thee a stranger tunes the sadd'ning lay,
While all Kincardine joins the mournful song.

"Patron of arts, of industry the friend,
The busy loom advanc'd at thy command,
Fair Peace was bade her blessings to extend,
And smiling Plenty deck'd this rescued land.

"Where naked heaths in desert aspect frown'd,
Now with each vernal flow'r the garden glows;
While at thy call the peasants rang'd around,
And in gay form the new-built village rose.

"What though, obedient to stern nature's call,
Thy sinking frame obey'd the gen'ral doom!
Ne'er shall oblivion all thy works enthrall,
Such active virtues soar beyond the tomb.

"Revolving years in time's increase shall show
Thy gen'rous plans adorned with just success;
With grateful ardour future bards shall glow,
And rising swains their patron's bounty bless. H. S."

We are now reversing Mr Newte's journey, and Mr Skrine is becoming prosier and prosier. But much can be forgiven him for calling Buchan a "deplorable peninsula." The view from Forres to Caithness, Sutherland, and the Sutors charmed him, and the naval advantages of the Cromarty Firth did not escape him. And so on he marches, opulent, good-natured, appreciative, leisurely through a "profusion of gentlemen's seats to Inverness, and down the

great 'Gleann na-h-Alba' to 'Maryborough,' overshadowed by the 'Atlas of Great Britain.'"

He has only one trial before him—to cross Corrieyairich, and a serious business he finds it among mountains "capped with eternal snows." Thence he goes south by Drumochter, Blair, and Dunkeld, to the Crieff district, and on to Glasgow, Paisley, Hamilton, Edinburgh, the border Abbeys, Hawick, and Langholm, says the right thing about one and all, and no doubt regains his own elegant seat—to wit, Warley in Somerset—where, let us hope, he lived happily ever afterwards.

A WET DAY ON GARBH BHEINN OF ARDGOUR.

By H. W. Hoek.

Last Easter time it was my good fortune to be present at the Meet of the Club. And the gods of Scottish weather favoured the stranger who in three days experienced the three possible conditions of the atmosphere—heavy wind, pouring rain, and wind combined with snow and rain.

It was under the second of these conditions that, on Easter Sunday, six of us climbed Garbh Bheinn. Heaven was especially merciful on this day in presenting us, morning and eve, with a lively gale in order to relieve any possible dulness we might have felt during the crossing from Ballachulish to Inversanda and back. On the return journey we were lucky indeed in discovering a yachtsman among our party, for he steered the small overloaded motor boat splendidly through the waves. As to the boatman himself, I am afraid that he would have steered rather down than home.

A tramp of about a mile and a half brought us up lovely Glen Tarbert to the opening of the Coire an Iubhair Valley. For nearly two hours we walked up this beautiful old glacier valley. As far as I understood, it is a typical Scottish glen of the more lovely kind. Bracken, mosses, colours, burn, the typical U shape, and most of all the pouring rain, brought home to my mind fond memories of similar tours in Norway. Only the dark hollies on the river banks were a feature new to me.

As the maps show, and as reports had it, a big and steep coire is embedded in our ben's north-western flanks. I implicitly believe this fact although I did not see it with my own eyes. Somewhere near the centre of this coire a fine rocky ridge is said to lead the enchanted climber directly to the top of Garbh Bheinn. Another still more beautiful but also much more difficult ridge is found on the northern side. "Pinnacle Ridge" it is called, and its rocky towers occasionally loomed through the mist. With their

moisture-laden walls spectrally heightened by the well-known Scottish atmospheric phenomena they looked grand and formidable, giving due warning that on a day like this only the other ridge ("the" ridge) should be attempted.

So we scrambled up the coire over boulders and steep grass slopes. Again and again our leaders halted, trying to make out the position of the ridge we longed for. But ever and again they failed, finally confessing themselves baffled. A most natural thing, I should say, and it was wonderful that, in weather like this, they found any ridge at all. Undoubtedly we struck a ridge of some sort and started to climb it. As a later examination taught us, this was a secondary rib, the next one to the Pinnacle Ridge, and separated from it by a steep and rather narrow couloir. Our first encounter was with a mossy gully; perhaps one might even have called it a chimney. It led us up for about forty yards, proving more difficult than it looked. The rocks were good and sound, and only big loose boulders had to be avoided. I fancy it must be a most enjoyable climb in dry weather. But the little burns that came down on every side and down our backs soon chilled the burning fire of enthusiasm. We managed to reach the top of this gully, and then decided to rope. Afterwards we found that we had climbed without a rope, the only bit that could be called sporting, and that the rest was merely a scramble over slabs and long grass with an occasional bit of real hard work. We mostly kept to the right of the actual ridge. But on the very crest one should, as far as I was able to see, get a stimulating climb on steep and sound rocks, provided, of course, that they are dry. At last we reached a bastion at the head of Pinnacle Ridge, and ten minutes later we had lunch under the lee of the big cairn on the top of our mountain trying from time to time, but in vain, to gather fragments of the famous view through the pouring deluge.

There was nothing exciting or remarkable in the descent over Sròn a' Gharbh Choire Bhig. We raced down, reaching the bottom of Glen Tarbert in thirty-five minutes, whence we tramped back the two miles to Inversanda.

It was low tide when we reached our boat, and it took some time to find a spot where we could board her. This gave me ample time to enjoy the colours of the shore and the distant hills, more glowing than I have ever seen in any land before.

Some days later during a motor drive from Ballachulish to Edinburgh, I saw Scotland bathed in sunshine, and clothed in a mantle of snow, thus learning how charming she can be.

In spite of the damp reception, I should not like to have missed this day on Garbh Bheinn. It had a delight of its own, and I think after all it was a genuine Scottish day.

NOTES ON SOUTH UIST.

By F. G. Farquhar.

The wild, rocky, and repellent nature of the east coast of South Uist (some 25 miles in length from north to south by 6 to 7 in width) in the sea of the Hebrides, presents a strong contrast to that of the gently-shelving, sandy "Machars," the name given to the low-lying, level grasslands on the Atlantic shore of that island. This phenomenon is the more remarkable as being so contrary to expectation.

> "Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
> Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
> Where hope is coldest and despair most sits."

South Uist may be called the darling of the Atlantic —the horror of the Minch. There are three principal inlets, or sea lochs, on the east coast of the island, viz., from south to north, Lochs Boisdale, Eynort, and Skiport. The water in Loch Boisdale is both deep and extensive, affording a good haven. It is a herring-fishing station, and has a pier which is available at all states of the tide. There is also a Marconi Wireless Telegraph Station at Loch Boisdale. Loch Eynort, some five miles farther north, is a long indentation, but unsuitable for navigation purposes.

The whole coast-line of the eastern shore of the island is mountainous and forbidding, and especially that portion of it between Lochs Eynort and Skiport, at the foot of Beinn Mhor (1,994 feet) and Hecla (1,998 feet), which is a scene of the wildest desolation. It was in this wilderness of scree-chaos and mountain-debris that Prince Charlie lay in hiding from his pursuers until he was rescued by the devoted heroine, Flora Macdonald, transported in an open row-boat to the opposite coast of Skye under her guidance, disguised as an Irish girl in attendance on her.

The hills of Choinnich (902), Triuirebheinn (1,168), and Stulaval (1,227 feet) are in the immediate vicinity of Boisdale. From Triuirebheinn the island of St Kilda may be seen.

The two principal mountains of the island are Beinn Mhor and Hecla, situated between the Lochs Eynort and Skiport.

In the month of September 1909 we made an excursion by motor-launch from Boisdale to Loch Eynort. The party consisted of myself, my ghillie, William Macdonald, and John MacRory, both natives of South Uist, but neither of them had been to the top previously, although the latter admitted he had often wished to do so. Mooring the launch in the loch we landed in a small boat, and after examining the sites of fishermen's summer quarters of times gone-by we climbed to the top of the Ben Mhor by its eastern spur. The ridge on the Ordnance Survey shows a bench mark of 2,034 feet. The top consists of a long, narrow, razor-topped ridge running east and west with a shelving grassy slope on the south side, while the northern one is rocky and precipitous.

Hecla, another top on the same chain, which lies crescent shape to the east and parallel with the coast-line, lies farther north at the other extremity of the group. It is only 6 feet lower than Beinn Mhor. The intervening region between the foot of these hills and the shore is a scene of the most utterless desolation imaginable, mountain fragments and hurtled rocks piled up in a state of the wildest confusion.

From the south-west the outline of Hecla is a very striking one. It is among the numerous lochs at the foot of these grim mountain-fastnesses that the wild geese of South Uist have their happy breeding grounds.

The west coast of the island is as attractive as that of the other side is repelling. The hills seen from it leave a romantic impression of a fascinating description, and are pleasurable in the same way as a storm is when heard from the interior of a friendly shelter.

Lady Gordon Cathcart, the proprietress of the island, has a residence on the west coast.

Generally speaking, the island may be called a fisherman's paradise. The lochs cannot be less in number than the churches in the Eternal City.

Seven miles from Boisdale, on the road to Benbecula

and close to the loch of lower Kildonan, the ruins of the house in which Flora Macdonald was born are still visible—"Ardvoulin" by name. It well repays a visit.

The situation is romantic, lying as it does surrounded by lochs, in the neighbourhood of the Atlantic with its link-like demesne, and at the extremity of the wide stretch of mountains which extend almost from shore to shore, above which in the far distance appears the towering and remarkable outline of Hecla itself.

"Stranger, standing by this ruin,
Let me for thy homage sue,
Sacred be the name 'Ardvoulin,'
Honour pay where honour's due!
Bring as emblems fitting flowers,
Edelweiss and heather white,
Garlands strew within the bowers
Where first Flora saw the light."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

DINNER TO JOSEPH G. STOTT.

27th February 1912.

JOE STOTT—a name to the great majority of those who now compose the S.M.C., but inseparably connected with the Club in its early history as Editor of the first volume of the *Journal*, and for all time as the writer of the "Club Song"—Joe Stott is coming home. So the message ran. It was at once decided that an opportunity must be given to as many members as possible to meet him whom the Club delighteth to honour; thus it came to pass that on the evening of Tuesday, 27th February 1912, twenty-eight members dined together at Ferguson & Forrester's Restaurant, Princes Street, Edinburgh. The President, Mr Godfrey A. Solly, came from Birkenhead to take the chair, and was supported by ex-Presidents Rennie, Robertson, Smith, Thomson. There were also present Messrs Fraser Campbell, Drummond, Hinxman, Macpherson, Walter A. Smith, Squance, H. Walker, &c. &c. Our first President, Professor Ramsay, wrote, that ugly Dame Fate had played him a horrid trick in making it impossible for him to be present, but he wished to add his meed of love and welcome to our good friend and prime lover of the mountains. Messrs Maylard, Naismith, and others also sent apologies for absence.

After dinner a move was made to the Club-room, and a couple of hours passed only too quickly in listening to, and looking at things new and old.

Mr Solly, on behalf of the Club, extended the warmest of welcomes to our guest, who replied in the following terms:—

"In the first place I must express my sense of the obligation I am under for the presence to-night of the President of the Club, who has come all the way from Liverpool to preside at this gathering in honour of an exile who for twenty years has lived in a 'far countrie,' and who, moreover, is personally unknown to him. For this, sir, I do

assure you, I feel honoured, and I thank you. In the second place it is with feelings of the deepest satisfaction that I welcome here to-night the presence of various old friends of mine, the record of whose friendship, dating back as it does in most cases for a quarter of a century, stamps them as pioneers of the S.M.C. And, thirdly, am I beholden to several gentlemen here to-night who have hitherto been personally unknown to me, although from the very active part they have taken in the proceedings and progress of the Club since I ceased to be actively connected with it on my departure to New Zealand twenty years ago, their names and their mountaineering records are engraved on my memory and my regards.

"And now, gentlemen, why this—to me—most memorable of gatherings in honour of a man who has at the best been only a name to you for twenty years? It will take a minute or so to answer this. It is with pride and pleasure I recall the fact that, although in no sense a founder of the Club (a distinction that belongs to Glasgow members), I had not a little to do with its early history. When in 1889 (was it not?) the memorable letters of Naismith, Thomson, and Maylard appeared in the Western papers I think I was about the first man in Eastern Scotland to respond to the call, with the result that I got into correspondence with those stalwarts of Glasgow, and was invited through to attend a meeting that resulted in the formal launching of the S.M.C. Thereafter I secured the adhesion of a fair number of Edinburgh friends of my own who were keenly interested in mountain climbing and hill walking. The Club started with a membership of about eighty, and such was the enthusiasm with which it was taken up that it was found impossible to restrict membership (as had been intended) to one hundred; and now twenty-three years after its foundation it finds itself with a membership of two hundred and a very high reputation. We number in our membership many men eminent in various walks of life; we number some of the crack members of the A.C.; and our ranks have proved a training school for a considerable number of men who are in a fair way of achieving distinction in that—the leading brotherhood of all who are eminent in our most noble pastime of mountaineering.

"Then came the commencement of our *Journal*. It is the proudest thing in my life that I strongly advocated that *Journal*, and that for the first two years of its life I was its Editor When I went away to New Zealand my mantle fell upon the much broader and more powerful shoulders of my dear friend, Willie Douglas. Alas, owing to bad health, he is not here with us to-night. I was with Douglas in his first experience of snow-climbing (on Ben Cruachan), and it was I who brought him into our Club, of which he is now so distinguished a member. I need not remind you of the enormous success of our *Journal* during the eighteen years of his superexcellent editorship, nor of its continued success under his able successor, my friend Goggs. In the preface I wrote to the first number of the *Journal*

I expressed my belief that our Scottish hills would provide material for years and years of literary effort, that all sorts of side-lights would be turned upon them ; that the *Journal* would prove, in a most marked degree, a bond of fellowship and sympathy amongst our members, and that it would breed deep and lasting friendships and chronicle their progress. Gentlemen, will any one say that, in the very fullest measure my prognostications have not been verified? And thirdly, gentlemen, it has been my good fortune to produce certain jingling rhymes that (all unworthy as they are) have become the war song of the Club. They are sung, I am proud to know, at all your gatherings, and, so far as I am concerned, have had the merit of embalming my name amongst the Club's annals. These, gentlemen, I take it, are the reasons why you have done me the honour of entertaining me to-night.

"Now, gentlemen, ours is the noble cult of the love of nature in all her grandest manifestations of moor and mountain ; and as the study of this can only be pursued away from the busy haunts of men, ours is the cult of the 'Big Hobnailer,' of the shoemaker's good black horses (as I think a German expressed it pithily), of Wallet, Staff, and Ankle-jack. We were lucky in that our first and second Presidents, Professors Ramsay and Veitch, taught us that mountaineering and the fascination of mountains did not consist wholly of breakneck crag-climbing or of record times for ascents. These have their place, but without elaborating there are a thousand joys connected with the mountains that are to be found apart from the undertaking of any such deeds of derring-do!"

Mr Stott then referred to the enjoyment of scenery as shown in the Riviera, from which district he had just returned, by certain motorists and compared their appreciation, or the lack thereof, with that shown by the cult of the S.M.C., and concluded: "Gentlemen, I have said quite enough, too much, perhaps: I must conclude. Let me thank you, one and all, for a most pleasant evening, and for an honour done me, both of which I don't think I shall ever forget."

FORTY-NINTH MEET OF THE CLUB, EASTER 1912.

GLENCOE.

AFTER the usual good-tempered wrangling at the Annual Meeting of the Club in December, Glencoe was fixed upon as the venue for the Easter Meet. Ballachulish being possessed of the largest hotel, attracted the Sybarite section of the Club, and Clachaig and Kingshouse the Spartan section. Members gaily hastened to book their rooms at

April 1912

SGORR DHEARG FROM NORTH BALLACHULISH

Dr W. Inglis Clark

UNIV. OF MICH.

the selected centre or centres, and to advise the Secretary of their good intentions. The nearer the time drew on for departure, however, the fewer became the trains, and in Easter week Wednesdays and Saturdays were the only days on which it was possible to reach Ballachulish by the Callander and Oban Line. The coal strike, which caused so much national suffering and anxiety, and incidentally deprived many citizens of their usual Easter trip, threatened to bring about a collapse of the said Meet, but the energy of the Club rose to the occasion, and by dint of forced marches from distant bases, quite a number put in an appearance. We had, however, to regret the absence of many familiar faces, particularly from Aberdeen, Dundee, and England. It cannot be truthfully asserted that the weather rewarded those who courageously braved the uncertainties of the journey. For the third Meet in succession, Nature's batteries were opened on her devotees, and programmes and plans were ruthlessly shattered.

On the first day of the Meet, Thursday, the rain teemed down to such good purpose that tons of snow were washed off the hillsides, every burn was in spate, and floods were out over all the lower ground — so much water at that season had not been known for years. Rain continued all day Friday, though not so heavy, and on into Saturday till about 11 A.M., when at last the sun was seen once more after over sixty hours' absence. Sunday it rained all day again. Monday opened with a hurricane of wind and rain, and over half-a-foot of snow fell on the hills. On Tuesday there was less wind, but hail and snow showers continued throughout the greater part of the day, and so on Wednesday those left found snow down to the 500-foot level, but that day was a glorious one, and so were the remaining days of the week. As regards weather the Meet was just a week too early (in 1911 it was just a week too late), but what can't be cured must be endured, and judging from the jolly faces round the dining-tables, and the cheery tone of the conversation, the bad weather had no serious effects either on the digestion or tempers of the members, and, as a curious incidental fact, worthy of insertion in the *Lancet*, it may be remarked that although everyone got wet several

times over, neither the Editor nor the Secretary has received notice of any member or guest having caught a cold.

In accordance with what has almost become a custom, we had the pleasure of welcoming at the Meet a member of the Alpine Club of Canada. This time their representative was Mr E. O. Wheeler, son of Mr A. O. Wheeler, their Director, who has done so much for the comfort and entertainment of members of the A.C., S.M.C., and other British Clubs going to the Rockies. We also had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of one of our foreign members, Dr Hoek. We are sorry that these gentlemen were so little welcomed by the elements, but we trust that the personal welcome they received will induce them to try their luck again at some future Meets.

BALLACHULISH.

PRESENT.—*Members*—Messrs W. I. and C. I. Clark, Cumming, E. J. Gunn, Hoek, Howie, MacRobert, Maylard, Meares, Munro, Penney, Rennie, Solly, J. C. Thomson, H. Walker, Young. *Guests*—J. Hirst, T. M. Penney, W. B. I. Pollock, R. and J. Watson, E. O. Wheeler—22 in all.

The following extracts from the log-book kept by "Skipper" Rennie show what was done :—

5th April.—Messrs Young and Hirst — from Fort William to Ballachulish, starting *via* General Wade's road, over Mullach nan Coirean, Stob Ban, and Meall à Chaoruinn, and over pass to Callert Cottage.

5th April.—Messrs Thomson and Pollock—from Corrour Station over Sgor na h-Eilde to Kinlochleven, thence steamer to Ballachulish. Several detours had to be made to cross burns in spate.

5th April.—Messrs Solly, Gunn, and Rennie, *via* Gleann a' Chaolais to Sgorr Dhonuill Ridge.

6th April.—Messrs Solly, Maylard, Gunn, and Pollock, on Sgorr Dhearg and Sgorr Dhonuill.

6th April.—Messrs S. M. and T. M. Penney walked from Creagan through Glen Creran and Gleann an Fhiodh to Ballachulish.

6th April.—Messrs Young, MacRobert, Watson (2), Hirst, Wheeler, on Aonach Eagach Ridge.

7th April. — Messrs MacRobert, Pollock, Watson, Rennie met Messrs Goodeve, Ling, and Walker, from Kingshouse at Clachaig, climbed Bidean by main corrie, which was filled with snow, and the five who returned to Ballachulish had a glissade down this.

7th April.—Messrs Hoek, Wheeler, Howie, W. I. and C. I. Clark, J. Watson, Young, Hirst, Cumming, Thomson, in motor boat to Inversanda Bay. Six of this party climbed Garbh Bheinn, but not by the ridge, which could not be struck in the dense mist.

8th April.—Messrs Solly, Gunn, Pollock, and Wheeler were on top of Sgor nam Fiannaidh (Aonach Eagach). In the tremendous gale that was experienced on this day over a large part of Great Britain, any progress along the ridge would have been unsafe. One member of the party was blown off his feet.

CLACHAIG.

On the evening of the 5th, Messrs Ednie and Simpson (guest) walked in from Bridge of Orchy, and at the late hour of 10.20. Messrs Galbraith, Goggs, and Russell arrived, having started from Taynuilt that morning at 6.40. They came by way of Bonawe Ferry, over Ben Sguliaird, Glen Ure, Salachail, Allt Eilidh, Allt na Muidhe, and Bridge of Coe. On the 6th all those already mentioned, together with a party from Ballachulish, were over the Aonach Eagach ridge, Goggs and Russell continuing right along to the Devil's Staircase *en route* for Kingshouse. On the Sunday Messrs Ednie and Simpson walked across to Kingshouse over the hills. On the evening of Monday, Messrs Solly, Maylard, Gunn, Pollock, and Wheeler arrived: all except Gunn, who went home, started for the Aonach Eagach ridge on Tuesday, but after having been coated with seven inches of snow they contented themselves with bagging Meall Garbh and Sgor nam Fiannaidh. The same evening J. H. Buchanan and Linzell (guest) arrived in the usual condition, "very wet," from Kingshouse *via* Ben Fhada, and

Young came from Ballachulish. On the 9th Buchanan and Linzell returned to Kingshouse over the Aonach Eagach ridge in glorious sunshine and deep snow. Messrs Maylard, Solly, and Wheeler walked up Coire Gabhail, and the last-mentioned continued over Fhada and Bidean. On the 10th Maylard and Wheeler crossed Stob Coire an Lochan—another day of bright sunshine. On the 11th the party walked down to Ballachulish, and the Meet was over at both these centres.

Nine members and four guests passed one or more nights at Clachaig during the course of the Meet.

KINGSHOUSE.

Thirteen members and three guests spent one or more nights during the course of the Meet at this favourite centre, and the following notes as to the doings there were kindly supplied by Messrs Ling and J. H. Buchanan :—

Thursday, 4th April.—Witnessed the arrival of J. H. Buchanan, Jeffrey, Linzell (guest), Goodeve, and Ling, by trap, motor cycle, and bicycles. The persistent rain kept the party indoors in the afternoon.

Friday.—The rain still continued. Jeffrey, Buchanan, and Linzell did some exploratory work on Buchaille Etive Mor. Goodeve and Ling walked to Clachaig, and had a stormy passage over the Aonach Eagach ridge, and down Coire Mhorair to the Leven Glen, returning thence over the Devil's Staircase. Unna and Howard walked from Inveroran *via* the Stob Ghabhar range. White, Edwards, and Henderson (guest) cycled from Inveroran.

Saturday.—It still rained. Dr Inglis Clark, Harry Walker, Dr Hoek, and Cumming arrived to breakfast by motor from Tyndrum, accompanied by C. Inglis Clark on a motor bicycle. By eleven the rain had ceased, and a party of twelve started for Clach Leathad. The sun came out, and there were fine views, a tremendous wind blowing the spray from the numerous burns into the air like smoke. The main burn was a roaring torrent and not easy to cross.

White, Edwards, and Henderson ascended Buchaille Etive Beag. In the evening Dr Clark, Dr Hoek, and C. Inglis Clark continued their journey by motor to Ballachulish. Goggs and Russell arrived from Clachaig, over the Aonach Eagach ridge, in the evening.

Sunday.—Walker, Goodeve, Ling, Howard, and Unna drove to Clachaig; the first-named three ascended Bidean nam Bian by the couloir, snow showers on the summit, while Howard and Unna crossed the Aonach Eagach ridge.

MacRobert and Watson (guest) from Ballachulish, joined in the ascent of Bidean; and Walker returned with them to Ballachulish. Goodeve and Ling descended by the Bidean-Fhada col, and walked back to Kingshouse. Heavy rain in the afternoon. The remainder of the party had a saunter on the Moor of Rannoch.

Monday.—Goggs, Russell, Howard, Unna, and Ling drove down Glen Etive to the school, and thence walked along the north side of the loch to the ferry and crossed to Taynuilt. The first part of the journey was under conditions of heavy wind and rain, but later the sun came out, and the party enjoyed some remarkably fine views, the colours of the rainbow on the hillside and the spindrift on the loch combining to make a beautiful picture.

Goodeve, Jeffrey, and Linzell climbed Stob Ghabhar from Ba Bridge, the two first descending to Bridge of Orchy, and the latter returning to Kingshouse.

Undoubtedly there was too much rain, but for all that it was a cheery Meet, and Mr and Mrs Strachan spared no pains to make the rather overwhelming party as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The herculean task of drying the many wet clothes was accomplished with remarkable success.

W. N. L.

After Mr Ling's departure Mr Buchanan kindly takes up the running and sends the following notes:—

The morning of Monday 8th was boisterous in the extreme with a prodigious downpour. The gale, accompanied by rain, sleet, and hail, continued throughout the

day without showing signs of abating. At times the force of the wind was so great as to tear up the water out of the river and whirl it over the Hotel bridge in the form of spray.

In spite of the storm several parties braved the elements. Edwards, White, and Henderson climbed Meall a Bhuiridh, White having the misfortune to break his axe.

Next morning the weather was somewhat more promising, but during the forenoon snow began to fall. The wind was much less violent, but hail and snow showers continued throughout the greater part of the day. Edwards, White, and Henderson left in the forenoon to cycle to Bridge of Orchy, whence they departed by the evening train. Buchanan and Linzell (the sole survivors) walked down Glencoe and ascended the spur of Ben Fhada which constitutes the first of the three sisters. The ridge was followed to the highest point whence a descent was made into the Gleann Fhaolain. Clachaig was reached in time for dinner, *via* Fionn Ghleann. Soft snow lay deep over everything, and fresh snow was falling almost the whole time, thereby both preventing any glimpses of the superb surroundings, and also causing the expenditure of an abnormal amount of energy on the part of the climbers. Young arrived from Clachaig *via* Altnafeadh, the Devil's Staircase, Kinlochleven, a ıd back to Altnafeadh, and had the hotel all to himself.

Next day, Wednesday 10th, Buchanan and Linzell returned to Kingshouse over Aonach Eagach in brilliant weather. The going was very laborious by reason of the soft fresh snow which had fallen on the two previous days. The snow, which extended to within 500 feet of sea-level, shone most dazzlingly in the sunshine, and a magnificent panorama of glistening peaks was visible from the ridge. After crossing the Chancellor the party of two rejoined the road below the Study, and trudged along it for the remaining six miles to Kingshouse.

Thursday 11th was an off day.

Friday 12th was spent on Buchaille Etive Mor. The face of the North Buttress opposite the Crowberry Ridge was investigated. Linzell was able to get up some thirty feet in two different places from a conspicuous snow-covered

platform. He was forced to come down again in each case through the difficulty of climbing over wet rocks with the holds masked by snow. Possibly in dry summer weather a route might be made here. After spending an hour or two on the rocks the climbers returned to the hotel.

Next morning (13th) Buchanan and Linzell left for home.

J. H. B.

Although the Tartan Hotel, Kinlochleven, was one of the four selected centres, no one, so far as the compiler of these notes can ascertain, slept there. Many members had expressed a wish to stay at this new centre, and their failure to do so was undoubtedly due to the lack of railway facilities.

Taking the Glencoe Meet as a whole, there were 28 members and 9 guests present, a very satisfactory total considering the difficulties of transport.

LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

THE following additions have been made to the Library since last issue of the *Journal.* Opportunity is here taken to thank the donors for books presented, and in especial Mr W. R. Kay, Southampton, for his most generous and acceptable gift as noted below :—

Scottish Geographical Magazine for 1911. *Presented by* J. Rennie.

Ski Club of Great Britain, Year-book for 1910. Vol. I., No. 6 (includes "Utility of Ski in the Highlands").

Do. Year-book for 1911. Vol. II., No. 7.

"The Otago Witness," Christmas 1911. Article and Photos on the New Zealand Alps. *Presented by* J. Rennie.

The Mean Annual Rainfall of Scotland 1871-1910 (with coloured Map). By Andrew Watt, M.A. Reprinted from *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society.* Edinburgh, 1911.

Province of Moray. A Survey of the Province, Historical, Geographical and Political, with Map. Aberdeen, 1798.

Das Thierleben der Alpenwelt ; Naturausichten, &c., aus dem Schweizerischen Gebirge von Friedrich von Tschudi. 1854. *Presented by* W. W. Naismith.

Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, Fourth Annual Record. 1912.

Swiss Alpine Club, Year-book, first 3 vols. 1864-66.

From the Alps to the Andes, being the Autobiography of a Mountain Guide. By Mattias Zurbriggen. Illustrated. 1899. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

In the Ice World of Himálaya : Among the Peaks and Passes of Ladakh, Nubra, Guru and Baltistan. By Dr Workman and Mrs Workman. Maps and Illustrations. 1901. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

New Climbs in Norway : An Account of some Ascents in the Sondmore District. By E. C. Oppenheim. Illustrated. 1898. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

Moors, Crags, and Caves of the High Peak and the Neighbourhood. By Ernest A. Baker, M.A. Illustrations and Maps. 1903. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

The Bolivian Andes : A Record of Climbing and Exploration in the Cordillera Real in the years 1898 and 1900. By Sir Martin Conway. Illustrated. 1901. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

Dolomite Strongholds : The last untrodden Alpine Peaks. An account of ascents of the Croda da Lago, the Little and Great Zinnen, the Cinque Torri, the Fünffingerspitze, and the Langkofel. By the Rev. J. Sanger Davies, M.A. Map and Illustrations. 1896. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

Vacation Tourists and Notes of Travel in 1860. Edited by Francis Galton, M.A., F.R.S. 1861. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

In Montibus Sanctis: Studies of Mountain Form and of its visible causes. Collected and completed out of "Modern Painters" by John Ruskin. 2 parts. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

Alps: The Swiss and Italian, Enlarged Alpine Club Map of, being Sheets 5 and 6—Chamonix and Zermatt. 3 miles to inch. N.D. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal. Vol. II., Nos. 6 and 8. *Presented by* W. R. Kay.

Geographical Collections relating to Scotland made by Walter Macfarlane. Edited from Macfarlane's Transcript. By Sir Arthur Mitchell, K.C.B. 3 vols. Scottish History Society. 1906.

Also various publications, in exchange, from the Alpine Club, the French, Japanese, German and Austrian, Swiss, Italian, and Canadian Alpine Clubs, Cairngorm Club, Climbers' Club, Sierra Club, Appalachian Mountain Club, and Alpine Ski Club.

A. W. R., *Librarian.*

Slide Collection.

The following slides have been added since 4th February 1912:—

Seven - -	*presented by* Mr	J. R. Young.
Six - - -	„	„ J. C. Thomson.
Three - -	„	„ S. F. M. Cumming.
One - -	„	„ G. R. Donald.

New Guide Book.

As we go to press we learn that Mr H. C. Boyd is settling in Canada and will be unable therefore to sub-edit the north-west portion of the new Guide Book—Division 3, west of Caledonian Canal and south of the Dingwall and Kyle of Lochalsh Railway line.

Pending the appointment of a new sub-editor, all communications regarding this section should be addressed to the General Editor, Mr F. S. Goggs, 15 Grange Terrace, Edinburgh.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Alpine Journal, February 1912.—This is a most interesting and varied number of the *Alpine Journal*, but from an S.M.C. standpoint only two articles need be referred to. The number opens with an article on Colour Photography for Mountaineers by Dr Inglis Clark. There are six illustrations, two of which are Scottish, one "The Cobbler, Arrochar," and the other "The Mountains of Glencoe." Dr Clark points out that photography in colour is not an intricate and difficult matter as is commonly supposed, and he hopes that many others will take the subject up.

Mr J. M. Archer Thomson contributes a fifteen-page article entitled "A Week's Exploration on the Coolin." It is illustrated by four photographs, three of which are from Dr Norman Collie's negatives. Mr Thomson was good enough to write a short account of the same climbs set out in the article referred to, in the last (February) number of the *S.M.C. Journal*, but many of our members will be glad to read the fuller account in the *Alpine Journal*.

Climbers' Club Journal, New Series, No. 1, 1912.—The first annual number of the above-mentioned *Journal* has recently appeared: it contains 160 pages, and costs 3s. net. Mr Arnold H. M. Lunn is the editor. Its twenty articles, dealing with climbing in many countries, will interest all mountaineers, but keeping to "our ain countrie," the only one that affects the S.M.C. is that by Mr L. Shadbolt, now one of our own members, entitled "Sea Cliffs and Others." Scotland comes under the heading of "Others," and the spelling of the Gaelic names has evidently been too much for the Sassenach printer. Climbs on "Nairnan," "Slob Coire nan Beith," and a splendid chimney only a few yards to the east of Ossian's Cave, are described on pages 104 and 105. The spelling of "Corrie Suchgach" and "Clahaig" is, like those already mentioned, perhaps sufficiently near the original to be recognised.

Rucksack Club Journal, 1912.—This number is like most of our climbing Journals nowadays, world-wide.

Canada, China, not to mention nearer countries, are laid under contribution. Scotland is mentioned in a botanical article entitled "Scapania Nimbosa" by Mr W. H. Pearson, who has evidently carefully examined many of our Bens for rare plants. He mentions that the plant whose name heads his article has now been discovered in North Wales.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

AVALANCHE ON BEN MORE.

ON the morning of Saturday, 9th March 1912, C. I. Clark, S. F. M. Cumming, J. R. Young, and the writer, foregathered at Crianlarich, and, after breakfast, set out for Stobinian, the north-east face of which would, it was thought, provide as much snow work as was likely to be obtained in the mild conditions which had for some time prevailed. There was practically no snow below 1,900 feet, and although intermittent showers fell throughout the forenoon, it did not continue to lie below this level. The col was reached in dense mist, and a traverse made across the north-east face of Stobinian, the broken rocks at first forcing the party rather upward. The going was bad, soft, new snow to a depth of some eighteen inches over frozen old snow, and after a somewhat unpleasant though short traverse, it was decided to strike for the crest of the ridge. The way lay up a shallow gully, where the axe had frequently to be used to reach the old snow beneath; but no difficulty was experienced, though the condition of the cornice made it necessary to cut well into the snow lying on the ridge itself, before the latter could be gained. The top was then bagged, still in thick mist, and a return made to the col, where the party separated, Clark and Cumming retracing their steps to Crianlarich *via* Benmore Glen, and Young and the writer seeking the same goal over Ben More.

The latter party gained their summit in about forty minutes, enjoying on the way one or two fleeting glimpses of the sunlit valley beneath, when the wind for a few moments swept the mist apart, and the descent, which it was proposed to make by the hanging corrie facing Crianlarich, was commenced after a brief halt. The snow-covered scree near the top passed, the corrie was found to exhibit much the same condition as that on the north-east face of Stobinian, viz., new snow, about eighteen inches deep, over old snow, and the writer, who was a little in advance, found the new snow too soft to act

as a brake for a sitting glissade, and too deep to allow of a standing one on the old snow beneath. He accordingly shouted to Young, who, though quite near, was invisible in the thick mist, that it would be better not to glissade, and proceeded to kick his way down the corrie. The condition of the snow appeared to get worse, and he had just turned to shout that it might be advisable to get out of the corrie altogether, when with a crack like that of a whip the whole field of snow parted transversely in the mist above him and began to move downwards.

There was no time to face down the corrie, or to drive the axe into the old snow, for he was at once thrown off his feet and buried under a wave of snow, which swept down with a grinding sound. The axe was torn from his grasp, and he found himself now on the top, but more often under the snow as it rushed on. To extricate himself was impossible, but he struck out as if swimming, and, whether as a result of these exertions or not, was shot out into daylight near the edge of the avalanche, which had come to rest on the floor of the corrie not far below some cliffs, which he must have taken, encased in a mass of snow, and over which the tail of the avalanche was still gaily bounding. He was held fast, buried almost to the waist in snow, which had frozen hard by pressure; but fortunately he lay close to the side of the corrie, while the tail in its downward course kept nearer the centre. It was impossible to struggle free, and he started to cut himself out with a pocket-knife, a slow process of which the success appeared rather problematical. His shouts brought no response, and he was quite ignorant of the whereabouts of Young, who, for aught he knew, might have been carried down like himself, and be lying buried under the snow. For a quarter of an hour nothing was heard, but then a stentorian voice replied, and though for some time thereafter he could get no further answer, the vigour of the first assured him that all was well. In another quarter of an hour Young appeared descending on the left of the corrie and, crossing over, dug him out with his axe.

It appears that after the writer's first shout not to glissade, Young had heard nothing, and not liking the condition of the snow, had traversed out of the corrie on the left, not knowing that anything had happened, till, emerging below the mist, he saw the avalanche debris and, a few moments later, the writer apparently half buried in the snow.

Naturally at the time the party, whose chief concern was to get back to the hotel, did not investigate the details of the avalanche very closely, though Young's almost irresistible desire to take a photograph of the writer *in situ* was only baulked by the latter's protestations; but from the report of the indefatigable Young, who revisited the scene on the following Saturday, it appears that from the break-away of the avalanche to the spot where the writer came to a halt on the floor of the corrie, there is a drop of some 850 feet. After the week's interval of mild and wet weather, the snow debris measured some

200 yards by 50 yards with a maximum depth of about 12 feet, part, however, being probably due to a smaller avalanche which fell some weeks previously. In view of the size of the avalanche and the distance which it travelled, the writer feels that he got off lightly with a badly cut and bruised knee, which necessitated some three weeks' rest.

The corrie seems to be a favourite one for avalanches. Mr A. E. Maylard (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VII., p. 111) experienced a small one on the same spot in February 1902, and Mr A. C. M'Laren reports that about two years ago he was caught in what he describes as a "baby avalanche," from which, however, he managed to extricate himself almost at once. W. G. MACALISTER.

MOTOR LAUNCH FOR EXPEDITIONS TO GARBH BHEINN OF ARDGOUR.—As regards this motor launch mentioned on page 57, Vol. XII. of the *Journal* it might be mentioned that the launch is not available on week-days, as it is then engaged on postal work.

LADIES' SCOTTISH CLIMBING CLUB.

EASTER MEET, 1912, AT LOCH LAGGAN.

A new departure was made in the choice of Loch Laggan as the headquarters for the Easter Meet. It is a good centre, although the long distances necessitate the frequent use of the waggonette. The hotel is well managed, and everything was done for our comfort. Owing to the miners' strike, and consequent lack of railway facilities, there were fewer members present than usual. The weather was exceptionally wild and stormy, and on the Friday only a walk to the foot of Mullach Coire an Iubhair was possible. On Saturday, however, the rain ceased, although the gale still blew with unabated force. The Choire Chrannaich on Buidh' Aonach was explored with a view to finding some interesting climb. No difficult route was found, but a sporting scramble up the steep iced rocks brought the two parties to the ridge. A good view into Coire Arder was obtained from the cairn of Carn Liath. A fine glissade into Choire Chrannaich made a quick descent. Creag Meaghaidh was the next day's programme, and by driving to Moy the eight peaks forming the horse shoe were secured. Mist lay over the summits and made the descent into the gap of "the window" uncertain. After negotiating this the impressive view obtained from Creag an Lochan and Crom-Leathad of the famous "posts" of Coire

Arder could never be forgotten. On Easter Monday the Misses M. Inglis Clark and M. S. Hood (who had come from Geneva) and Miss Freda White drove to Loch Pattack. From there they kept by the Bhealaich Beithe, their objective being the summit of Ben Alder. The rivers were in full spate, and the climbers were obliged to ford them waist high. The weather steadily grew worse, the gale increased in fury, and soon 2 feet of snow covered the ground; when within 800 feet of the top, in a blinding blizzard, they were forced to strike down for the keeper's cottage. The remaining four of the party, Mrs Inglis Clark, the Misses M'Bride, and Miss Murray, intended to climb Ben Alder by the same route on Easter Tuesday. Owing to the continuance of the storm they went by Loch Ericht to the keeper's cottage, and encountered a blizzard for two and a half hours. Mr M'Cook, the keeper at Ben Alder cottage, showed the ladies every kindness and courtesy. The Wednesday was a peerless day, but Ben Alder had to be left unconquered by those who were due at Miss Gillies' wedding in Aberdeen. Miss E. M'Bride and Miss Murray remained, and made a successful ascent of Ben Alder in magnificent weather conditions.

JANIE INGLIS CLARK.

MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

THE SELKIRK MOUNTAINS: A Guide for Mountain Climbers and Pilgrims. 191 pp. Winnipeg, 1912. Price $1.50.

This book is compact with practical information about the glorious mountain district round Glacier House, an hotel three miles west of Roger's Pass, and also about the less known districts of Golden, Windermere, and Revelstoke. There is a foreword by Arthur O. Wheeler, the distinguished climber and explorer, and first President of the Canadian Alpine Club, who also contributes a chapter on the Selkirk Glaciers. There is a valuable note on the vegetation and the beasts, birds, and fishes of the districts by Professor John Macoun, the Dominion Naturalist, and a geological note by Professor Coleman of Toronto. The facts in the book are largely taken from Mr Wheeler's book on "The Selkirk Range" (Ottawa, 1905), and W. S. Green's "Among the Selkirk Glaciers" (London, 1890). But the whole credit of authorship is due to Mrs Elizabeth Parker, Winnipeg, whose whole-hearted enthusiasm for mountaineering, and especially for the noble peaks and passes of her native country, is well known to

the climbing world, and to many members of the S.M.C. Mrs Parker gives us, not only much valuable letterpress, but five maps, and many charming photographs. Among these should be mentioned those of the stupendous icefall of the Illecillewaet Glacier, the yellow adder's tongue, and white-flowered rhododendron; the black bear and whistling marmot, who enliven the woods and glaciers of this wonderful country; and of the fine dog "Fritz," who after climbing many Selkirk peaks was killed on the north side of the Geikie Glacier by a fall of 700 feet. Mrs Parker rightly chronicles the plucky ascents by her daughter, Miss Jean Parker, of Mount Sir Donald (1907) and of Mount Tupper (1908). In each case Miss Parker was accompanied by Feuz, the Interlaken guide, who seems to have settled at Glacier House. WILL. C. SMITH.

THE JOURNAL.—Nos. 15, 29, 30, 44-46, 48-50, 53, 55, 58, 59, 61-68 are still in print, and may be obtained at 1s. each from Messrs Douglas & Foulis, 9 Castle Street, Edinburgh, who also accept orders to supply the Journal regularly, at the rate of 3s. (or 3s. 6d. by post) per annum, payable in advance.

The Hon. Librarian, Mr Arthur W. Russell, 23 Castle Street, Edinburgh, has for sale a few copies of a number of those parts of the *Journal* which are out of print; also various complete volumes: for prices and other particulars application should be made to him.

Copies of the Index to the first ten volumes of the *Journal* (3s. 6d. net, postage 4d.) can also be had from the Librarian.

UNIV. OF MICH.

A. C. Workman, photo. Swan Electric Engraving Company Ltd.

Coire Lagan, Skye.

THE SCOTTISH

Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XII. OCTOBER 1912. No. 69.

WANDERINGS ON THE CUILLIN.

BY JAS. C. THOMSON.

JULY, a year ago, at Sligachan ended with stormy weather —a crowning indignity in that summer of grace 1911— and has left memories of mild but recuperating activities, wrigglings in the Eagle's Nest chimney, route-finding on misty, wind-swept bealachs, wanderings in Coruisk with the squalls chasing each other in spindrift up the loch, and many, many wadings in Glen Sligachan. Acquaintanceship with the summits themselves was renewed on Bruach na Frithe under the guidance of my parents, and it was a great delight to realise that one's ideas of the Cuillin, far from having become exaggerated through time, had been much modified—probably owing to impressions received in the meanwhile from photographs—and that the peaks soar up more boldly, the ridges are narrower, and the depths more profound than one dared to hope. And certainly the rock is as aggressively tenacious as ever. On one occasion coming off Sgurr nan Gillean an important part of my raiment was left behind—or (to speak more correctly), perhaps, was not left behind—to the infinite worry of the friend who accompanied me. The rent seemed to me but the size of a man's hand, to him it apparently barely covered the horizon.

For long it had been a secretly cherished hope to show my people some of the fascinations of Glen Brittle, and it was with no little joy that it was found possible for them to spend a week there.

The night of our arrival was made memorable by a most wonderful sunset with a deep crimson afterglow, in which the hearts of the great corries smouldered like rubies. It was the first and most brilliant of a series of beautiful sunset effects which occurred during the week.

The unexpected and opportune appearance on a first visit to Skye of two Sassenachs, driven by the inclement weather from a camping project in Coruisk to take shelter in Glen Brittle, enabled an early raid to be made on the now famous Cioch a' Sgumain. Owing to a hopelessly damaged boot one of the two had to forego climbing for the day, get a "beastie" and ride over to Carbost to find what the local supply could provide.

It was drizzling, and the corries were filled with mist when we started, but the end of the terrace leading under the huge slab was soon discovered. Fortunately neither my companion nor myself had noted particularly in any account we had seen of the Cioch the details of its geography, so that the first part of the day besides delightful climbing in unique rock scenery had all the added zest of exploration. Having climbed the slab by the cracks immediately under the east side of the Cioch, we eventually continued upward by the Eastern Gully, in the upper part of which the guide failed in his first attempt on the big chock-stone, and was promptly extricated by the visitor. As we mounted, the mist rose slowly also, so by the time we crossed from Sgurr Sgumain over the upper part of Coir' a' Ghrunnda to the Tearlach-Dubh ridge, the horizon was clear all round. Sgurr Alasdair was reached by the Gap, and on the summit the visitor's quiet but thorough enjoyment of the magic blendings of sea, and hill, and sky was much appreciated. At the foot of the Stone Shoot the returned horseman was found in boots many sizes too big for him. The party then lingered restfully among the great whalebacks, absorbing the extraordinary ruggedness of Coire Lagan, and examining the ice-markings all around.

With a bad break in the weather, the others departed on 2nd August, and at the end of seven dismal days the examination of Coire na Banachdich was all that had been accomplished. Then one morning, though the mist still filled the glen to the 500-foot line, it was being driven by a purposeful wind, mile-long ribbons of blue could be seen through it, the air was fresh and inspiring, and the promise of hot sun could be felt behind all. Nor was the promise false, as the sun smote land and sea from a cloudless sky for almost a fortnight after. A hasty departure was made for Coire a' Ghreadaidh so as not to miss the wonderful mist effects that there were certain to be, and Sgurr na Banachdich was soon reached by An Diallaid, perhaps as simple a way of reaching a summit as any in the Cuillin. While making my way over Sgurr Thormaid the mist began to show signs of breaking up over Coruisk, which it soon did, though it lingered long into the afternoon on the west side of the main ridge. The rocks on the ridge between Sgurr Thormaid and Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh were passed on the west, and then the narrow and gracefully curving ridge of Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh itself was attacked, and proved one of the most enjoyable experiences of the whole holiday—a delightful solitary scramble along new sky-lines that called for attention always, but never overawed. Various prowlings down the gullies on either side of the ridge for future reference completed the day's tale, as owing to a rash promise to be present for "five o'clock" the descent had to be made hurriedly from the Mhadaidh-Ghreadaidh Bealach.

Next day, to encourage the weather, a traverse was made of Sgurr Dearg along with two ladies, up by Sron Dearg and down to the Bealach and Coire na Banachdich. The 6-inch O.S. map's representation of the upper part of Sgurr Dearg seems somewhat mixed, so that the last S.M.C. chart of the Cuillin, which is a slightly reduced copy of the O.S. map, is apt to be confusing there. To begin with, the "Inaccessible" appears to be placed too far to the south, and then the summit ridge of Sgurr Dearg is carried too far north. Also the red line in the chart marking the easy route from the summit cairn towards

Sgurr na Banachdich runs straight north to the Bealach, but the summit ridge ends abruptly in a precipice overhanging Coruisk, so the route to the Bealach breaks off to the north-west down scree slopes for perhaps 300 feet, trending north again where one joins the continuation of the main ridge just above the Bealach.

It is rather interesting that going northwards this false lead by the main Cuillin ridge is found again but on a smaller scale just after the summit of Sgurr na Banachdich, and also a little beyond the higher summit of Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh, in both places beguiling one towards Coruisk. It appears again on An Caisteal taking one to a steep face projecting over Harta Corrie. In all these cases, just as on Sgurr Dearg, a turning movement to the outer flank of the Cuillin "horse-shoe" enables one to pick up the main ridge lower down.

A charitable excursion was undertaken the following day to rescue a young brother from the flesh-pots of Sligachan. On the return the short detour was made from the Bealach a Mhaim to the summit of Am Mam, a view-point best classed under Baedeker's delightful description, "Very repaying; guide unnecessary, 8 francs." How many realise while crossing the Bealach that with a climb of a couple of hundred feet one may have as fine a vista as any in all broad Scotland? And we of the S.M.C. know what that means.

The arrival of three non-members for a day's climbing resulted in a traverse of the "Inaccessible" *via* the Window Buttress. Under the pleasing impression that we were helping to "straighten" the buttress, the climb was started up a 70-foot crack to the right of the beginning of the ordinary route. A conversation with a member afterwards dispelled the notion that "we were the first that ever burst" the knees of our breeches on its extremely jagged gabbro, as he admitted having straightened that portion several years ago. The recollection also of a very considerable cairn some feet from where the ordinary route is joined—so handsome a monument indeed that we did not at the time connect it with the route we had come—leads one to think that at least one other party has travelled that way.

The heat had become very trying, and the anxious hunt for water and the joyful clamour which arose when it was found in the spring on the Sron Dearg ridge, 150 feet or so below where the Window Buttress joins it, were things not easily forgotten. The "Inaccessible" was quickly traversed and the descent made to Coire Lagan. Despite previous advice, the side of An Stac was not hugged closely enough—probably from a native diffidence—so that an exhilarating traverse of rotten buttresses and unstable scree gullies was necessary before joining the Bealach Coire Lagan screes.

After this the brother and I devoted a day to the restoration of exhausted and evaporated tissues, and then on another "swelterer" started off for Sgurr nan Eag and Gars-bheinn. Crossing Coir' a' Ghrunnda with the great slabs quivering in the heat haze, the most comfortable route under the circumstances was taken by following a tiny trickle of water as far as possible, and keeping on the shady side of Sgurr nan Eag, and the summit was reached straight up this Coir' a' Ghrunnda face after a climb with no real difficulties, but affording splendid mixed scrambling with numberless interesting chimneys. Perhaps 200 feet down, on the west side of the Bealach between Sgurr nan Eag and Sgurr a' Choire Bhig, was discovered a large and never-to-be-sufficiently-commended spring. When we were resting there a golden eagle soared round Gars-bheinn and twice made the circuit of that peak and Sgurr nan Eag, each time sweeping close over us while we lay motionless on our backs with binoculars glued to our eyes. All the time it was in sight it never apparently moved its wings, but when quite close the wing feathers seemed to ripple in the air-currents. The view from Gars-bheinn was unique—the Lochinver Hills, the Monadhliaths, Cruachan, the Outer Isles, and far below the islands of Loch Scavaig just tipped by a shaft of sunlight streaming down Garbh Choire, and set in clear green and blue water with a gull floating above the depths.

A brief spell of thundery weather followed, but, prior to the arrival of reinforcements in the form of Buchanan, Jeffrey, and Workman, we set off to do the cirque of Coire

Lagan from Sgurr Sgumain, a project in which we failed most completely. At first all went well and the bad step on the Sgumain-Alasdair ridge was soon surmounted. Perhaps it would be advisable to note here that there are two, if not three, routes all near together on this bad step; in a recent description in the *Journal* they were regarded as one. Hardly were we past the step when a horde of midges descended on us. Even the usually airy summit of Sgurr Alasdair was no abiding place that day, so we rushed Sgurr Tearlach, but were absolutely driven off it in misery, and turning tail fled down the Stone Shoot.

By the 20th the expected arrivals had come, and, despite the renewal of the heat, laid out plans "with all a hillman's generous breadth of vision." Remonstrances would have been ungracious, as they had renewed our sadly-depleted supply of lime-juice, and at any rate they were unnecessary, for we knew that our chief trouble would be getting the enthusiasts out of the various lochans they were to pass. And so it was.

The first day's route lay through the Trout Lochan, up the Sgumain Stone Shoot, and through Lochan Coir' a' Ghrunnda to begin with. While the others made for Sgurr nan Eag, as I had been there so recently, I turned aside for a scramble on the Caisteal a' Gharbh-Choire to see if it could be traversed along the line of the main ridge. So far as I know, it has not been done yet, as the way off the north end would not go—the lower part seemed nearly all undercut—though when the party had joined up again and were heading for Sgurr Dubh na Dabheinn, there appeared possibilities in a gully on the north-west corner. The south end was easy but set at a tremendous angle. Would that the Caisteal were a hundred miles farther south! It is a magnificent rock. After traversing the Dubhs, the Gap was crossed and home reached by Sgurr Tearlach and that awful Stone Shoot. A route was made on the short side of the Gap beginning in the open chimney to the left of the ordinary climb and working up after ten feet on to the part of the face still farther to the north, but it has nothing to recommend it.

The next centre of attraction was the Cioch, and a

beautifully hot, clear day was spent in circumambulating it and traversing about in various directions, Workman having full scope at the finish in the Eastern Gully for his penchant for worming through tiny holes behind inconveniently placed chock-stones, and smiling cheerfully at the struggles of his unhappy tail. Both from the Sgumain Stone Shoot and from the summit of Sron na Ciche fine views were got of St Kilda, for which we paid by three days of rain. On one of these wet evenings a late return from a visit was made in utter darkness entirely by the feel underfoot, and the one spot which gave a distinct impression of our whereabouts was the centre of a whin bush.

Slowly accumulating energy sent us on a very unpromising morning in thick mist up the west buttress of Sgurr Mhic Choinnich, where the steep finish was thoroughly enjoyed. A climb which ends, as this one does, within arm's length of the summit cairn has a feeling of virtue all its own. On the way home surplus power was expended on the Matterhorn Boulder at the entrance to Coire Lagan.

The weather now collapsed hopelessly. Buchanan and my brother returned home, and we were joined by a London friend. Jeffrey and Workman spent part of one day wandering up and down gullies on the Sron na Ciche face, of which they could give only very incoherent accounts. However, they turned up sodden and satisfied. A climb on the central gully of Sron na Ciche was given up after much gnashing of teeth, and the descent made by its slabby Coire.

Jeffrey and our London friend made for Sligachan over Sgurr a' Mhadaidh, and their places were taken by MacRobert and Young, who, after traversing the Dubhs under Major Macalister, delighted the whole Glen by spending the night "keeping touch" with the slabs of Coir' a' Ghrunnda. Little else was done at Glen Brittle as climbing was now disagreeable in the extreme. So at the end of the month Macalister made a start homewards, examining on his way the drove roads to Loch Ainort and Loch Harport, the others meanwhile "bagging" Sgurr Dearg, Sgurr na

Banachdich, and Sgurr a' Ghreadaidh in a furious rush for afternoon tea at Sligachan.

I returned to the Glen, but, after a day or two spent in farewell wanderings round the bay, and a final visit to the wonderful ravine of the Allt a' Choire Ghreadaidh, having already forwarded my luggage, I tramped over to Portree under a rucksack that convulsed the others at Sligachan, grumbling bitterly that in a couple of months my hard-earned good condition would all be gone. Truly, man suffers from a more or less "divine discontent"!

The following is a list of birds seen during July and August at Sligachan and Glen Brittle. It is, I am afraid, chiefly remarkable for those awanting. There were seventy different species noted altogether:—

Song thrush, blackbird, ring ouzel, wheatear, whinchat, stonechat, redstart, robin, willow wren, dipper, wren, pied wagtail, grey wagtail, meadow pipit, tree pipit, rock pipit, spotted fly-catcher, house sparrow, tree sparrow, chaffinch, linnet, twite, corn bunting, yellow hammer, reed bunting, starling, carrion crow, hoodie crow, rook, raven, skylark, cuckoo, tawny owl, buzzard, golden eagle, kestrel, cormorant, shag, gannet, heron, mallard, wigeon, eider duck, red-breasted merganser, rock dove, red grouse, ptarmigan, corncrake, golden plover, ringed plover, lapwing, turnstone, oyster catcher, snipe, dunlin, sandpiper, redshank, greenshank, curlew, whimbrel, tern, gull, herring gull, lesser black-backed gull, kittiwake, razorbill, guillemot, black guillemot, puffin, black-throated diver.

ISLANDS OF LOCH AWE.

II. FRAOCH EILEAN.

By Mr and Mrs William Douglas.

Of the thousands of tourists who annually visit Loch Awe few realise the entrancing interest which surrounds the historic island of Fraoch Eilean. Lying between Inishail and Innischonain at the north end of the loch it is seldom visited except by the chance angler who often has no eyes for anything beyond a fish or a sandwich. Apart from the legend attached to this island and the eerie beauty of its ruined castle, still raising high the gable where once the osprey * made her eyrie, the views from it are of surpassing grandeur. Ben Lui, which seems to share with Cruachan the guardianship of the loch, rears its splendid head through the mist, or, untroubled by cloud, shines radiantly in the sun. The soft beauty of Glen Strae, rich in tradition of MacGregor and of Campbell, stretches away in a mystery of blue distance—alluring beyond all expression.

Tradition has it that Fraoch Eilean was once enchanted and the home of a fearful dragon who guarded a magic apple tree. The story runs that a young man named Fraoch loved the fair Finnaban, and Finnaban's mother, Mego, loved the handsome Fraoch. Mego was jealous and sent the handsome Fraoch to fight the fearful dragon and

---

* The osprey has become almost extinct as a nesting species in Scotland, and its nesting sites have an historic interest. We quote the following in support of the statement :—

1822. "Fraoch Elan is chiefly visited by the gulls, which hold the isle in joint tenure with a water-eagle who builds annually upon the top of the remaining chimney."—"Bridal of Caolchairn," p. 268.

1833. "The water-eagle, who has built his nest for many and many a year on the top of that sole remaining chimney."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 33, p. 989.

1859. "The wall still rears a gable, where for years
A water-eagle builded undisturbed,
By her at last deserted."
Hamerton's "Isles of Loch Awe," p. 14.

gather the magic apples. Fraoch did her bidding, but in slaying the dragon was himself killed. This romantic story of magic, love, and murder comes to us from Celtic tradition, and is the subject of a long poem in Hamerton's "Isles of Loch Awe."

In the collection of Gaelic poetry made by the Dean of Lismore in 1512, and translated by the Rev. Thos. M'Lauchlan in 1862, there appears a poem by the Blind O'Cloan on the Death of Fraoch which would seem to refer to Fraoch Eilean,* as Cruachan is mentioned in the first stanza—"In Cruachan east a woman weeps."

The poet describes the tragedy in full, and at the close of the poem dilates on the charms of the dead hero with quaint pathos:—

"His eye more blue than bluest ice;
Than rowans red more red his lips,
Whiter than blossoms were his teeth;
Tall was his spear like any mast,
Sweeter his voice than sounding chord;
None could better swim than Fraoch,
Who ever breasted running stream.
Broader than any gate his shield,
Joyous he swung it o'er his back;
His arm and sword of equal length,
In size he like a ship did look.
Would it had been in warrior's fight
That Fraoch, who spared not gold, had died;
'Twas sad to perish by a Beast,
'Tis just as sad he lives not now.
'Tis the Sigh."

It is said the island was named in honour of this hero, but as *Fraoch* is Gaelic for heather, and as that plant grows plentifully on the island, we are inclined to favour the heather derivation as to the origin of the name.

But Fraoch Eilean needs no fable to raise the phantoms of the past, for as we plunge into the undergrowth of this tree and shrub covered island we feel the spell of feudal times rise within us. In the middle of the thirteenth

* Many localities claim the legend of Fraoch as their own, see "The Celtic Dragon Myth," by J. F. Campbell (Edin. 1911), for fuller particulars.

March 1912

FRAOCH EILEAN

W. Douglas

century feudalism was at its height, and as we shall see later the castle on Fraoch Eilean was then held for Alexander III. by one Gillechrist Macnachdan, who on receiving it would bind himself to defend it or follow the call to arms as the king willed. Here we have the site, and possibly the ruined castle itself, where he and his wife Bethoc held baronial court, and in the absence of any information, authentic or traditional, the mind has free scope to picture scenes of revelry and of horror.

Have captives told their despair to any of those stones around which the ivy creeps as if hiding secrets of the past? Did Gillechrist fence and play chess with his friends, joust and hunt as barons did in mediæval times, and did his lady ever weary of her island home and sigh as she watched the sunset glow on the slopes of Beinn a Chleibh? No one will ever know. One can only guess and wonder, and think of those who loved and laughed, fought and suffered, in the glorious days of chivalry.

The castle on the north end of the island is indistinctly seen through the covering screen of ivy and intervening foliage. A little winding pathway leads up a steep slope to its entrance. The tottering walls are still covered with many years' growth of ivy, through which it sends its roots twisting and twining like living serpents; the floors are thickly matted with roots of old trees, ivy, and Luzula grass; and healthy old ash trees flourish in the interior and rise high above its walls.

The ground plan extends to some 63 by 29 feet inside measurement, and the walls still reach considerable elevation; indeed at the south-east corner they seem almost to stand at their original height. They are not all of equal thickness, some being only 3 and others as much as 6½ feet deep. The interior is divided by a wall extending across the building somewhat nearer its eastern end. In the smaller enclosure there are still visible the remains of chimneys, curious niches and windows, but all is covered with ivy and ferns. The scene of the interior is one unspeakably desolate. The floor itself is a wilderness of vegetation. Ash trees and their roots, ivy and stones cumber the ground. The splintered stump of a

giant ash rises through the tangle, broken off at the height of the wall by the vengeance of a November gale. From it already spring saplings in youthful defiance of the elements—*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* On the south side of the castle are seen the foundations of a massive wall extending right across its front, but for what purpose it was built we do not know.

Messrs M'Gibbon and Ross in their great work on Scottish castles have not much to say about this building, but state that "the ruins do not appear to be of great age." We should, however, like to share in the local belief that these are the walls built by Gillechrist Macnachdan—the original holder of the castle. Even if we are wrong in doing so, no one can wrest from us the fact that there was a castle on the island of Fraoch in 1267, for in that year Alexander III. appointed Gillechrist Macnachdan and his heirs to be heritable keepers of his castle and island of Frechelan. We have seen the original document granting this right in the General Register House, and the following is a copy of it.

"Alexander, Dei gratia, rex Scotorum, Omnibus probis hominibus totius terrae suae salutem, Sciatis quod concessimus Gillechrist Macnachdan, et suis haeredibus, ut ipsi habeant custodiam castri nostri et insulae de Frechelan, ita quod dictum castrum sumptibus nostris construi faciant et reficiant, quoties opus fuerit, et salvo custodiant ad opus nostrum, et quoties ibidem venerimus, dictum castrum honeste paratum nobis liberaliter ad hospitandum, et ibidem morandum pro voluntate nostra, In cujus rei testimonium, has nostras literas eidem Gillechrist, et suis haeredibus, fieri fecimus patentes. Testibus Alexandro Comin comite de Buchan justiciario Scotiae, W. comite de Mar camerario; M. comite de Strathern, A. comite de Carric, et Alan, hostiario. Apud Scon, xii Februarii anno regni nostri xviii."

Of which the following is a translation :—

"Alexander by the Grace of God King of the Scots, Unto all honest men of the whole of his Realm Greeting, Be it known that we have granted to Gillechrist Macnachdan and to his heirs that they shall have the custody of our Castle and Island of Frechelan, so that they shall cause the said Castle to be built at our charges and shall repair it as often as need may be and safely shall guard it for our use and as often as we shall come

there shall have the said castle worthily prepared for us liberally to be their guest and there to delay according to our wish. In Witness Whereof we have caused these our letters to be patent to the said Gillechrist and his heirs. Witnesses (being) Alexander Comin, Earl of Buchan, Justiciar of Scotland, W. Earl of Mar, Lord Chamberlain, M. Earl of Strathern, A. Earl of Carric, and Alan Lord Warden, At Scon the 12th of February in the 18th year of our reign.

It is often stated on the authority of the "New Statistical Account" that Macnachdan's charter contained a special provision that the king should, if ever he require it, be provided with a bed of clean straw. We see this is not mentioned in the charter, and therefore must look upon "the bed of clean straw" as a flight of fancy on the part of the reverend author.

The family of Macnachdan, whose ancient seat was Dundaraw in Kilmorich parish,* were at one time great landholders in the Lochawe district, and evidently devout Catholics. As already mentioned in our Inishail paper, one of Gillechrist's brothers, Ath by name, a son of Malcolm Macnachdan,† with the assent of another brother, Sir Gilbert, gave in 1257 for the weal of their souls the church of Inishail to the abbot of Inchaffray; while Gillechrist himself for the weal of his soul and that of his wife Bethoc gave the church of St Mordac of Kellemurthe [Kilmorich, Loch Fyne] with all its pertinents to be held of him as freely as any baron of the whole realm of Scotland can give any church.‡

Gillechrist's seal is attached to this charter, and is described by Mr W. Rae Macdonald thus: A bend, surmounted in chief of a label of five points. *Legend:* ✣ S' GILECRIST MACNACHTEN. Beaded borders; diameter $1\frac{3}{16}$ inches.

A pretty little story about a son or grandson of this Gillechrist comes to us from Barbour's "Bruce" written in 1375. At the battle of Dalree, some fifteen miles from

---

* "Scot. Hist. Soc.," vol. 56, p. lxxxiv.

† Spelt "Macnachten" in the reading of this charter.

‡ This charter is printed in facsimile from the original at Dupplin in the "Scottish History Soc.," vol. 56.

Fraoch Eilean, Macnachdan in 1306, under M'Dougal of Lorn, was fighting the Bruce, and the story runs that Macnachdan, while praising the deeds he had seen the Bruce perform in his retreat from the field of battle, raised the ire of Lorn. "It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes so much havoc among our friends." "Not so, by my faith," replied Macnachdan, "but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour; and never have I heard of one who, by his knightly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce."

The following note on the Macnachdans from the "Origines Parochiales," vol. 2, p. 141, is not without interest:—

"The clan Macnaughtane, whose chief in the year 1267 was Gillecrist McNachdan, held lands in Glenorchy and Lochaw (Argyll Charters). The 'baroun Macnauchtan' who in 1306 expressed to John of Lorn his high admiration of the prowess of King Robert Bruce, was probably the chief of his day. About the year 1343 King David II. granted to Alexander Macnaughtane all the lands which belonged to the deceased John, the son of Duncan, the son of Alexander of Yle, and all the lands that belonged to the deceased John McDougal (Dungalli) the parson (Robertson's Index, p. 48). In 1361 Christina, the daughter and heiress of the deceased Dugald of Craginis, resigned to Colin Cambel, the son and heir of Gillaspic Cambel of Lochaw, her part of the barony of the deceased Alexander McNachtane, which heritably belonged to her (Argyll Charters). In 1375 John of Prestwych, the son and heir of the deceased Mariot Garrechel, sold to the same Colin certain lands in Upper Lochaw, in which Duncan McNachtane, lord of that ilk, died vest and seised (Robertson's Index, p. 149). Between the years 1390 and 1406 King Robert III. confirmed to Maurice McNaughtane a grant by Colin Campbell of Lochow in the heritage of various lands in Over Lochow (Argyll Charters). In 1403 Margaret, the daughter of Gyllecrist called Macgillegeachin, with the consent of her son and heir Fynlay Macawaran, resigned to Colin Cambell, lord of Lochaw, her overlord, the sixth part of the lands of Acharne and Leatwea, and other lands belonging to her in heritage, and formerly belonging to Alexander McNecadan, lord of the same land (Argyll Charters)."

From Douglas' "Baronage" (1798), p. 419, we learn that:—

1. Sir Alexander Macnauchtane, a lineal descendant of Gillechrist, accompanied King James to Flodden in 1513 where he lost his life. He was succeeded by his son—

2. John Macnauchtane, who married a Maclean of Lochbuy, and was succeeded by their son—

3. Malcolm Macnauchtane, and his son—

4. Alexander Macnauchtane, was so esteemed by Charles II. that he was appointed hereditary sheriff of Argyleshire—the patent, however, never passed the seals. He was sent in August 1627 with a letter from King Charles to the Earl of Breadalbane with orders to raise 200 bowmen in the Lochawe district for service in the French war ("Black Book of Taymouth," p. 437). He died in London, and by order and at the expense of King Charles II. was interred in the Royal Chapel. He was succeeded by his son—

5. John Macnauchtane, who married a sister of the first Earl of Breadalbane in 1683 ("Scots Peerage," vol. ii., p. 202). He, with a large body of his clan, joined Graham of Claverhouse, and contributed much to the success gained over King William's army at Killiecrankie. But victory was as disastrous as defeat to the Macnaughtanes. An entire forfeiture of their property was the immediate consequence of the part they took. He was succeeded by his son—

6. Alexander Macnaughtane, a captain in Queen Anne's guards who was killed in the expedition to Vigo in 1702, and he having no issue, the ancient family devolved upon his brother—

7. John Macnaughtane, who being born a younger son had entered His Majesty's Customs, was a collector at Anstruther for many years and rose to be an Inspector-General of Customs in Scotland. He died without issue, and the Scottish line of the Macnaughtanes became extinct.

The Irish branch of the family, starting from a younger brother of Malcolm (grandson of the Flodden man), is continued in the Macnaghtons of Runkerry, Co. Antrim, the present chief being the Baron Macnaughton of Runkerry.

There is a very full account of the Macnachdans in "The Records of Argyle," by Lord Archibald Campbell (1885), pp. 491-505, but we have been unable to ascertain at what date the island of Fraoch passed from the hands of the family. For aught we know it may have passed during the Bruce's wars, or, if it escaped forfeiture at that time, it may have been in their possession till the days of Killiecrankie. It is now owned, we understand, by the Campbells of Inverawe.

"Not in the whole wide world," writes Christopher North in 1833, "is there a more beautiful islet. Small as it is, it wants nothing—on one side the rocks rise abrupt from the deep water, on the other a shrubby slope showing here and there an old stump or wreathed root, softly carries down its loveliness some way into the shallows. Tall trees—some of them pines—ennoble the still stately ruin of M'Naughton's castle—and there, we are happy to see, still alive and cheerful, the large ash that has been growing for ages from the foundations of what was once the hall and proudly lends its shade to the window-niches."* This same tree is also referred to in 1822 by Mr Hay Allan,† and no doubt was the one which we saw hale and lusty growing close to the east wall of the castle in the spring of 1911. Alas! on our next visit a year later we found it had been laid low. The great gale of November 1911 had snapped the trunk and left but a jagged and splintered stump, while the tree and all its spreading branches had fallen outside the castle walls. Fortunately, in its fall it had spared the high gable of the south-east corner which stands near it.

Mr Hay Allan says the castle was in habitation in 1745, "when preparation was privately made for entertaining the Prince had he passed by Loch Awe," but he does not mention who was in possession of the castle at the time.

The key of it was found many years ago among its ruins, and is now, we are told, preserved in the House of Inverawe.

---

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 33, p. 989.

† "Bridal of Caolchairn," p. 267.

March 1912

FRAOCH EILEAN

INTERIOR OF MACNACHDAN'S CASTLE

W. Douglas

UNIV. OF MICH.

We do not know if the attraction of such islands are felt by everyone, but we feel sure that Fraoch Eilean has a special charm of its own, and we think he would be an unimaginative person who could explore it without experiencing an unusual thrill.

ERRATA.

INISHAIL PAPER.—There is a fourth warrior on the "Campbell stone" which is out of the photograph, Plate II. We only discovered this on a recent visit to the island, and our statement on page 68 of there being only five figures is inaccurate.

On page 73, line 5 from foot, for "vol. vii." *read* "vol. viii."

AONACH EAGACH.

By Dr W. Inglis Clark.

Some years have elapsed since the "Motor in Mountaineering" (*S.M.C.J.*, vii. 313) raised a mild protest. But if the objectors or scoffers (and some have even hailed from Glasgow) had kept a note of the proceedings in Glencoe this year, they would have found that that lonely region had been the rendezvous of the S.M.C. on many occasions and that the motor was the means by which such unofficial meets were possible. In fact an *entente cordiale* between Glasgow and Edinburgh is an accomplished fact, and the young blood of the two cities disport on the Crowberry ridge or call on Ossian in company. I am not the chronicler of these meets, but I think not less than five of them have taken place since Easter. It may have been due to the fact that one of us hailed from the west and the other from the metropolis, that H. MacRobert (Sub-Editor of the Glencoe district) and I had never climbed together.

The numerous occasions on which long planned climbs had failed to come off had confirmed me in the impression that the said Sub-Editor had made a vow never to climb with the Hon. Secretary. But he counted on too long forbearance. Imbued with the desire to exploit a possible crack on Stob Coire nam Beith, MacRobert and a Glasgow party invited me to meet them at Clachaig just before the Insurance Act became binding on us all. Inquiry elicited the extreme narrowness of the said crack, making an ascent by the Hon. Secretary impracticable, but, determined to bring my pawky inviter to book, I accepted the invitation, and, with the President and Secretary of the Ladies' Club and my son as chauffeur, motored to Clachaig. However, none of the party attempted to climb "the Crack," but some visited Ossian's Cave — the Lady President, Mr Hurst of Glasgow, and my son, while the others, MacRobert, Workman, the Secretary of the L.S.C.C., and the Hon. Secretary, enjoyed a lovely day on the Aonach Eagach

BIDEAN NAM BIAN FROM STOB MHIC-MHARTUIN

Dr W. Inglis Clark

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

ridge. Even this was made more easy by the party of seven trundling in the motor car to the Study, where the Eagachites took to the hills, and the returning car was left below Aonach Dubh by the road side.

Few ridges on the mainland have the reputation and charm of Aonach Eagach. Rising abruptly on the northern side of Glencoe, it faces the majestic scenery of Bidean and its buttresses. Looking from it to the north the ranges of the Mamore Forest lead the eye beyond to Ben Nevis and the Lochaber peaks.

From Stob Mhic-Mhartuin (2,300 feet), half a mile west of the summit of the Devil's Staircase (1,754 feet), to Sgor nam Fiannaidh is a stretch of over six miles and from end to end are a succession of views ever charming and ever changing. The illustration (p. 146) gives a good idea of the grouping of Bidean from Mhic-Mhartuin. All the way up from the road the eye is fascinated by the increasing domination of Stob Coire nan Lochan, which I imagine is at about its best from the point in the photograph. The ridge walk from this point over a nameless top (2,938 feet) and Sron Gharbh (2,857 feet) to Am Bodach (3,085 feet) presents no difficulties, but is lengthened by the necessity of rounding the large Coire an Ruigh, from which issues the burn leading past the shepherd's cottage at the Study. At Am Bodach (the dagger) the character of the ridge changes, and Aonach Eagach (the notched hill) begins to justify its title; the ridge becomes narrower, more rocky and precipitous on either hand, and climbing parties are generally content to reach the Dagger, as we did on this occasion, from the Study or to omit it and reach the col to the west of this peak by the scree slopes, easy to descend, but fatiguing to climb. In dense mist there is a risk of going astray on this peak, as is evident from a previous visit a fortnight earlier when my wife and I traversed the ridge in dense mist and rain. Reaching the summit of Am Bodach and being unable to see six feet in any direction, resort was made to the map and compass, and as any attempt to go due west seemed to lead to fathomless depths, a slight deviation was made to the south-west, and our error was only found out when a momentary thinning of the cloud showed our

position far down on a buttress leading into Glencoe, exit from which would have been impossible. Retracing our steps to the top, our next attempt was more successful and led us along the ridge. A most perplexing traverse was made, the pinnacles standing up like huge obelisks, and many were the descents into cul-de-sacs ere we reached Sgor nam Fiannaidh and descended to Clachaig at 9 P.M. But on this later visit we had fine weather, and any delays could only be ascribed to the photographers of the party, and to the luxuriance of the moss or blaeberry couches which everywhere invited the party to rest.

Reaching the ridge from the "Study" one cannot fail to be struck by the profusion of flowers which deck the mountain side. I remember receiving a letter from a well-known member of the S.M.C. anent the "New Guide Book." He said, "I hope you will have no twaddle about scenery, and views and geology and tommyrot about flowers in it. Who wants to know what birds or beasts are on the hills? That's all padding. Give me a plain and small book with not a single unnecessary word in it." Well, I'm glad this is not a Guide Book article and if the Editor will withhold his blue pencil for a little I would like to say that the Aonach Eagach in summer is just a garden of flowers. Lower down one climbs up through beds of alchemilla (Lady's Mantle) and if fortunate enough to see the dew-drops on the mantle, you will think that no choicer jewel could sparkle on a lady's breast. Then the galium pushes its white flowers through the short grass and the purple pinguicula generally nods its head from the mossy patches which abound. Higher, the sedums and crassulas and gigantic rock roses make the cliffs gay, while on the northern side where many fairy grottos lend cover to the ferns every damp spot discloses verdure all the more charming when contrasted with the shattered rocks and scree slopes facing Bidean. My first visit to the ridge was at Easter 1898 with Munro and Squance, and then the flowers were replaced by fog crystals, and ice and snow covered up and protected the vegetable kingdom. I don't know which is the more beautiful, but I am certain that no lover of nature will come here and be disappointed. In

July 1912

BIDEAN NAM BIAN FROM AONACH EAGACH

Dr W. Inglis Clark

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

dense mist the imagination runs riot, and the confidence that a way will eventually be found enables one to enjoy the vast heights and depths which confound one's sense of proportion and make one feel small.

The descent from Am Bodach presents a few difficulties to the novice, but these are easily circumvented. From here the ridge narrows and a constant succession of little gaps and pinnacles leads one to the culminating point —Meall Dearg (3,118 feet). Later the gullies are more precipitous, and in mist a descent by them might lead to difficulties. In fact most of the steep buttresses on the Glencoe side end in cliffs, and so far as I know there is only one easy and grassy ridge for descending, namely, the one that runs steeply up to the col below the eastern side of Stob Coire Leith. It was, I think, while meditating on a descent by one of these buttresses that MacRobert, evidently thinking that the subject of funerals suited the occasion, told us how during the funeral of a Rev. Mr Maclarty, one of the horses ran off and a mourner was injured. The local paper in reporting this said, "This untoward occurrence threw a gloom over the whole proceedings." Well, his story had no such effect on us nor did the attempts of the party to poise on rotten pinnacles, afford anything but entertainment to the photographers. There is really only one point on the ridge, and that near the western end, where one might get into difficulties. Even that can be avoided by a traverse low down on the south. It is where three gendarmes block the way. The best thing is simply to go right over these. A narrow flat wall leads to the first of them, and after crossing the second on the northern side the third may either be negotiated over the top or preferably round an easy corner on the south leading back to the ridge. Under some circumstances a lower traverse by mossy ledges may be made on the northern side (some ten feet down) and then crossing between the first and second pinnacles a descent made to the south and along the face of the pinnacles and so back to the ridge. (I refer to a traverse from east to west.) In any case the gendarmes are there, but will give no trouble to climbers. A rope facilitates progress at many places, and in snow or ice is generally desirable.

We decided to descend at the col before Stob Coire Leith, as we were trysted to reach Edinburgh the same night. By this route the grassy ridge already referred to is easily reached, and a quick descent made. After Stob Coire Leith the easiest way down is by the corrie on the south-east face of Sgor nam Fiannaidh. A few hundred feet of scree lead to easy grass, and the road is reached not far from Clachaig Inn.

Aonach Eagach is admirably suited for photography. Not only do the numerous pinnacles and gaps afford opportunities for posing, but on the south the great mass of Bidean is well seen—Stob Coire nan Lochan, taking its correct position as one of the circlet of peaks round Coire nam Beitheach. From here also the buttresses of Aonach Dubh, Gearr Aonach, and Beinn Fhada are seen to be but outliers of the more dominating peaks, Stob Coire nan Lochan and Bidean. The two photographs of the Bidean group well illustrate this. The one in summer (p. 148) gives an idea of the rocky buttresses which run up to the Peak of the Pelts, while that by Mr Harold Buchanan (p 150) shows the exquisite effects awaiting those who visit the ridge at Easter time. The general character of Meall Dearg is shown on p. 152, but the more pinnacled part of the ridge lies beyond and is unseen.

On the northern side two red hills form a strong foil to the more sober colouring of Mamore and Ben Nevis, and numerous lochs break up and diversify the valleys. Across the gulf of Glencoe we heard the greetings of the party from Ossian's Cave, and on reaching the road espied them wading through the river *en route* for the motor. Soon the whole party were at Clachaig, and the reconciliation of Oberon and Titania was not a more delightful sight than that of the Glasgow representatives and the Hon. Secretary as they smoked their pipe of peace.

J. H. Buchanan

Easter 1912 **BIDEAN NAM BIAN FROM AONACH EAGACH**

SONG.

Air—"Ten Thousand Miles Away." *In Scottish Students' Song Book.*

I SING of a Club, and a jolly good Club,
And its Members frank and free,
Professors and Proctors—Divines and Doctors—
And Duffers like you and me:—
And the singular thing about which I sing
Is the unanimitee-ee-ee
Of all and each to practise and preach
The creed of the S.M.C.

Chorus.

Sing Ho! my boys, Yo Ho! A climbing we will go!
For climb we must or else we'll rust!
We're off to the hills and the snow-ow-ow!
We're off by the morning train, to climb with might and main!
The sad sea-level's no good for a revel,
So we're for the hills again.

In our gallant band, you can understand,
There are Parsons two or three:
"You must mend your ways ere you end your days,"
Say these excellent men to we—
"Or the hill tops high are as near the sky
As you ever are likely to be-ee-ee.
You can help your souls with your Alpine poles
In the ranks of the S.M.C."

Said a famous Judge, "I rule it's fudge
That the Bench and the Bar and ye
Should work all day whilst we might play:
And I'm not going to work," said he—
"I don't care a fig for my gown and my wig:
It's the rope and the axe for me-ee-ee,
And we'll settle disputes with our hob-nailed boots
At the Meets of the S.M.C."

Now who would scoff at a learned Prof.:
When he says sententiousl-ee:
"Twixt brawn and brains I've been at pains
To judge impartial-ee.
If a man goes strong for the whole day long
On the hills—he's the man for me-ee-ee.
For his brains are bright and his brawn's all right,
And he's fit for the S.M.C."

Said a Doctor sage, "In this modern age
I can speak with certaint-ee:
If potions and pills won't cure your ills
Then moribund you must be.
But the last resource of the clinical course
That's known to the Facultee-ee-ee,
Is a jolly good climb in the winter time
With the boys of the S.M.C."

The Merchant stout says, "There's no doubt
The pursuit of £. s. d.,
With its toil and strife, does shorten life,
And cause obesit-ee.
So my money bags I shall tear to rags,
For the best kind of bag for me-ee-ee
Is my old rücksack going bump on my back
When I'm out with the S.M.C."

Now already this song is much too long,
So here's finalit-ee.
I've proved in rhyme you all must climb
If happy you would be.
For all delights belong to the heights
Without any doubt—you see-ee-ee
I give you the toast to please you most,
The toast of the S.M.C.

J. G. STOTT.

July 1912

Dr W. Inglis Clark

AONACH EAGACH—MEALL DEARG

ARDGOUR.

BY J. H. BELL.

To all who know the district, "Ardgour" and "Garbh Bheinn" are words which recall memories of some of the best of Scottish Highland country. The seven miles of road between the pier at Corran and the foot of Glen Iubhair are a continual delight. The road winds in and out of the small bays along the shore and up and down over projecting spurs of rock, with rocky cliffs overhanging it on the one side and the water of the loch in places straight below on the other. After rounding such a rocky spur the road runs along the edge of a birch wood with bright grass fields like lawns sloping down to a sandy beach. The continual change of angle along the winding road gives varied views of the loch and of the mountains on its eastern side from Ben Nevis and the Mamore Hills to Bidean nam Bian and Beinn a Bheithir and down to the mountains of Mull.

When going to Garven the road is left about a quarter of a mile beyond the seventh milestone from Corran, and it is customary to leave bicycles beside a big boulder with a tree growing on it. There is then a tramp of about two miles up Glen Iubhair before the view of the cliffs of Garven is opened up. In wet weather the glen is rather swampy. At first there is a path on the slope of the hill on the eastern side. After a few hundred yards it leaves the stream, keeping above the swampy ground. Higher up where the stream passes through a gorge the path becomes indefinite and it is better to follow the stream closely if only for the sight of some glorious green pools. For about a mile and a half the glen rises very little. When the angle becomes rather steeper there are some great slabs in the bed of the burn, which make an easy highway for a man with sharp nails in his boots. After walking for about two miles up the glen the stream forks, one branch coming down from the little corrie of Garven. From this point, if the weather is clear,

the rock ridges of Garven are all in view, and the way from this point may vary according to the route decided upon.

Ever since my first visit fifteen years ago with my good friend, the late W. Brown, I have wished to get to know better this delightful country, and several subsequent flying visits to the Garven corrie have increased the desire. This year a party, which sometimes numbered seven and sometimes was down to four, spent a fortnight in Ardgour and explored some of the other glens and corries of the district.

Sgurr Dhomhnuill (2,915 feet).—This is the highest point of a great tract of country covering about a thousand square miles lying to the south of the Fort William-Mallaig railway and bounded on the west, south, and east by the open sea, the Sound of Mull, and Loch Linnhe. This area comprises the districts of Moidart, Ardnamurchan, Morven, Sunart, and Ardgour, and is one of the most mountainous in Scotland. From most points of view Sgurr Dhomhnuill looks a shapely peak. It is well seen up Glen Scaddle from the Loch Linnhe steamer, and from the summit of Garven it dominates, owing to its nearness and its fine shape, the great mass of hills to the north-east.

Brown and I in 1897 had scanned it closely from the top of Garven, and speculated as to whether the steep ridge to the north-west would give a rock climb. The index to the first ten volumes of our *Journal* contains no reference to Sgurr Dhomhnuill, and it would appear that its inaccessibility and the fact that it is 85 feet below the Munro standard, have made it at least a very rare ascent among our members.

On 10th June, Miss R. Raeburn, with W. N. Ling, A. C. M'Laren, and myself planned an ascent. We had some discussion as to whether to take the route by Glen Scaddle or that by Glen Gour. Obviously the Glen Scaddle route would present no difficulties, but it is long. There are about four and a half miles to cycle to the foot of Glen Scaddle, and then it is fully nine miles to the summit, the glen rising very gently for a long distance, and leading to the foot of a long, easy ridge of the mountain. The Glen Gour route is shorter, there being three miles [illegible] cycle, and about seven to walk. The point of doubt

arose from the fact that there is the head of an intervening valley, Gleann Mhic Phail, between Glen Gour and Sgurr Dhomhnuill. From the character of the rocks above Glen Iubhair, we anticipated that if there was much traversing or up and down work to do, it might be a long and somewhat difficult job. However, it appeared from the map that if the direct route were too tiresome, the summit could be reached by a slightly longer route over two intervening tops, Sgurr a Chaoruinn and Sgurr na h' Ighinn. In 1897 Brown and I had returned from Garven by Glen Gour, and my recollection was that it was a beautiful glen. We therefore decided to go by it, as the shorter and more interesting route. We had to make a late start, as M'Laren was due by the mail steamer at eleven. My wife and little daughter, with a friend, set off in a trap at ten for a picnic in Glen Gour, and Miss Raeburn and Ling accompanied them on cycles to the foot of the glen, and then helped to carry the picnic things about a mile and a half up the glen. Immediately upon M'Laren's arrival he and I followed on bicycles, and, thinking that we might gain some time, we took our cycles rather over a mile up the glen, as far as a deserted cottage. We rode most of the way, but so slowly owing to the stones and boulders in the road, and there were so many necessary dismounts that probably we did not gain more than five minutes, and really the Glen Gour track cannot be said to pay for cycles. About four miles up the glen we joined the others, who had been going slowly to let us get up with them. A mile farther we struck up into the corrie between Beinn na h' Uamha and Sgurr a Chaoruinn. Near the foot of the corrie we lunched by the burn and left a rucksack there. A steep walk then took us up on to the ridge of Sgurr a Chaoruinn at a height of about 2,000 feet, about 250 feet above the col. From here we had a fine view of Sgurr Dhomhnuill rearing his sharp cone immediately opposite us across Gleann Mhic Phail. The slope facing us looked very steep, and the drop into the glen a big one. We roughly estimated it at 1,000 feet. We discussed whether it would be better to go round by the ridge, but M'Laren strongly advised

"charging straight at him," and that way when we took it proved much easier than we expected. Thirty minutes was sufficient to take us down into the glen and up the slopes of Dhomhnuill as high as the col we had just left, from which we are led to believe that the drop was not as much as we had estimated—probably about 600 feet. We struck the summit ridge just below the steep rise on the west, and then contoured round to the north looking for a climb. On the north there is a big steep face, probably a thousand feet in height, which in winter would give a long and difficult climb, but there are so many ledges, and the rock is so much broken up that we did not see any way which, under summer conditions, offered a definite continuous climb. We did not put on the rope but scrambled up by various routes. The summit was clear, and towards the north-east there was a view of countless mountains, but in other directions a haze prevented any distant view. Loch Sunart and Loch Shiel look quite close at hand, and Ben Resipol between them looks well from this point of view. Garven does not look his best, the rocky ridges being all in the face towards Sgurr Dhomhnuill and being lost in the massif of the mountain. If it were not for the easy ridge towards the south-east Sgurr Dhomhnuill would not be an easy mountain to ascend when coated with ice and snow.

The mountain is a worthy king of its district. It is Sgurr Dhomhnuill that is celebrated in the "Songs of the North" as the sepulchre of the ancient Chieftain of Ardgour—"Strong Donald the hunter MacGillian More":—

> "Then here let him rest in the lap of Scaur Donald,
> The wind for his watcher, the mist for his shroud,
> Where the green and the grey moss will weave their wild tartans,
> A covering meet for a chieftain so proud."

Upon the return two of the party followed the ridge over Sgurr na h' Ighinn and Sgurr a Chaoruinn, while the others went by the col. One and three quarter hours' easy going took them back to the rucksack. The ridge party went quickly, and we met on the slopes of Sgurr a-Chaoruinn.

April 1904

LOCH SUNART FROM SUMMIT OF GARBH BHEINN

Rev. A. E. Robertson

After food and a rest by the burn a steady walk down Glen Gour in a beautiful evening light, and a short cycle ride against the wind took us back to Ardgour Hotel by 9 P.M.

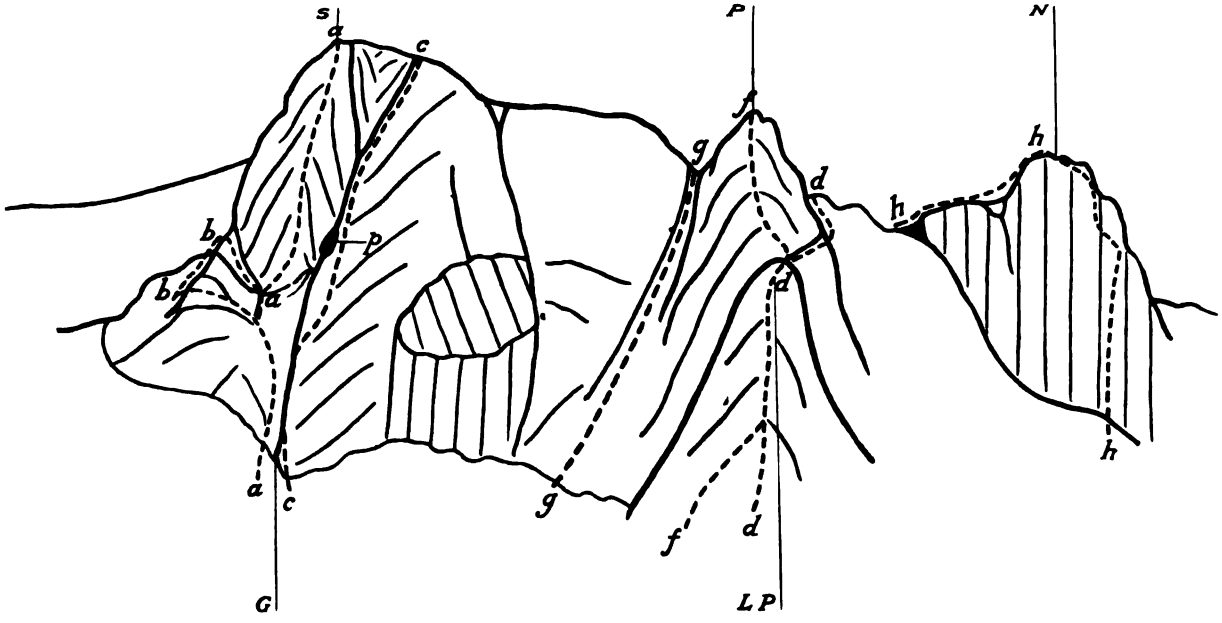
Maol Odhar (*Meiler*), 2,578 feet (height in 6-inch map only); *Creach Bheinn* (*Saddle*), 2,800 feet.—These two hills lie to the south of Glen Tarbert in the forest of Kingairloch, in the district of Morven. On the 17th June my wife and I cycled along the Strontian road as far as the seventh milestone, and then turned south by the Loch Aline road for two miles, leaving our cycles by the side of the road at the top of the hill in sight of the little Lochan na Criche. We made for the point marked 2,300 on Bartholomew's map. This is not the summit of Meiler but an outlying point with a cairn upon it, and is connected by a narrow saddle to the main ridge of Meiler. From the 2,300 point we were exactly twenty-five minutes to the summit of Meiler on which we could find no cairn, and another twenty-five minutes on to the summit of Creach Bheinn, which makes up for the absence of a cairn on Meiler by an enormous erection of the cup and saucer type, containing many tons of stones; there are also two smaller cairns on points close to the summit and little lower. There is another narrow saddle between Meiler and Creach Bheinn, and precipitous corries on the north sides of both mountains with shattered ridges running out towards Glen Tarbert. Under winter conditions there might be some difficult climbing in these corries. A party going for a winter climb here should approach the hills from Glen Tarbert, leaving the Strontian road at a point about ten miles from Ardgour Hotel, three miles beyond Inversanda. We had a fine June day for our climb, with a cool westerly breeze and wonderfully clear air. The passage between the summits was a delightful high level walk, and the view especially from Creach Bheinn very fine. The whole length of Loch Linnhe on one side, and of Loch Sunart on the other was in view. To the westward there is nothing higher nearer than Ben More in Mull and a wide expanse of western sea was in view, with the islands from Arran in the extreme south to the Cuillin, Barra, and S. Uist in the

north. The list of mountains in sight is almost endless. Ben Nevis twenty miles away, with his attendant lesser heights showed up well, also Garven and Dhomhnuill close at hand. We caught a glimpse of Schichallion between Aonach Eagach and Bidean nam Bian, also the top few hundred feet of Ben Lui showing a sharp point and then Cruachan prominent as usual in all mountain views in the west of Scotland. We stopped about three-quarters of an hour on the top sheltering under a rock from the cool wind, as we had got very hot during the ascent, and then descended to the bicycles by nearly the same route except that we contoured round the two minor summits. An easy ride with the wind behind took us back to Ardgour Hotel in nine hours from the start.

Garbh Bheinn (*Garven*), 2,903 feet.—From the climber's standpoint this is by far the finest mountain in Ardgour—indeed it ranks high among the mountains of Scotland. We had two most enjoyable days climbing upon it. On 8th June my wife and Miss Raeburn, with Ling and myself, ascended by the south-east ridge (often called The Ridge), and descended by the corrie to the south of the summit. On the 12th June the two ladies with M'Laren and myself ascended by the Pinnacle Ridge and descended by The Ridge.

The rough sketch on the opposite page was made in 1897 from beside the stream in Coire an Iubhair.

On the first ascent and once or twice since the grassy rake about a third of the way up the cliff and at the foot of the ridge proper was reached by the steep grass and broken rock beside the great gully. On a descent in July 1898 an easier way off the ridge was found by a traverse to the corrie from the second grassy rake. From this lower rake the upper one can be reached in several ways. The only difficulty about this route on to the ridge is to find it in thick weather. I suggest that it would be best to follow the branch of the stream coming from the small corrie to the south of the summit up to a height of about 1,750 feet, then steer north by compass across the little corrie until you come under the steep rocks of Garbh Bheinn. If when the rocks are struck they are still



Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour from the Fork of the Stream in Coire an Iubhair.

S. Summit, 2,903 feet.
P. Upper pinnacle, 2,600 feet (about).
L.P. Lower pinnacle.
N. North peak, 2,600 feet (about).
ϕ. Big pitch in Great Gully.
G. Great Gully.

a, *a*, *a*. Original route up *the* ridge.
b, *a*. Alternative routes on to ridge.
c, *c*. Messrs Hastings and Haskett-Smith's route, 1897.
d, *d*, *d*. Route of descent over lower pinnacle, April 1897.
f, *d*, *f*. Route of ascent over pinnacles, July 1898.
g, *g*. Easy gully.
h, *h*, *h*. Route of descent by Messrs Raeburn and Ling, January 1908. They had to "abseil" off a steep pitch near the foot.

The face between routes *c*, *c* and *g*, *g* can be ascended almost anywhere.

precipitous follow them upwards till they become easy, and then traverse back along the top of the lower precipitous drop. Shortly before starting up the rocks the mouth of a gully will be seen some thirty feet up. On the backward traverse this gully has to be crossed low down above the bottom drop or it will cut off the climber from the upper rocks. Once across the gully the steep grass beyond it can be climbed right up to the higher rake, but this brings the climber rather too high upon the rake, which should be descended for a short distance to the foot of the very steep rocks of the ridge proper. The ridge climb is now so well known as to need no further description. We were once more delighted with its many sensational passages. The rock is so superb, and hand and footholds so plentiful, that the climbing is not often technically difficult, but on most rocks such a long climb at such an angle would be impossible. Ling, who was leading, was heard to mutter at one point, "This is a savage angle," and we all agreed with him, and on our descent M'Laren was moved to declare that "this hill is almost worthy to be a Cuillin."

The Pinnacle ridge is the mystery of Garven. When, in 1897 Brown heard rumours about Garven from Mr Colin Phillip, one of the attractions was said to be an "inaccessible pinnacle." From the foot of the corrie it appears that there is a fine pinnacle on the summit ridge but all who have been up the mountain know that this is an optical delusion, the top of the pinnacle being further forward than the rest of the summit ridge. Indeed the mountain slopes from behind very gently to the top of the pinnacle. Almost in line with this upper pinnacle is a long shattered ridge descending to the glen, and upon this ridge is another pinnacle which cannot be seen from the foot of the corrie, as it is lost in the face. When going up the burn for the big ridge a good side view is got of the two pinnacles, which have big precipices on their southern side towards the big ridge. In April 1897 Brown and I were much impressed by the sight of this pinnacle ridge and descended by it, cutting out the upper pinnacle, however, by cutting steps across a snow-field on its northern side and climbing down a chimney. We were surprised to

find that the traverse over the lower pinnacle and down the ridge was quite easy though sensational in places. In July 1898 J. S. Napier, W. W. Naismith, and myself made the ascent by the pinnacle ridge. We got into some difficulty at the foot by starting the climb somewhat to the left (south) of the true ridge and we finished the climb by the direct ascent of the upper pinnacle from the neck connecting it to the lower. This last part of the climb, though steep, is not difficult. At Easter 1904 Dr Inglis Clark, with C. Clark and Mrs Clark, made the ascent by this ridge, and the fact that they found the ridge in exceptionally bad condition and were in thick weather has, I think, given rise to some misunderstanding about the climb. Our party had a similar experience on the "four days' ridge" of Buchaille Etive. Climbing it under severe winter conditions we thought it quite a desperate adventure, while others under different conditions have found no special difficulty. Any party getting too much to the left on the lower pinnacle of Garven can get into trouble, but following the true ridge there is no real difficulty and the climb is in no way comparable to that of the great ridge. On the 12th June we again started a little too much to the left and got into a chimney which we thought rather too stiff. We descended and started again by an easier chimney which brought us to a point about ten yards to the right of our first route. From our second start to the cairn, including the walk along the summit ridge, took us one hour twenty minutes—while the descent of the big ridge, including the traverse off and twenty minutes spent in the Great Gully, took us four hours and a quarter, a party of four all on one rope being slow on work of that character. The upper grassy rake referred to before circles right round the foot of the ridge and into the Great Gully. About a hundred feet above this point in the gully is a most formidable pitch. M'Laren and I climbed up to it and under the usual overhanging chockstone from which some water was dripping. A glimpse of daylight can be seen behind the stone but the passage appears to be very small—just possibly, however, a determined assault might reveal unexpected openings. The true left wall of the pitch appears

hopeless, but we thought that a very strong lead up the right wall might succeed. M'Laren took a foothold from me and climbed up some twelve feet or so. The next step above him was certainly possible but above that seemed doubtful. We were not out for an extremely difficult climb of that nature and did not push things any further. There are some formidable-looking pitches below this point in the gully and probably also above. From the corrie the pitch in which we were appears to be the worst and if possible will certainly provide a fine first ascent to a strong party.

Sgurr na h' Eanchainne, 2,397 feet; *Meall Dearg Choire nam Muc*, 2,409 feet (height given in 6-in. map only).—Sgurr na h' Eanchainne is the shapely conical mountain just above the hotel at Ardgour and Meall Dearg Choire nam Muc, the rounded hill at the western end of the corrie which lies between them. The ascent of these two hills makes a very good short expedition, the views from the peaks and the ridge between them being very fine. They lie close to Loch Linnhe, so that there is a loch vista, and they give the panorama of the great mountains to the north and east, which is a feature of all views from the Ardgour district. On the ascent or descent a visit should be paid to the waterfalls on the burn flowing out of the corrie between the peaks. I understand that this series of waterfalls is known locally as "Ardgour's Towel." The waterfalls are just above the woods of Ardgour House, and in wet weather they show as a long white streak down the hillside for several hundreds of feet. In the upper part there is a series of cataracts and shoots over slabs, and just as the burn enters the woods of Ardgour House there are two big falls. The upper fall is into a cleft in the rock with a boulder jammed near the bottom of the cleft. There is a footbridge just below this fall and a wire fence below that again and above the lower fall, which drops into the lower wooded gorge. The falls can be reached in three-quarters of an hour from the hotel, and especially in wet weather are well worth a visit. Low down on the slopes of Sgurr na h' Eanchainne and in full view from the hotel is a fine chimney some 150 feet high.

It is straight above the farmhouse about a mile from the hotel on the Inverscaddle road. Ling and I on the afternoon of our arrival in Ardgour took a rope and walked to the gully. As we got near Ling remarked that he would "put a penny on the gully," and on a close inspection it proved that the rocks were extremely steep and waterworn, and that there was a quantity of water then coming down. The ascent would certainly be a difficult one for a determined party in dry weather. We made no attempt, but joined the others of our party in a picnic at the foot.

Sheriff Penney has given me the following notes of a walk he had on Saturday, 18th May 1912, while staying in Ardgour:—

"I had a pleasant stroll up the side of the waterfall, called 'Ardgour's Towel' (which we saw to such perfection from Ballachulish Hotel during the Easter Meet), and round the corrie out of which it comes.

"The highest point of the western horn of the corrie is Meall Dearg Choire nam Muc (2,409 feet), and of the eastern horn Sgurr na h' Eanchainne (2,397 feet), locally called Keil Hill from the farm below it.

"I was agreeably surprised by the very extensive views which I got in all directions from those comparatively low elevations, easy of access, but rather steep of ascent.

"On my way up I had splendid views of all the Glencoe mountains, Bidean nam Bian being of course prominent, though the top was only clear of mist at times. From the highest point the peaks of the Mamore Forest were all clear, but Ben Nevis never put off his night-cap. A conical peak far away to the east seen through a gap to the right of the Mamore Forest impressed me very much. I was delighted at being told afterwards it would be Schichallion. To the south, down Loch Linnhe, Creach Bheinn (2,289 feet), in Mull, stood out conspicuous and alone. To the west, Beinn Bheag, Sgor nan Cnamh, Sgor na Laire, Sgurr a Chaoruinn, Beinn na h' Uamha, Sgurr Dhomhnuill (2,915 feet), and farther away Ben Resipol (2,774 feet) between Loch Sunart and Loch Shiel made an interesting group. To the north, Streap (2,988 feet), Gulvain (3,224 feet), and the hills seen between and beyond these sentinels reminded me that in that direction lay the grand mountainous but somewhat inaccessible districts of Morar and Knoydart, while by way of contrast Fort William and Loch Lochy beyond marked the line of the Great Glen open to tourists and canal steamers."

HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

"A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland, and the Hebrides; Also a Description of Part of Scotland, Particularly of the Highlands and of the Isles of Mull, Ulva, Staffa, I-Columbkill, Tiree, Coll, Eigg, Rum, Skye, Raza, and Scalpa; to which is now added an Account of the New Roads in Scotland, and of a Beautiful Cavern lately discovered in the Isle of Skye." By the Hon. Mrs Murray Aust, of Kensington. 2 vols. London: Third Edition, 1810.

BY HENRY ALEXANDER, JUN.

IN that delightful volume the "Memoirs of a Highland Lady," which gives such an intimate picture of life on Speyside a hundred years ago, mention is made of a lady who visited the Doune, the home of the Grants of Rothiemurchus, and whose tour in the Highlands had made her rather celebrated. This was Mrs Murray Aust. We are familiar to-day with the woman traveller who invades Africa or ransacks the Himalayas and writes a book, but apparently there is nothing novel about this sort of thing, for it was done—and done very thoroughly and very spiritedly—a century ago by the lady who wrote these two volumes. The inconveniences, not to say hardships, of travel in the remoter Highlands at that time were considerable, and the woman who set out to face them alone, as Mrs Murray Aust did, was quite as sporting a person as her sister to-day who goes off to the Caucasus or the Andes. She was evidently a woman of wealth and leisure—the requisites for travel as they still are, alas! to-day—and as the wife, or rather widow, of one of the sons of the Earl of Dunmore, she knew many Scottish families and was well furnished with letters of introduction, so that in many places she was put up by the local lairds or magnates,

and had not to fare as best she could in inns and change-houses. It would be doing Mrs Murray Aust an injustice, however, to suggest that she was merely a luxurious traveller, moving from one big house to another. She evidently had the real zest for travel. Even a hundred years ago there was a sort of tourist-beaten track in Scotland, and her aim was to get off it and explore the less known regions, and in this pursuit she was perfectly happy to rough it and, as her pages show, to put up with discomforts and undergo exertions, the recital of which must have astonished her friends in Kensington.

And in other ways Mrs Murray Aust was the sort of person who deserves to be able to travel. She had a genuine appreciation of wild scenery, and she writes about hills and rough roads, and rain and wet days, and all the other incidents of the Highlands, in a way that shows that she really liked the mountains, and had the spirit of the open air in her. Some of the travellers who came to Scotland about this time and duly wrote about it seem to have regarded the place and its people with the condescending curiosity that one might bestow upon the savages of Timbuctoo. The hills excited their wonder, but made no appeal to their souls, which were about the same level as their fat English acres. Mrs Murray Aust was not of that type. She is the first woman to be included in this "Half-Hours in the Club Library" Series, and on her merits, as a genuine hill lover, she will hold her place with any of the writers who have preceded her. It is true that she did not climb many hills—her only big ascent was Cairngorm, and even here she rode up most of the way—but she enjoyed being among them and getting away from gardens and fields and other artificialities. "The simple beauty of nature is my hobby horse," she says, "and where can a hobby horse of that breed find greater scope than in Scotland, particularly in the Highlands?" So when she is passing Dalkeith she does not rhapsodise about the Duke of Buccleuch's Palace as does your average English traveller with "gentlemen's houses" always in his eye. "I did not go to Scotland to see fine houses nor dressed places," she explains, and a

contemplated "improvement" in the Duke's grounds excites this indignant protest :—

> "The wood and banks of the river about the bridge are very romantic; and, to me, beautifully rough and broken. On my expressing my admiration of all I saw, I was answered by an overseer of the bridge, then not finished, that by and by it would be much finer; for the bed of the river was to be *cleared;* and the banks *smoothed* and *dressed.* Fye on the shavers, as Mr Knight calls them, how unmercifully do they 'shave the Goddess whom they come to dress!' And will they not spare even the lovely North Esk?"

Mrs Murray Aust was not only an understanding and a sympathetic traveller but an exceptionally capable one. The term "Useful Guide" on the title-page is quite justified, for the book is full of practical information about the roads, the inns, what to see at each place, where to get good carriage horses, what to take with you, distances, times, and so on. The author's first journey to the Highlands was made in the summer of 1796, when, with her maid by her side and her man behind the carriage, she set off on the Great North Road. She discusses the relative advantages of having your man servant on horseback or on a seat at the back of the carriage, and holds strongly that the latter arrangement is best because it assures his being always at hand. She recommends the traveller to take in the carriage bed-linen, half a dozen towels, a blanket, thin quilt, and two pillows, and she describes a useful box to be carried in front, with compartments to hold provisions, wine, knives and forks, and a folding side which falls down on hinges and forms a table on the traveller's knees. So the modern motorist's luncheon basket and adjustable table-wind screen are no new things, but as old as the eighteenth century. Thus equipped Mrs Murray Aust often had her mid-day meal in her carriage out of doors instead of trusting to the local inn. This carriage was pulled all over Scotland wherever there were roads, and where the roads ceased the plucky traveller took to horseback and rode. She had to ride back from Kintail to Fort Augustus, for instance, because the military road through Glenshiel was not then passable for carriages.

And where there was not even a path for a hill pony this keen Kensington lady was not daunted, but took to her feet and walked. She scrambled across hillsides or up rocky glens to see waterfalls, and evidently rather enjoyed the adventure of it. At Foyers she was so eager to see the falls properly that she was thoroughly drenched by the water and spray. The sequel was, that when she got back to her carriage she pulled up the blinds and changed her clothes—as some modern mountaineers have to do, though as often as not in a gusty open waggonette. And also like some moderns, she took a glass of wine after the process to keep out the cold "and gave bumpers to the good Highlandman, the postillion, and my servants, and then proceeded, with admiration of what I had seen and what, at every step, I continued to see."

In her first tour through Scotland in 1796 Mrs Murray Aust entered the country at Carlisle, and came up by Hawick and Selkirk to Edinburgh. She remarks the violent gusts of wind continually to be felt in the streets, and observes that "had not the atmosphere of that city some powerful refiner, such as a constant high wind, it would, by its nauseous scents, poison the race of beings living in it." By Dollar and Rumbling Bridge she went to Stirling, and then up through the Pass of Lennie and Loch Earn to Crieff, and so on to Perth. It was at the Salutation Inn at Perth that Mrs Murray Aust got horses and a driver for the more adventurous part of her journey.

"If you wish to travel through the Highlands in as perfect security as is possible from good horses and careful driver, you must apply to Mr Millar at the Salutation Inn for horses, and James Allen, his driver, to take care of you; for I verily believe he will drive you (and with perfect safety, too) through roads that no other man can drive, without accident, unless he be as careful and as skilful as James was when he drove me. I think there are very few such drivers as Allen; and because he was so sober and so careful, I gave him half-a-crown a day for himself, which he well deserved; for whilst he drove me (and I am sure for many a mile where my carriage went under his conduct, never carriage had before gone) I felt perfectly easy; though sometimes, on the one hand, I beheld a deep lake below, and on the other, stupendous rocks, out of which the road, only the width of the carriage, is

blown; yet still I was, and even thought myself safe, with James Allen and his steady black horses."

It is a pleasant picture this of the lady from Kensington with her maid beside her and her servant on the dickey behind, and trusty James Allen setting out from the Salutation Inn for the Highlands with Mr Millar bowing his adieux at the door. Her route was up the great northern road to the Highlands by Blair Atholl, and so on by Dalwhinnie and Aviemore and the Bridge of Dulsie to Cawdor Castle and Fort George. At various points there were diversions to castles and waterfalls and other objects of interest. Little that was worth seeing escaped the eye of this indefatigable traveller. Her aim was evidently to do everything, and her thoroughness was only matched by her energy. She was a "pilgrim of the picturesque" of inexhaustible appetite. When at Dalwhinnie on her outward journey she saw the head of Loch Ericht, and when she reached Rannoch on her way south again, she decided that she must see the lower end of the loch and complete the thing. So she went up the side of the Ericht on a pony and crossed the loch on a boat to the shepherd's hut at the foot of Ben Alder. "I think there cannot, in nature, be a more forlorn or desolate place than that about Loch Ericht; but I am glad I saw it; and as I returned from it and came down towards Rannoch, that district appeared, in comparison, a perfect Paradise." One likes a traveller with a zest like this for sight-seeing and thoroughness.

At Inverness she notes the very pleasant accent and pure English of the inhabitants, and speaks of the courtesy and politeness which she everywhere experienced in the Highlands. This must be by way of contrast to Glasgow which she leaves at the end of her tour with a sort of parting kick. "The situation of Glasgow," she says, "is very fine; but like all other great manufacturing trading towns, the inhabitants are very rich, saucy, and wicked." From Inverness she went down Loch Ness by Foyers to Fort-Augustus, where there was then a garrison, and on to Fort-William, where she gazed in admiration at "the Scotch Atlas," Ben Nevis, but did not ascend the mountain.

Instead, she recounts a disrespectful story of Ben Nevis to illustrate "the great love a Highland man has for whisky." It is about a lady of fashion, a visitor at the Fort-William barracks, who went up the hill and left a bottle of whisky on the summit. When she got back to the fort, she laughingly mentioned the matter before some Highland men, "one of whom slipped away and mounted to the pinnacle of 4,370 feet to gain the prize of the bottle of whisky, and brought it down in triumph." So apparently a hundred years ago the Highlander's fondness for whisky had already become the favourite jest of English visitors, and Ben Nevis had been insulted by being made the testing ground for it.

The road over the Corrieyairack Pass was still in repair in 1796, and Mrs Murray Aust came over it on her way south. This was one of the great events of her tour. All sorts of tales of the ardours and terrors of the pass were told her before she set out from Fort-Augustus. A young Oxford man who had come over the pass on horseback and reached the Fort, drew a dreadful picture of it.

"The steep and black mountains and the roaring torrents rendered every step his horse took frightful; and when he attained the summit of the zig-zag up Corrieyarraick, he thought the horses, himself, man, and all would be carried away he knew not whither; so strong was the blast, so hard the rain, and so very thick the mist; and as for cold it stupified him. He thought it almost a miracle to escape from such horrid wastes, roaring torrents, unwholesome vapour and frightful fogs; drenched from top to toe, frozen with cold, and half-dead with fatigue."

Happily Mrs Murray Aust had more spirit than this young Oxonian. She got a couple of stout plough horses as tracers to her own pair, and she crossed the pass and enjoyed it immensely. On the way up she learned that five Edinburgh gentlemen had that morning started up the pass, but they became so terrified with what they saw before them and what they dreaded to meet with, from the account of the young Oxonian, that they fairly, from fear, turned about and took the road to Fort-William. "This, however, did not alarm me. I saw nothing to hurt anybody but the horses, and they being assisted, I trusted all

would go well." It did, and the plucky lady had the satisfaction of crossing the famous pass. The day was tolerably clear, but not being bright, the scene from the summit over the rough ocean of mountains was rather cold and dismal. "It was uncommon—it was astonishing but not at all terrific." Mrs Murray Aust was a modern in this respect. She did not feel lost among hills and she does not throw about horrific adjectives, as do most of the writers of this period who seem to have counted everything higher than Primrose Hill or wilder than Hampstead Heath, awful and desolate.

The reception accorded to her first volume was very favourable, as one judges from the review notices from the magazines of the time which are reprinted as a preface to the third edition; and Mrs Murray Aust was encouraged therefore to publish a second volume describing a tour in 1800, when she again set out from Perth with horses from the Salutation Inn driven by the careful James Allen. She was accompanied on this occasion by Miss Jeffery of London, "a young female friend to whom I wished to show the beauties of nature I so much admire." This particular tour was not so extended as the first, and it seems to have been followed by various other visits to the Highlands, the dates and precise routes of which it is impossible to disentangle in the second volume. True to her purpose of giving "a companion and useful guide," the author does not set down a laborious itinerary of each journey, but groups her tours together and gives us a general description of the Western Highlands from Oban north to Kintail and of the Inner Hebrides from Mull and Iona, of which there are excellent accounts, north to Skye. Few travellers at this period seem to have gone as far north as Loch Maree or Sutherland, and Mrs Murray Aust does not once refer to these districts. The "beautiful cavern lately discovered in the isle of Skye" and mentioned on the title-page is a cave on the coast at Strathaird, of which one never hears to-day, but which greatly impressed Mrs Murray Aust. On the other hand, Loch Coruisk is not mentioned—presumably it had not yet been discovered by the tourist—and there is only a casual reference to

seeing "the sovereign of hills called Culin, and the jagged top of Bla-Bhein."

Caverns on the sea-shore seem to have had a fascination for this traveller, and for this reason Staffa interested her greatly. Precise and almost Baedeker-like directions are given as to how to visit Fingal's Cave, where to get a boat, where to land at the cave to get the finest impression of it, and so on. The population of Iona is given as four hundred. Dealing with Mull, Mrs Murray Aust suggests that young men ("particularly now walking is the rage") should send their servants and carriages from Oban on to Fort-William, and instead of returning to Oban from Mull, should walk across the island to Tobermory, row up Loch Sunart to Strontian, and so on to Fort-William. She warns the intending visitor, however, that unless he be acquainted with the factor at Strontian, he must not go thither for "the inn is too bad to put your head into." A hundred years ago you evidently had to set out for the Highlands with a bagful of introductions, and commandeer your night's lodgings at gentlemen's houses. An amusing reference is made to this in the "Memoirs of a Highland Lady," and as it makes mention of the very traveller with whose book we are dealing, we may quote it. Miss Grant says that in 1804 her father and mother did not go much away from their home in Rothiemurchus:—

> "They had not time, for so many English travellers were in the habit of making hotels of the houses of the Highland proprietors, there was a sort of running stream of them during the latter part of the summer. Mrs Thrale and her daughters and Mr and Mrs Murray Aust, my mother afterwards continued an acquaintance with. In general, these chance guests were hardly agreeable enough to be remembered."

Nor were those tourists Englishmen only, for Mrs Murray Aust mentions as an interesting incident at Loch Catherine (Loch Katrine), that she met there in 1800 a young German traveller whose brother she had met in 1796 in Glen Croe. The shooting tenant had also begun to make his appearance, for she observes incidentally that on the way south from Dalwhinnie on the 13th of August she met the attendants and horses of sportsmen who were

come to the Highlands to shoot. The Highland Gathering, however, had not yet been invented, or Mrs Murray Aust, at least, did not light upon one, for she makes no mention of any of those somewhat spurious assemblages. In those days the Highlands still retained much of their Gaelic life and Gaelic character. The carters who passed the traveller as she sat writing in her carriage at Dalnacardoch, sang "soft, sweet Gaelic ditties," and here and all over the Highlands the visitor saw a life that has now largely passed away except perhaps in the remoter Hebrides. The peaceful penetration of the Highlands was being actively pushed on by the Government. One of the most interesting things in Mrs Murray Aust's book is the account she gives of the roads which were being constructed at the time by the Commissioners of Highland Roads. A systematic policy of road-making was being carried out, and, what is more, the Government was establishing inns or rest-houses at short stages all over those new lines of communication. On her way back from Skye Mrs Murray Aust came by Kylerhea and Glen Shiel, and she had to spend a night in a sheep-farmer's shieling in Strath Clunie. She ends her book by urging that inns should be built by the Government at Clunie and Oenoch and Barnero (Bernera), and that Shiel House should be repaired, and "then that road may be travelled without the enormous fatigue it at present gives to every one hardy enough to encounter it." This holds true of the year 1912 as fully as it did of the year 1800. It might be a good thing for the Highlands to-day if there were Government Commissioners to build roads and establish rest-houses. As it is, there are districts at the present time which are even more inaccessible than they were when Mrs Murray Aust travelled through the Highlands a hundred years ago.

BIDEIN DRUIM NAN RAMH.

By W. W. Naismith.

Bidein Druim nan Ramh is not a "Munro," and its greatest altitude is only 2,860 feet, but it is one of the best known of the Cuillin. It has even been called the "hub" of the range. Here the main ridge is joined at right angles by two of the most important cross ridges, namely, the Druim nan Ramh (or Drumhain) from the south-east, and the ridge coming from Sgurr an Fheadain on the north-west. The mountain stands at the head of four profound corries, and has a striking appearance of isolation from every direction. Its cluster of three tops projects boldly from the sky-line at the top of Coire na Creiche, and from Loch Coruisk it is a familiar object to everyone, and always looks impressive.

The middle (highest) top was ascended by Mr Lawrence Pilkington and Mr Eustace Hulton in 1883 by the Druim nan Ramh ridge. Their ascent is recorded in the *Alpine Journal*, vol. xiii. "Ascending from Harta Corrie, we gained the ridge between it and Loch Coruisk, which from this point seemed to lead straight to the summit, but we soon found the direct ascent cut off by a series of dykes, and were forced to work along below the crest to our right, until we gained the foot of the mass of rock forming the peak itself. Here we regained the crest and traversed a ledge on the Coruisk side of the mountain, until it lost itself on the face of the cliff. A long reach and a lift from below enabled us to gain the next point, whence a series of narrow ledges and long lifts, first above Glen Coruisk and then above Harta Corrie, brought us to the top of our mountain, a fine moss-covered summit, with no stone-man to mark a former ascent. We meant to have descended by the north ridge, but the rocks looked so smooth that we did not attempt it."

The north top was climbed by a young man on 26th

April 1880, from Coir' a' Mhadaidh, by way of a long stone shoot between Bidein and An Caisteal, as recorded in *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. I., p. 61, where the peak is wrongly called "Mhadaidh"—following the early maps. On that occasion the climber got a momentary glimpse of another peak, perhaps higher, to the south; but the mist made it look a considerable distance off, and no attempt was made to cross the intervening gulf.

The ascent of Bidein Druim nan Ramh is generally made by ridge wanderers plying between Sgurr a' Mhadaidh and Bruach na Frithe. It will never be a tourist hill, and the tops are not easy if taken along the sky-line. Here, indeed, one finds as good climbing as in almost any part of the Cuillin main ridge.

The north top (2,810, approx.) and south-west top (2,780, approx.) lie from the middle (highest) top north and west-south-west at a distance of about one hundred yards and sixty yards respectively. The tops are separated by clefts caused by the decaying of basaltic dykes, and the west face of the north top is seamed by a gully obviously due to the same cause.

The north top offers no special difficulties to the climber, but care is needed at one or two places when descending.

At the col between the north top and the middle top the rocks overhang, but a few yards to the left, that is, on the Harta Corrie side, the angle is less severe. Here the climber is faced by a short vertical pitch and a smooth slab above it. A shoulder is useful when going up, and the rope may be hitched round a stone when going the other way. This difficulty is sometimes turned by following a rake on the Coir' a' Mhadaidh side, and then doubling back to the top of the peak, but the sporting route is the shorter and perhaps the safer. Continuing our ascent from the col, we come to a place beyond a second gap, where the crest of the ridge presents a steep edge which can be turned on either side. The way to the right gives a good scramble and soon rejoins the arête. The way to the left traverses slabs.

The summit of this peak is covered with a wonderful

North Top Middle (highest) Top South-West Top

July 1912

BIDEIN DRUIM NAN RAMH FROM SGURR AN FHEADAIN

W. W. Naismith

cushion of the softest moss, on which one can recline luxuriously, and enjoy one of the most entrancing panoramas in the whole of Skye. Mr Charles Pilkington (in his delightful paper, "The Black Coolins," in the volume of the *Alpine Journal* already quoted) speaks of this viewpoint. "One of us said, 'Well, this is the most beautiful view I have ever seen.' He was allowed his fling and not contradicted at the time. Some days afterwards we argued the question out, with the professional assistance of Mr Alfred Williams; the verdict being, that we may have seen grander forms in the Alps, and as beautiful colouring in Italy, and we *may* have seen many views of equal loveliness, but we knew of none to *beat* it for beauty of colour combined with grandeur and variety of form."

The south side of this middle top has one or two steepish places which must not be treated with too much nonchalance, but there is no real difficulty. The south-west (lowest) top is comparatively easy, although on its south face and just above the Bealach na Glaic Moire there is a short scramble in the course of a weathered trap dyke which provides a rough staircase. The Bealach (the pass of the big hollow) leads from Coire na Creiche to Loch Coruisk, and is one of the best known and easiest passes in the range.

An interesting approach to Bidein is along the ridge of its western outlying spur called Sgurr an Fheadain. From Sligachan the Brittle path is followed to within sight of the stone-man on the Bealach a' Mhaim. The route then strikes off to the left, round the Sron an Tobar —Mr Colin Phillip's name for the spur of Bruach na Frithe, on the side of which lies the Tobar nan Uaislean ("gentry's well")—and passes "The Anvil," a perched boulder bearing a ludicrous resemblance to an anvil. Without much descent the tiny stream coming out of Coir' a' Mhadaidh is crossed to the foot of the Sgurr an Fheadain. If desired, one of the best gully climbs in the kingdom can be got in the "Water Pipe" (see *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. IX., p. 343), or the steep rocks on either side of this gully can be scaled. Climbers who wish something easier should start about a hundred yards north of the Water Pipe, where the rocks slope

upwards at a reasonable angle to the crest of the Sgurr (rope hardly necessary), and this crest can be readily followed to the foot of the south-west top of Bidein Druim nan Ramh.

Another favourite route to Bidein is that followed by Mr L. Pilkington's party—along the Druim nan Ramh ridge. The first part of this ridge is broad and grassy, and if the rock pitches be avoided it can be joined nearly anywhere on the Harta Corrie side. It can also be readily approached at one place at least from the Coruisk side—almost opposite the Sgurr Coire an Lochain. Further on the Druim nan Ramh becomes narrower and assumes the general character of a Cuillin ridge, and the real climbing begins at a cleft that has to be crossed. This passage, like most of the "bad steps" in Skye, is not so *mauvais* as it looks. It must have been while standing hereabouts that a Gael with some poetic fancy named the place "The Ridge of the Oars." Looking along the ridge to the mass of Bidein, with its lateral ridges sloping downwards on either side, he may have seen in imagination a rower pulling his boat away into the sunset.

At the point where this ridge abuts against Bidein, the rocks of the peak are hopelessly perpendicular, and it is usual to traverse to the left, and either to mount the face of the south-west top, or to make for the gap (with a natural arch) between that top and the middle top.

The geological formation of the Bidein cluster is the usual gabbro, interbedded with basalt, dipping to the east, and intersected by volcanic dykes and veins in all directions. Contact with those intruders plainly demoralises the neighbouring rocks, so that even the good, honest gabbro may, when wet, become slimy and treacherous.

In a note on the flora of Bidein Druim nan Ramh, Mr Drummond speaks of noticing an abundance of saxifrage and sedum; also some *rubus saxatilis*.

TOMDOUN.

By H. T. Munro.

Since our energetic Secretary contributed to the ninth volume an article on "The Motor in Mountaineering," the subject has recurred pretty frequently in the pages of the *Journal.* Without doubt the motor car offers possibilities, and brings within the scope of a day or two's expedition, regions which formerly, even with the help of a bicycle, would have taken thrice as long.

The cluster of mountains grouped between the head of Loch Nevis and Glen Dessary is certainly among the most inaccessible in the kingdom. Without a motor car, probably the best way to attack it is by train to Mallaig, cross to Inverie* by steam launch, which, once a week, runs to the head of Loch Nevis, and for a consideration would meet the climber at Mallaig, and take him to the head of the loch any day. From here, an easy shoulder leads straight to the summit of Sgor na Ciche. In June, when there is practically no night, landing at the head of the loch in the afternoon, one could cross Sgor na Ciche, Sgor nan Coireachen, Sgor Beag and Sgor Mor, Sgor an Fhuarain, and Scour Gairoch. From the summit of the latter it is an easy walk of one and a half hours to the foot bridge over the Garry at Ban Ath, just below Loch Quoich. This is six miles from Tomdoun Inn.

With the help of a motor car, however, Tomdoun forms a very convenient centre. Since the abandonment of the Spean Bridge—Fort Augustus railway, it would only be possible for me to reach Tomdoun from my home in Forfarshire in the day, by driving the 26½ miles, after the arrival of the 9.6 P.M. train at Spean Bridge. Yet with a car, J. Rennie and I left home at 12.30 and were at Tomdoun in comfortable time for dinner. The road from Blair Athole to Dalwhinnie we found surprisingly good. The rough stones which covered it about a year ago had,

* A small, but comfortable temperance inn at Inverie.

to a large extent, been removed. From Dalwhinnie some eleven miles may be saved by taking the hill road to Laggan Bridge, instead of going round by Newtonmore, and it is really no worse than the main road along Loch Laggan. This road is scandalously bad. Between Spean Bridge and Invergarry (sixteen miles) the road is moderate, except at two places with notice boards, "3 water-courses across roadway," and "7" ditto ditto. These places cannot be taken too slowly. Above Invergarry the road is stony, narrow, and twisty, and requires careful driving. Beyond Tomdoun it is considerably worse, and between Bunchaolie and Kinlochquoich it is very bad. Nevertheless it is quite possible to drive it, and once at Kinlochquoich the Sgor na Ciche group is brought within the limit of a moderately hard day.

On Friday, 28th June, we drove a few hundred yards beyond Bunchaolie on the Kinlochhourn road, and, leaving the car, took an excellent stalker's path leading north. This, however, crosses the south-east corrie of Sgurr a' Mhoraire, so after following it for a quarter of a mile we struck off to the left, and reached the southern shoulder of the mountain, which we followed to the summit (3,365 feet, cairn). On this shoulder is a curious perched block. It is from 9 to 10 feet in diameter, and rests on a base of, at the most, 2 feet. Rennie is nothing if not versatile. Among his other accomplishments he is a keen botanist. I like climbing hills with a botanist—or a photographer. This day we found *Cornus Suecica.* But we found it in much greater profusion later on just on the Beallach between Gleourach and Spidean Mialach.

From Sgurr a' Mhoraire we went north for half a mile, and then turned east to Am Bathaiche.* This on the 1-inch map is a small 3,000 feet contour about a mile N.N.E. of Sgurr a' Mhoraire. Between them there is a considerable dip. Am Bathaiche consists of a long broad ridge, with several tops, of which the central appears to be the highest. According to my aneroid it is just over 3,000 feet—say 3,005. Here a heavy thunderstorm came on, and we got "fair drucket."

---

* Name from the 6-inch O.S.

A shoulder of Sgurr a' Mhoraire extends half a mile to the west, and rises to an insignificant top called Sgurr a' Mhoraire Beag (3,101 feet). On this day we saw a brood of young ptarmigan already flying strong. I recall seeing a brood only just out of the egg one 10th July, on Lochnagar.

On Saturday, 29th June, we drove to Kinlochquoich, the sixteen miles taking just one hour.* From here excellent stalkers' paths extend in all directions. We made the mistake of taking one which branched off to the left, over the shoulder of An t' Sail ("the heel"). It is better to keep the main path which follows the burn right into Coire nan Gall. By steep zigzags it ascends to the summit of Meall a' Choire Dhuibh. We, however, struck the ridge beyond, *i.e.*, to the south-west of this top, and soon reached the cairn of Sgor na Ciche (3,410 feet). Before this we were in mist and rain, which continued, more or less, all day, and steering was by compass. There is a considerable drop between Sgor na Ciche and Garbh Chioch Mor,† which lies about half a mile to the south-east. Its approximate height of 3,365 feet, measured by Dr Heddle, seemed to be fairly correct. It is a long, and somewhat broken, and in places rather narrow ridge, involving a good deal of up and down walking. Three-quarters of a mile farther it rises to another well-defined top, of about 3,100 feet (Dr Heddle), called Garbh Chioch Bheag.† Then follows a big drop and a climb of some 600 feet to Sgor nan Coireachan (3,125 feet). Hence the direction is at first east over a nameless top, not much below the 3,000 feet line, and then north-east to Sgor Beag, which is about 2,900 feet, and Sgor Mòr (3,290 feet). A stalker's path leads from the saddle to the north-east of the nameless peak over Sgor Beag to Sgor Mòr. Hence the descent to Kinlochquoich is easy. On reaching home we found that one of the anglers had killed a 30-lb. salmon on a trout rod. Our thanks are certainly due to those same anglers for the excellent trout we had at every meal.

On Sunday, 30th June, we felt we had earned a rest.

---

* The Guide-book article gives the distance as 14 miles.

† Name from 6-inch O.S. map.

Rennie found quantities of *Trientalis Europæa* in a wood close to the road, about a mile east of the hotel. He had previously found a small piece on Sgor na Ciche.

Monday, 1st July, we drove to the bridge at Ban Ath, at the foot of Loch Quoich, where we left the car; and striking straight up the hill over grassy slopes, reached the small cairn on the summit of Spidean Mialach (3,268 feet) in about two hours. Had we known of it at the time, an excellent stalker's path, a third of a mile farther west, would have helped us. A long shoulder extends E.N.E. to a rather fine Beallach, which we made to be 2,475 feet, and where, as before stated, we found quantities of *Cornus Suecica.* From here a stalker's path leads to the east top of Gleourach (3,291 on 6-inch map; 3,250 contour on 1-inch). It has no cairn. The main top (3,395 feet), which has a large cairn with a stick, is two-thirds of a mile west by north. On the top we had thin mist, but the day was fine and dry.

Tuesday, 2nd July, we again left the car at Ban Ath, and crossing the bridge, we were tempted to follow the path for some way. It is better, however, to keep to the shores of the loch to the base of Scour Gairoch. The ascent is perfectly simple. The summit (3,015 feet) has two cairns close together, each surmounted with a stick. It was a lovely day, very hot, and the summits clear of mist. We did not, however, get an extensive view. Ben Nevis was in sight, showing a few streaks of snow; but probably the mountains have seldom been freer of snow by the beginning of July. A few small patches were on the mountains of Drumochter, but none on the hills which we climbed.

The view from Sgor na Ciche enjoys a great local reputation. We were more than once told that it is "finer than Ben Nevis." Unfortunately, as we had mist on the top, we are not competent to judge.

We were back at Tomdoun in time for a late luncheon; and, in spite of the bad roads, I drove the 130 miles home in five hours forty minutes, dropping Rennie at Spean Bridge.

I had previously been in Glengarry on three occasions,

but I confess to being a little disappointed with the scenery. It is certainly very beautiful, well wooded in its lower parts, and beautifully grouped mountains to the west; but it has neither the wild grandeur of Glencoe, nor the richness or variety of form of Glen Affric or Glen Cannich. The hotel is plain, simple, and comfortable, and the food good, patronised mainly by fishing people, who return year after year. The ordinary tourist element is (thank goodness!) not met with. The mountains are extraordinarily grassy, with very little heather. At this season of the year, wild flowers were in profusion. Orchises varying from purple to pure white, also a green one, *Habenaria viridis;* dog violets also varying from violet to white we found right up to the summits. Moss campion, crowberry, globe flower, butter-wort, *Saxifraga stellaris*, &c., but please refer to the botanist of the expedition, Mr J. Rennie.

We had no climbing; nor, as far as we saw, is there anything particular to tempt our "ultramontanes." Broken faces there are on all the mountains, but there are always easy gullies running up them. As regards animal life, we saw deer every day, but never in very great numbers. The biggest lot was on the east shoulder of Scour Gairoch, where there may have been forty together. On Sgor na Ciche we came on a very young deer calf, without its dam. On Sgurr a' Mhoraire we saw a fox. In all only four old ptarmigan were seen, besides a brood of three young. In the four days we only met with one blue hare, two black-cock, and not a single grouse or eagle. But on Scour Gairoch there were a pair of ravens and some hoodie crows. Meadow pipits and wheatears abounded, and on the low ground we saw several merlins. On the whole, I have never seen less animal life on mountains. On the Glen Dessary side of the mountains and also on the south side of Spidean Mialach were a very few sheep.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Annual of the Mountain Club of South Africa, February 1912, No. 15.—It is interesting to note how a Club publication often blossoms out from little more than a report, or a journal consisting of a few pages published at uncertain intervals, into a fully developed, hardy annual. The growth in size of the Club's publication almost invariably synchronises with the growth of the Club itself. This is certainly true of the Mountain Club of South Africa. Its first Annuals were on a small scale, and were not always annuals, one having sometimes to do duty for two years; but the present number consists of 171 pages, and is well illustrated. South Africa evidently affords a grand field for the climber, and the number of virgin peaks, not to say ranges, that exist there, makes a Briton somewhat envious. It is not surprising, therefore, that papers on South African peaks take up the major portion of the Annual, in fact, the only article devoted to "foreign" matter is one of fifteen pages entitled "A Week in Skye," by the Club's President, Mr G. T. Amphlett, A.C.

The week was spent at Sligachan, and was unfortunately wet. However, Mr Amphlett had a clear day for the view from the summit of Sgurr nan Gillean, and much appreciated both. Professor Geikie is twice referred to as Professor Geike, a blunder which gives the name of the well-known Scotsman quite a foreign appearance. Just in front of this article come three pages by Lord Guthrie, "A Visit to South Africa," containing an appreciation of Cape Town.

Alpine Journal, May 1912.—This number contains an article on "The Mountains of Northern Sikkim and Garhwal," by one of our members, Mr A. M. Kellas. The article is a most interesting one, and is illustrated with three grand double-page panoramas, four full-page illustrations, and one map.

Cairngorm Club Journal, July 1912.—This number contains several interesting articles—one on "Map-Reading,"

by P. A. C., gives many useful facts, several of which we do not remember having seen mentioned before.

List of Deer Forests in Scotland, with remarks on Shootings, Sheep Farms, Small Holdings, and Afforestation in Scotland, by George Malcolm, F.S.I., Fort-William. Published by Douglas & Foulis, Edinburgh, 6d. net.

The "Remarks" contained in this book or rather pamphlet only occupy seven large pages, but we do not recollect seeing the case for Deer Forests put so succinctly and clearly, and whatever may be the views of the reader on the subject, the author's remarks are well worth careful perusal. In 1883 the number of deer forests is said to have been 98, their aggregate extent being 2,006,926 acres. They now number 198, and their aggregate extent is 3,369,936 acres. The largest forest is that of Mar, owned by the Duke of Fife and extends to 80,100 acres. The Club's Honorary President, the Marquis of Breadalbane, runs the Duke very close with Blackmount, 80,000 acres. Strathconan, owned by Captain Combe, comes third with 59,000 acres. The only other forests over 50,000 acres are as follows:—

Corrour, Fersit, and Benevrich, Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart., 56,251 acres.

Reay, Duke of Sutherland, 56,037 acres.

Fisherfield and Letterewe, Marquis of Zetland, 52,009 acres.

Ben Armine and Loch Choire, Duke of Sutherland, 50,500 acres.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

LARIG GHRU ROUTE.—On page 51 of the present volume we mentioned that the Cairngorm Club were arranging to erect a permanent bridge across the Allt na Beinne Moire on the Larig Ghru footpath in place of the old wooden footbridge. The new bridge was completed about the end of July, and was formally opened on Saturday, the 3rd August, by Mr John Clarke, who was accompanied by several members of the Club. The bridge has a clear span of 43 feet, and consists of steel girders and flooring resting on substantial concrete piers at either end. The width between the handrails is 3 feet 6 inches. The bridge is about 8 feet above water level, this being the same height as the old wooden bridge, and is reached by a short flight of steps at the Aviemore end and left by a small embanked approach at the other end.

Two cast-iron plates have been fixed to the handrails at the centre of the bridge, one recording the erection of the bridge, and the other giving a list of times and distances from the bridge to Aviemore and to Braemar. The inscriptions being as follows :—

On the down-stream parapet—

1912
THIS BRIDGE
OVER THE ALLT NA BEINNE MOIRE
LARIG GHRU ROUTE
WAS ERECTED BY
THE CAIRNGORM CLUB ABERDEEN
THROUGH ITS COMMITEEE
WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF
MANY MOUNTAIN-LOVING FRIENDS

T. R. GILLIES, Treasurer. JOHN CLARKE, Chairman.

On the up-stream parapet—

LARIG GHRU ROUTE

	Hours.	Miles.
To Aviemore - - - -	1½	4
To Coylum Bridge - - -	¾	2
To Larig Ghru summit (2,733 ft.) . -	3	5½
To Derry Lodge - - - -	6½	14
To Linn of Dee - - - -	8	18
To Braemar - - - -	10	24½

We congratulate the Cairngorm Club very heartily on the successful result of their efforts, and trust that the new bridge will defy the elements for many years to come. The engineer for the work was Mr Jas. A. Parker, who undertook the work in an honorary capacity.

On completion of the opening ceremony five of the party drove back to Coylum Bridge, and after taking tea there walked to Braemar through the Larig and over Ben Muich Dhui. Coylum Bridge was left at eight o'clock in the evening and Braemar reached sixteen hours later. Two hot meals were partaken of *en route*, one at the summit of the Larig at midnight and the other in Corrie Etchachan about six o'clock in the morning. The long time taken to the expedition was due to the time taken to prepare these meals and also to the difficulty of walking through the Larig by lantern light.

STOB COIRE NAM BEITH.—On 16th July J. Hirst and I spent a day on the very fine rock face of this hill. We were favoured with most excellent weather conditions whose only disadvantage was the rather excessive warmth of the ground to the foot of the rocks. Our first attempt was made on the very prominent gully seen, well to the left on the face, from the side of the stream which descends from the upper corrie where it passes over the level part of the lower corrie. Close to the left of this gully and running parallel with it is a conspicuous chimney starting about eighty feet up the face. Of this more anon.

The first pitch of the gully was climbed without difficulty. A good deal of loose matter had to be cleared away and the small stream running down it had to be avoided as much as possible. We then proceeded to the second pitch, and first one and then the other climbed up the lower part of it. Both, however, recoiled on seeing the very awkward steep slab which forms the base of the gully just above this point. As this is surmounted by a great overhanging cave topped with a titanic jammed block with no apparent way up, a very short consultation resulted in our retreating to the base of the gully.

We then proceeded to the aforementioned chimney to the left of the gully. It was first necessary to ascend about eighty feet of steep but broken rock well provided with holds and hitches to reach the foot of the actual chimney. Here, a little to the right, a good

anchorage was found and Hirst started off on the ascent. Climbing with great care and much exertion, due to the rather awkward slant of the chimney to the right, he made his way up for about seventy feet. Here a recess of somewhat doubtful comfort was found and the rucksack followed on the end of the rope. A good hitch was found by means of some quarrying, and the second man, in due course, reached the recess. This long run out may possibly be avoided by the next climbers. In our ignorance of what was to follow and its possible difficulties we did not consider it wise to stop short of the anchorage. As a matter of fact the climbing becomes easier here, and a climb of about eighty feet leads to a very comfortable grass platform where a halt was called. Here our pipes were lit and we spent some time in great comfort, enjoying a most glorious view of the mountains to the north. Above this, after a short ascent, it was necessary to ascend somewhat to the right of the chimney, which had degenerated into a narrow crack overhanging a deep undercut forming a cave. A traverse was presently made, still to our right, along a broad grassy ledge leading into the gully on our right. After a short examination the proper continuation of our climb appeared to be up a vertical wall from the ledge not more than fifty feet to the right of what remained of the chimney. This wall was provided with scanty holds for hands and feet, very rudimentary ones sloping outwards and steeply downwards to the left. It was only necessary to get up a matter of four feet with the help of these holds to reach the top of a projecting block and comfort. For a party of three a shoulder for the first man would have made this easy, but we did not care to do this without a third man, and Hirst had to make the best of it without any extraneous propulsion from below. He surmounted the step in good style and soon brought up the second man, who still regards the awkward step with great respect.

Above this the climbing continues steep but not difficult for another hundred feet or so and then degenerates into a rough scramble over broken rocks to the cairn.

The climb is certainly a most interesting and enjoyable one. We thought it quite comparable with the Churchdoor Buttress which we had climbed the day before. The rocks throughout were very firm and good, though from the very greasy feel of several wet places we came across it might well be a much more impressive climb in wet weather.

R. ERNEST WORKMAN.

BEN IME AND THE COBBLER.—Messrs Gibson, Hunter, Hepburn, and Rennie climbed Ben Ime on 25th May for botanising purposes.

The route taken was up the Allt a' Bhalachain to the pool at Beallach and then north.

The east, south, and west sides of Ben Ime were searched, and although the results were somewhat disappointing as regards rare

specimens, the following plants among others were found. Mr Hepburn supplies the following names:—

Anoxanthum odoratum—Sweet vernal grass.
Nardus strictus.
Caltha palustris.
Empetrum nigrum—Crowberry.
Vaccinium Vitis-Idæa—Cowberry.
Vaccinium Myrtillus — Blaeberry.
Silene acaulis—Moss campion—in flower.
Potentilla salisburgensis.
Alchemilla vulgaris.
Alchemilla alpina.
Salix herbacea.
Saxifraga oppositifolia.
Saxifraga aizoides.
Saxifraga stellaris.
Sedum Rhodiola, in flower.
Oxyria reniformis.
Armeria vulgaris.

The Cobbler was climbed on 26th May. The route was into the main corrie to the east of the main top, then up a grassy gully to the ridge, and down to the south of "Jean."

Saxifraga hypnoides.
Vaccinium uliginosum.
Cochlearia alpina.
Beech, oak, and holly ferns.

The wood sorrel and wood anemone persisted on both hills nearly up to the 3,000 foot level. J. RENNIE.

CUILLIN MAIN RIDGE—CAISTEAL A' GHARBH CHOIRE—*Traversed from north to south.*—In July last Mr Allan Arthur and the writer did a steep little climb that may be new. From the saddle below the overhanging north end of the Caisteal they followed a short edge to the left which led round a corner, and then they went straight up a nearly vertical wall on the Gharbh Choire side, about 60 feet high, to the top of the rock (cairn left). They descended by the crest of the south ridge, where the rocks are very steep, but so rough that it would be difficult to slip off them. This end of the Caisteal has been done before. W. W. N.

SGURR ALASDAIR AND SRON NA CICHE, SKYE.—The following new climbs were made in the latter end of August and beginning of September by E. W. Steeple and G. Barlow, and, in the case of Nos. 1 and 2, A. H. Doughty:—

1. *Sgurr Alasdair—South Face.*—The first definite gully met with in traversing this face from the west makes a good climb of considerable difficulty. It is narrow and almost vertical, and contains eight or nine short but excellent pitches in the first 200 feet, above which the open face is reached. The rock is smooth, but sound and reliable.

2. *Eastern Buttress of Sron na Ciche—Direct Route.*—This route runs directly up the front of the buttress, and gives a magnificent

climb of 600 feet. Though continuously difficult there are no sections of exceptional severity, and it would probably be hard to find a route in the Cuillin affording finer situations and grander rock scenery.

3. *Eastern Buttress of Sron na Ciche—Chimney Route.*—This route is a short distance to the west of the one mentioned above, and follows a well-marked series of chimneys and right-angled corners running up the wall of the eastern gully. There are eight good pitches, and although the difficulties are not so great as those of the direct route, the climb is one which can be strongly recommended.

4. *Girdle Traverse of Sron na Ciche.*—This provides a first-rate expedition of a rather unusual character, full of opportunities for exercising ingenuity in linking up the various sections, whilst preserving a fairly definite level. It commences on the Sgumain Stone Shoot at a large hollow, the first obvious break in the wall of the Eastern Buttress (considerably below the two rakes which commence near the foot of the Ladies' Pinnacle). The Eastern Buttress is traversed round to the top of the chockstone of the second or unclimbed pitch of the eastern gully. The Cioch Slab and Buttress are then traversed to the "amphitheatre" of the central gully, and the line continued to a point in the western gully at the same level as the starting-point—about 2,250 feet. The hardest problems occur on the traverse into the eastern gully from the buttress on the left.

THE JOURNAL.—Nos. 15, 29, 30, 44-46, 48-50, 53, 55, 58, 59, 61-69 are still in print, and may be obtained at 1s. each from Messrs Douglas & Foulis, 9 Castle Street, Edinburgh, who also accept orders to supply the *Journal* regularly, at the rate of 3s. (or 3s. 6d. per post) per annum, payable in advance.

The Hon. Librarian, Mr Arthur W. Russell, 23 Castle Street, Edinburgh, has for sale a few copies of a number of those parts of the *Journal* which are out of print; also various complete volumes: for prices and other particulars application should be made to him.

Copies of the Index to the first ten volumes of the *Journal* (3s. 6d. net, postage 4d.) can also be had from the Librarian.

OF

March 1811. KILCHURN CASTLE. *W. Douglas.*

THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XII. FEBRUARY 1913. No. 70.

ISLANDS OF LOCH AWE.

III. KILCHURN.

BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

ONE can hardly imagine Scotland without Kilchurn, for were it away our country would indeed be robbed of an enduring emblem of its romantic past. There it stands, "child of loud-throated war," surrounded by the grandest of Scottish mountains, or, as one writer has it, like "the seal of a giant on an eviction schedule," for few were the clans that could thrive near a Campbell stronghold in those sad old days.

The ruins are situated at the north-east corner of Loch Awe on the rocky headland (once an island) of a long low marshy peninsula, lying between the estuary of the Orchay river on the one hand and a nameless bay on the other. In times of flood this peninsula is under water and Kilchurn is often now, as it originally was, one of the islands of Loch Awe.

As seen from Loch Awe Hotel it is a soul-stirring picture and one that is a fitting home for the weird tales of bloody cruelty that took place there in the times of the suppression of the Clan Gregor.

In ancient days it was known as Elan Kylquhure,

Caolchuirn Castle, or the Castle of Glenurchy.* The early history of this castle is shrouded in mystery—authentic information regarding its origin being little and meagre. Tradition says (as stated in the "New Stat. Acc.," vii. p. 88) that before the lands of Glenorchy came into the hands of the Campbells the MacGregors † had a castle on the site of Kilchurn, and that before the MacGregors held it, it was the residence of a still more ancient tribe, now no longer in existence in the parish, of the name of Paterson, and that while in their possession it was designated the White House of Eilaincolan.‡

The first reliable information there is regarding Kilchurn is that Sir Colin Campbell, the founder of the Breadalbane family, and second son of the lord of Lochow, held by charter, dated 20th October 1432, the lands of Glenorchy. These were given him by his father for the usual services and a ship of sixteen oars to be furnished for the king and the lord of Lochow when required.§ It is also stated in the "Black Book of Taymouth," p. 13, that he "biggit to himself the castell of Ilan Keilquhirn." Tradition, however, tells a different story, and it runs that his lady, Lady Margaret, to show her love for him, built the castle during his absence abroad fighting the Turks in Spain. The old round tower at the south-west corner of the present ruin is attributed to her. The square keep with its massive walls of great thickness is also said to be of this date. The additional walls converting it into a castle within a quadrangle are of a later period. Colin the

---

* In the "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," it is stated that there were two castles, Kilchurn and the castle of Glenorchy, but we see from Macfarlane (1630) that these were merely two names for the one castle.

† In Douglas' "Baronage," p. 495, it is said of Sir Malcolm M'Gregor, who died in 1164, that he was called "Lord Malcolm of the castles," because of the several castles which he built, and one of these was the castle of Caolchuirn.

‡ Probably the writer in the "New Stat. Acc." has confused this with the White House at Stronmellachan, the old home of the M'Gregors near Dalmally.

§ "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," vol. ii. p. 136.

sixth lord, who died in 1583, built the "four kirnellis" and "north chalmeris" of the castle. In 1643 Sir Robert repaired the "high tower" and the "laich hall" of Castel Kylchorne at the cost of 2,000 marks. An inscribed stone is above the entrance door with the date 1693, the initials, arms, and motto "Follow me" of John, first Earl of Breadalbane and of his second wife, Countess Mary Stuart or Campbell. It was garrisoned for the Government against the Prince in 1745 and it fell into ruins when its roof was removed, some say for the purpose of roofing the new castle at Taymouth and others that it was taken off through the misunderstanding of orders. Be that as it may, it is much more charming now as a ruin than it could possibly be as an inhabited house and many artists of world-wide fame have tried to depict its beauty with more or less success.

By the kindness of Messrs M'Gibbon and Ross we are permitted to give the ground plan of the existing ruins and an extract from their description of the castle which appeared in the first volume of their "Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland."

"Kilchurn castle is situated on a peninsula at the north end of Loch Awe, and is well protected by water and marsh, while the buildings stand on a rocky platform of irregular shape, but with perpendicular faces, about 15 feet high, on three of its sides.

"The plan of this keep has some peculiarities. The entrance door is in the north-east wall on the ground floor, and the stair to the upper floors starts from the opposite corner of that floor. The stair is unusually easy, being a square stair, so arranged that small vaulted rooms are provided on each side of it at the east end of the keep. The exterior is of the usual plain style and is built with granite rubble-work. The corbels carrying the corner bartizans are all cut out of the hardest gneiss or granite.

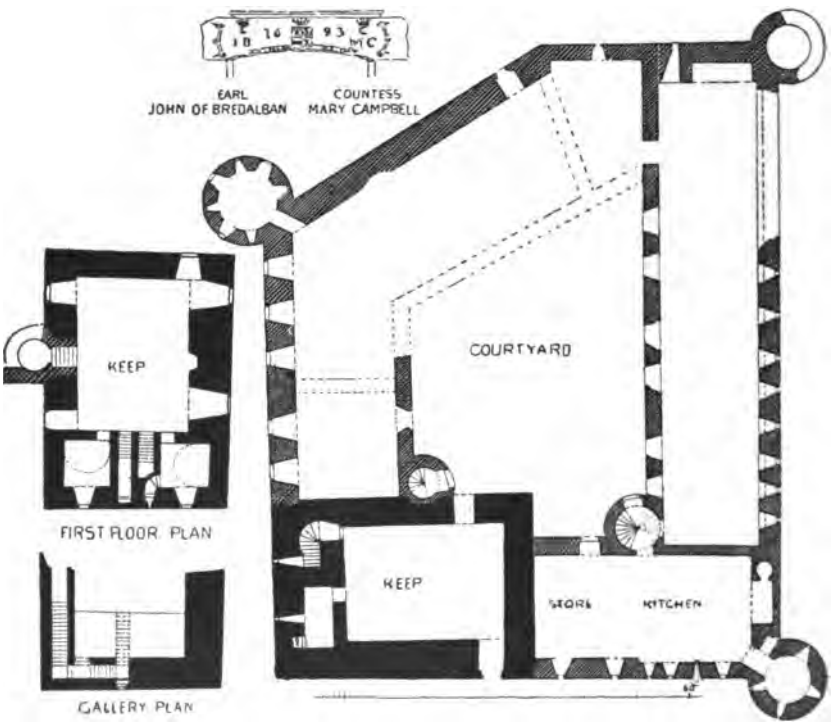
"The additions were built in 1693, this date being carved on the work in two places, viz., the entrance door and the door to the stair turret on the south side of the keep. The first of these inscriptions is rather remarkable, and might be misleading. The original lintel of the entrance door of the keep has been removed, and a new lintel inserted, bearing the date 1693, and the initials and arms of John, first Earl of Breadalbane, and of his second wife Countess Mary Stewart or Campbell.

"Another curious circumstance connected with this door is, that it is the only entrance to the castle, so that to get into the

quadrangle one has to pass through the narrow entrance door and cross the ground floor of the keep.*

"The additions made in 1693 convert this keep into a castle surrounding an irregular quadrangle.

"The additional buildings have been very extensive, and would accommodate a large garrison, but they are not built with a view to resist a siege. The round towers at the angles and the numerous square loopholes on the ground floor would, however, suffice to defend the garrison against a sudden attack by



Highlanders, which was probably what was to be chiefly apprehended in that inaccessible situation. Although this castle presents a striking and imposing appearance at a distance, it is somewhat disappointing on closer inspection. The interior walls are much destroyed, and the internal arrangements of the plan

* This doorway is thought to have been made in the wall of the keep when the castle was added to in 1693, and the only entrance to the keep up to that time was by the door in the west wall of the keep, the one that now opens from it into the interior of the castle.

can scarcely be made out. The buildings have more the appearance of modern barracks than of an old castle. There are two kitchen fireplaces, and probably there were officers' quarters and men's quarters, while the keep and some additional accommodation adjoining would be set apart for the lord and his family."

1432-1658.

The following notes arranged chronologically give a little sketch of the history of the castle and its inhabitants.

1. Sir Colin Campbell, who died in 1475, got, as already stated, the lands of Glenorchy from his father in 1432, and built Kilchurn Castle. He was one of the Knights of Rhodes, and journeyed three times to Rome ("B. B. of T.," p. 13). Sir Colin married several times but authorities vary so much that it is not easy definitely to state how often or in what order or when the respective wives died. It is stated in the recently published "Scots Peerage," vol. 2, p. 175, that he may have married: (1) Mary, daughter of the Earl of Lennox; (2) Mariot Stewart, d. of Walter Stewart of Albanie; (3) about 1448 Jonet, d. of John Lord of Lorne; (4) Margaret, d. of Robt. Robertson of Strowan; (5) before 1467, Margaret, d. of Luke Stirling of Keir, but no authentic record exists of 1, 2, and 4.

When Sir Colin died in 1475 he was succeeded by his and his wife Jonet's son,

2. Sir Duncan, who "was slane at the field off Flowdane with King James the ferd, and was bureit with his chief Archbald Campbell then Erle of Ergyle, in Kilmown because in the foirsaid feild thay deit valiantlie togidder" ("B. B. of T."). "He biggit the laich hall of Glenvrquhay" ("B. B. of T."). It would appear that this was the man who told Hector Boece the following grotesque story:—

"It wes said be Schir Duncane Campbell to us, that out of Garloll (Gareloch) ane loch of Argyle, the yeir of God M.DX yeirs, come ane terrible beist, als mekil as ane grew-hound, futit lik ane ganar (gander) and straik down gret treis with the dint of hir tail; and slew thre men quhilkis wer at thair hountis with thre straikes of hir tail; and wer not the remanent huntaris clam up in strang aikis (oaks) thay had bene all slane in the

samin maner."—P. Hume Brown's "Early Descriptions of Scotland," p. 72.

Sir Duncan was succeeded by his son,

3. Sir Colin, "ane great justiciare all his tyme," died at the castle of Ilankeilquhirn in 1523, and was succeeded by his son,

4. Sir Duncan, who died at the castle of Glenurchy in 1536. He was succeeded by a younger brother,

5. Sir John, who died in 1550 and was succeeded by his brother,

6. Colin, who died in 1583, "was ane great justiciar all his tyme throch the quhilk he sustenit thee deidlie feid of the Clangregour ane lang space, and besydes that he caused executt to the death mony notable lymmaris; he beheiddit the laird off M'Grigour himself at Kandmoir in the presens of the Erle of Atholl, the justice clerk and sundrie other nobillmen." He built the "four kirnellis" and the "north chalmeris" of the castle ("B. B. of T."). He was succeeded by his son,

7. Sir Duncan, who died at Balloch in 1631, and was known as Black Duncan with the cowl. He was a man of affairs, and well maintained his place in that age of unscrupulous politicians. In his own territories he practised a vigorous personal control and most methodical administration. He was enterprising enough to travel abroad and passed to the courts of England and France, and in 1602 thought good to take a view of Flanders and the wars. He waged unceasing war on the Clan Gregor, burnt the town of Dewletter in Glenstrae and the castle of Glenstrae in 1611, and caused many of the clan to be "hangit and quarterit" at the Cross of Edinburgh. He "reparit the castell of Ilankeilquhirn inwardlie and outwardlie," and planted in Glenorchy oak, fir, and birch trees ("B. B. of T.," pp. iv., vi., 35, and 45). He was succeeded by his son,

8. Sir Colin, who died in 1640. He was succeeded by his brother,

9. Sir Robert, who died in 1657 and who repaired the high tower and "laich hall" of Castel Kylchorne at the

cost of 2,000 marks ("B. B. of T."). He had a most intimate knowledge of the Highlands—witness the full information as to distances he was able to give Macfarlane in 1644 and which is published in his "Geographical Collections," vol. 2, p. 537. He was succeeded by his son,

10. Sir John, who died in 1686. He was succeeded by his son,

11. John, who was afterwards created Earl of Breadalbane. His initials with those of his wife are engraved over the entrance door of the castle.

1440.

1440 is given by many writers for the date when the Keep of the castle was first built, and a stone bearing that date with the initials of Sir Colin was said to have been taken from Kilchurn at the time of the 1693 alterations and preserved at Taymouth. In reply to an inquiry as to this Mr D. C. Logan, writing under date 7th December 1912, says:—

"I have now had an opportunity of seeing Lord Breadalbane, who informs me that he is not aware of any stone from Kilchurn dated 1440 being at Taymouth or elsewhere, but is to have a search for the one you refer to. His Lordship informs me there are several stones of the sixteenth century about Taymouth, which were no doubt taken during the period of Vandalism, when lintels were removed from Kilchurn and used in farm houses. He thinks there is only one dated lintel remaining at Kilchurn, viz., one over the principal gateway, which was defaced a number of years ago by a tourist who attempted to chisel off the relief work."

And again under date 2nd January 1913 he writes:—

"that on the east side of the principal entrance gateway to Taymouth Castle there is a stone having on it two rams' heads and a deer's head. I am informed that it is believed this stone at one time contained a date which has become obliterated."

The extracts from books relating to this stone are—

"Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," vol. ii. p. 145, quotes:—

"Stone at Taymouth taken from Kilchurn, inscribed with his initials S.C.C. 1440."—From Pennant, vol. 2, p. 216.

This statement, however, is not in my edition of Pennant.

Stoddart, writing in 1797 of the old church at Dalmally, says :—

"Its antiquity appears from the date 1440, cut with the Campbell arms over the door."—"Remarks on Local Scenery," vol. 1, p. 273.

John Hay Allan, in 1822, says :—

"A stone which was originally placed over the entrance of Castle Caölchairn is now very improperly neglected by its owner, and suffered to remain unnoticed at the manse of Glen Urcha. It is a very valuable and interesting monument to the family, whose origin it perpetuates, since it bears the initials of the founder, and the date of the year in which it was erected, 'SR. C. C. 1440.' Below the legend are a coat of arms and supporters, such as are still borne by the chieftain of Braidalbin which proves that the second quarter was taken as early as by the founder of the house."—"Bridal of Caolchairn," p. 299.

He also says :—

"In one part of the churchyard (of Dalmally) is a rude stone, whose rough device, aided by oral record, has perpetuated the memory of him over whom it was laid. It bears the figure of an anvil, a hammer, a pair of pincers and a galley and has the initials D. M'N. Tradition says this stone covers the grave of Duncan M'Nab the smith who in 1440 assisted in the rebuilding of Castle Caolchairn."—P. 296.

There is a delightful tradition regarding Lady Margaret of Kilchurn of which several versions are extant. Lady Margaret is said to have been left alone for many years during her husband's absence on his expedition to Rome and Arragon, and that she built the castle for him out of her savings. News reached her that Sir Colin had been slain and she was about to marry again when the absent husband arrived in time to stop the wedding.

Mr John Hay Allan—that strange individual around whom and his brother under the name of Sobieski Stuart such an extraordinary romance was subsequently woven—published in 1822 a poem entitled "The Bridal of Caölchairn." The poem, he says :—

"Is founded upon a very slight tradition concerning events which are said to have occurred during the absence of Sir Colin Campbell on his expedition to Rome and Arragon. It is said by the tale that the chieftain was gone ten years, and that his wife having received no intelligence of his existence in that time, she

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

March 1911

KILCHURN CASTLE.

W. Douglas.

accepted one of her husband's vassals, MacNab of Barachastailan. The bridal was fixed; but on the day when it was to have been solemnised, the secret was imparted to Sir Colin in Spain, by a spirit of the nether world. When the knight received the intelligence he bitterly lamented the distance which prevented him from wreaking vengeance upon his presumptuous follower. But the communicating spirit, either out of love of mischief, or from a private familiarity with Sir Colin, I know not which, promised to obviate this obstacle, and on the same day, before the bridal was celebrated, transported the chieftain in a blast of wind from Arragon to Glen Urcha. In what manner Sir Colin proceeded, tradition does not say; it simply records, that the bridal was broken, but is silent upon the nature of the catastrophe. It is unnecessary, therefore, to say that the conclusion of the poem is not founded on the legend. The above fragment is now almost entirely forgotten in the neighbourhood where its events are said to have taken place. As far as I know, it is confined to one man named Malcolm MacNab, who lives upon the hill of Barachastailan; he is between eighty and ninety years of age, and the last of the race of ancient smiths, who remains in the place of his ancestors."

The poem opens with a description of the scene of the tragedy and tells of the arrival of Sir Colin in the guise of a friar from foreign lands who speaks the ladye sister of the bride as she rides on her way to the castle.

"In pilgrimage" (he says) "I wend my way
To lone Ardchattan's abbey grey;
But kind the gentle dame replied,
A stranger and without a guide,
It may not be at fail of light
Thou cross dark Brandir's pass to-night;
But till the morn thy journey stay,
And turn thee with us on our way,
And in yon tower thou shalt find
Fair courtesie and welcome kind."

The friar then is told that M'Nab had returned alone from the wars where he had left Sir Colin slain by the Moors on Grenada's plain, "commended him with parting breath his vassal in her grace to take." Then follows a vivid picture of the scene in the castle.

"Around in high and silent state
The bridal pageantry did wait,
Upon the dais, at highest seat,
With all which prelate pomp held meet,
In his rich stole, and amice white,

Sat Innishail's abbot knight;
And on his lip and downcast eye
Slight discontent there seemed to lye.
Before him on a cloth of pall
Where spread his high insignia all;
Upon a crimson cushion gay
The splendid missal open lay,
And o'er it stood in glistening light
The massy cross of silver bright.
While at his chair's tall back there stood
The waiting monks in cope and hood,
And 'neath the throne illumined half
Bore the rich crosier's bossy staff;
And round in ordered silence chill
Showed their dark gowns and postures still."

After the wedding a night of revelry followed and when all are asleep—

"Sudden, and wild, and dreadly high
Rung through the pile a fearful cry,
And startled on each couch of fear
Waked up the sleeper's eye and ear,
Each half upon his arm upraised
Through the grey gloom with horror gazed,
But scarce in awful pause profound
Sunk the fell echo's parting sound,
When rung again that ghastly shriek,
And seemed with earthless cry to speak
Through every chamber's floor and wall,
E'en from the turret to the hall.
The boldest warrior's brow turned pale,
The shuddering maiden's breath did fail,
And on her knees she sunk with fear
That wild and thrilling scream to hear.
But when its parting knell was o'er,
Murmur or sound returned no more,
And awful through the noiseless pile
A deep death-stillness sunk the while.
Amid the fearful pause of dread
Each silent knelt upon his bed,
And each fixed eye with rigid stare
Upon the void gloom did glare,
And listened long each tingling ear
Unto the silent night with fear;
But to their high-wrought heed of pain
Nought on the stillness came again
Save through the dewy casements grey
The plash of waters in the bay."

The awaked sleepers rush to the bridal chamber.

"But, heaven forefend! what dreadful sight
Revealed that heavy veil to light!
All pale and still from breath resigned,
The bride in death-like swoon reclined,
And at her side with cheek of clay
Drowned in his blood the bridegroom lay,
With pallid lips and icy eye,
And his wan hands clasped rigidly,
As if awaked by stroke of death,
Mercy he prayed with panting breath
Dark in his throat and bosom red
A mortal stab incessant bled,
And yet, e'en in the heart below,
Fixt by the fell determined blow,
Closed to the helve was found the dirk
Had done the dark and fearful work."

The friar joins the abbey of Inishail.

Hamerton has another version of this story: That while Sir Colin Campbell was in Rome, after seven years' absence at the holy wars, a monk advised him to return home without delay. This he did and on the day of his return he found preparations being made for the wedding of his wife to Lord M'Corquodale. His wife, Lady Margaret, had, during his absence, built the castle of Kilchurn, but as she had been told he was dead was about to marry again. Sir Colin dressed in beggar's rags went to the wedding. At the feast a young chief arose and said, "Brave Campbells, and you friendly guests, before you drink the bride it is her wish, that in silence you should testify the love you bore the chieftain we have lost." Sir Colin did not drink but said, "I knew Sir Colin in a foreign land but will not drink unto his memory until his widow fills this empty cup." Lady Margaret granted his request and as she received from his hand the empty cup she saw in it a signet ring of massive gold. Then the cry arose, "Sir Colin has returned again." In the excitement which followed M'Corquodale escaped, but many years afterwards he was killed by a son of Sir Colin who took his land, his castle, and his goods.—"Isles of Loch Awe."

1518-1703.

1518.—Died Duncan M'Gregor keeper of the castle of Glenvrquhay.—"Hist. Not. of Clan Gregor," p. 45.

1524.—Neil the son of Duncan M'Gregor in Glenvrquhay died in the castle.—"Hist. Not. of Clan Gregor," p. 46.

1532.—Sir Colin Campbell the 3rd laird died at Ilan-Keilquhirn.—"B. B. of T."

1536.—A charter of Earl Archibald is witnessed by John M'Conquhye VicGregor captain of the castle of Glenvrquhay.—"O. P. S.," vol. ii. p. 146.

In 1550 a lease was granted for the keeping of the castle from which it would appear that the castle had ceased to be the chief or even the usual dwelling place of the family. It is printed in full in the "Black Book of Taymouth," pp. 405-408, and the following is a vidimus of its best points.

"Be it kend . . . be thir present letteris, me Johne Campbell of Glenurquhay to haue set and for malis [maills or rent] and seruice lattin the keping of my castell of Glenurquhay to my weil belouit seruand Johne M'Conoquhy V^c^Gregour" and the lands of Kincrakin for five years; including the crofts of Polgreyich and Portbeg and all the crofts within Kincrakin excepting the crofts of Malt, Yarde, Tourour and the "auld warde callit the Quosche." The said Johne to have entry at Whitsunday 1550. He paying yearly 48 bolls of grain (the third of which is to be wheat) and all to be measured in a "just firlott brount [branded] with the stand of Perth."

The said Johne to have the merklands of Arrecastellen and Arrenabeyne for the keeping of the castle—free from "all hostings" [feudal obligations] except for the defence of me and the country when "misteris [necessity] beis" and the same for the lands of Kyncrakkyn "half-stenting and hosting to the Quenis grace and my Lord of Argylis quhen mister beis and als requirit and he and his seruandis sall ansuer me quhen I haue ado to keip the cunthre or in ony vther great bissines that I haue ado."

The said John shall keep a watchman at his own expense but I shall pay his fee of 6s. 8d. He to keep the tower head clean and "failyieand the tour heid be not cleyn" he shall lose his fee.

I shall give Johne and his wife and two honest servants their meat when I am in Glenurquhay, the watchman to be their boy. Johne shall find me as "oft as I cum to the castell" fuel for the hall, the kitchen, and bakehouse the first night, and "fodder" [straw] to my chamber to make beds and perform other duties as required.

Then follow some stipulations about "the grasing of kye hors and wedderis."

The said Johne is to have leave "to sett foure nettes within the Dowloch and na farder" he paying for this "fouretene bollis gude meale of that the tane halfe quhite meile weill schillit and tua dussoun of pultrie." If the laird brings any malt of his own "furth of utheris cunthries" it shall be ground "multer fre" by the said Johne.

The said Johne shall employ a gardener at his own expense to "amend and graith" the yards and plant trees and build a "dyk" round them, and shall "saw quhite kaill seid, reid kaill seid and vnzeown seid," I sending him the seed at the proper time, and he shall use the utmost diligence to put the yards to profit, one-third to be his portion for his "travell and labouris."

"My stabill, peithous, kyill and barne exceptit out of his takis and assedation fra the said Johne bot I to us the sammyn to my behuiff as I think expedient, quhilkis housis lyis to Portbeg."

"In 1552 an act of the court of Argyle was passed in favour of Colin Campbell of Glenvrquhay against Gregoure M'Conoquhy VcGregoure, declaring the latter at the will of his pursuer for destroying his woods, but the pursuer having declared his will accepted 300 marks instead of a 1000 as compensation for his loss."—"O. P. S.," vol. 2, p. 145.

1574-6.—Charters were witnessed by Gregoure M'Ane, captain or constable of Glenvrquhay.—"O. P. S.," vol. 2, p. 146.

1583.—Colin, the sixth laird, who died in 1583 built the four kirnellis and north chalmeris of the castle.—"B. B. of T."

1610.—While Sir Duncan Campbell was residing in Edinburgh with his sons and other kinsmen, attending the Privy Council, the Clan Gregor burned the 100 marklands of Glenvrquhay and other lands "and in the Cosche of Glenvrquhay they slew fourtie great mearis and thair followaris with ane fair cursour sent to the said Sir Duncane from the Prince out of London." Sir Duncan having returned from Edinburgh and despatched his son Robert and Colene Campbell of Abirruquhil in pursuit of the depredators, they overtook and slew a number of them, and captured six "quhom they hangit at the Cosche * quhair they slew the mearis." —"B. B. of T.," p. 43.

1614.—The auld laich hall of Glenurquhay and the kitchen theirof, bot ane hous hight, being ruined, it was reedifiet and

* I have not been able to locate the exact position of the Cosche, which, as we have seen, also figures in the 1550 lease. It is referred to as well in a 1596 document, quoted in the "O. P. S.," vol. ii. p. 142, "the turnouris croft belonging to the castle of Glenvrquhay with the medo and quosche adiacent tharto"; and from this one might gather that the cosche was an enclosed space in the meadows adjacent to the castle.

reparyt to tua hous hicht, with ane chymnay on the syde wall thairof, be Sir Duncane Campbell in 1614 for the warkmanschip quhair of he gaif thrie thousand merkis money.—"B. B. of T.," p. 44.

1616.—"Upon the south syd of the clos betuix the great toure and the kitchen of Glenurquhay the tua laiche cellaris with ane loft abone thame and ane capell abone the loft wer compleit in Mairche in anno 1616 yeiris, the expense quhairof debursit by Sir Duncane is fywe hundreth poundis money, at which tyme the stair going from the clos to the said tour wes biggit."—"B. B. of T.," p. 46.

1643.—Sir Robert "gave to Andro Scott, wricht, for repairing the high towre of Castel Kylchorne, the lofting and gesting therof, together with the repairing of the laich hall the soume of tuo thowsand merkis."—"B. B. of T.," p. 99.

1650-1653.—During these years the castle appears to have been in occupation by Colin Campbell (the third son of Sir Robert Campbell) and his wife Isabel, daughter of Lachlan Mackintosh, captain of the Clan Chattan, for it appears on record that four of their children were born in Kilchurn Castle, viz.:—

Margaret, 27th April 1650.

Anne, born in "the Tower of Castle Caolchurn," 3rd Dec. 1651.

Colin, 18th Dec. 1652.

Julian, 31st Dec. 1653.—"Scots Peerage," vol. 2, p. 191.

1654.—King Charles II.'s army besieged the castle of Kilchurn for two days, and it was relieved by General Monk in July 1654. In a letter from General Monk to Cromwell dated from Sterling 29 July 1654, he writes:—"The 14th we marched from Glendowert to Glenloughee 16 miles. In the evening the Enemy under Middleton were discovered by our Scouts, marching in Glenstrea, and firing the country as they went—having risen from before the House of Glenurqy in Loughoe before which they had layne 2 dayes, and had made some preparations to storm itt, the Marquesse of Argyll and Glenurqy being in it—but uppon the view of some few of our forces they dispersed several ways."—*Scot. Hist. Soc.*, vol. 31, p. 151.

1703.—"A tenant on Loch Fyne in 1703 pays a part of his rent in herrings, and furnishes the Earl's family with white fish and shell fish during their residence at Castle Kilchurn."—Preface, "Black Book of Taymouth," xxxii.

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

KILCHURN CASTLE IN 1772.

Drawn by Moses Griffiths for PENNANT'S "TOUR IN SCOTLAND."

Descriptions of Kilchurn Castle at Different Periods.

1630.

"There is another Castle pertaining to the Laird of Glenurquhy at the eist heid of Lochow at the south syde thereoff; and on the North syde of the east heid of this Logh there is a town which the M'Gregours were wont to dwell and inhabite in, sometimes which is called Stronimiallachan in Glenstra. This Castle of Glenurquheys is called Castle Cheilchorne and there is ane Church in Glenurquhie which is called Claghane diseirt."—Macfarlane's "Geographical Collections," 1907, vol. 2, p. 147.

1760.

"Towards the north end of the lake is Castle Culhorn on an Island which was the first seat of the family of Broadalbin."—"Bp. Pococke's Tour" (1887), p. 68.

1769.

"In an isle in the beginning of the lake is the castle of *Kilchurn*, which had been inhabited by the present Lord *Breadalbane's* grandfather. The great tower was repaired by his Lordship, and garrisoned by him in 1745, for the service of the Government, in order to prevent the Rebels from making use of that great pass cross the kingdom; but is now a ruin, having lately been struck by lightening."—Pennant's "Tour in 1769," 5th ed., vol. 1, p. 237.

1772.

"Visit *Kilchurn* castle, a magnificent pile, now in ruins, seated on a low isle, near the southern border of the lake, whose original name was *Elankeil guhirn*. The fortress was built by Sir *Colin Campbell* Lord of *Lochow*, who died aged 80, in 1480; others say by his lady, during the time of his absence, on an expedition against the infidels, to which he might have been obliged by his profession, being a knight of *Rhodes*. . . . Within are some remains of apartments, elegant, and of no great antiquity."—Pennant's "Tour of 1772," Part 2, p. 11.

1776.

"On an island, stands the castle of Kilchurn, which is a grand object under the impending gloom of the mountains. This castle was built originally by the lady of one of the Campbells, who went to the holy wars. Here in solitary retirement, she mourned his absence, and waited his return. In after ages the castle of Kilchurn taking a more dignified form, became the seat of the

earls of Breadalbin and was admired chiefly for the view it commanded over the lake, and over a rich vale, bounded by lofty mountains. It afterwards became a fortress; and when the rebellion broke out in the year 1745, was hastily fortified by lord Breadalbin for the government, and garrisoned to defend this pass into the Highlands; which intention I believe it fully answered."—William Gilpin's "Observations, &c." (1789), vol. i. p. 176.

1785.

"At the north end of the loch there is a large castle, belonging to the Earl of Breadalbane, now falling to ruin. This in barbarous times was the ancient den or stronghold of the family, from which they issued forth, at the head of their retainers, like the princes and heroes of Homer, and like those of all uncivilised times and countries, to commit occasional depredations on their neighbours. The present possessor has the happiness to live in a milder age, and one more suited to the natural benignity of his disposition. The sculking place of his remote ancestors is abondoned."—"Tour in England and Scotland in 1785" by an English Gentleman [Thomas Newte], 8vo, London, 1788, p. 125.

1792.

"At the east end of Loch-Aw on a rocky point, projecting into the lake, about a mile below the inn of Dalmalie we saw the fine ruins of Castle Kilchurn. The square tower, of castellar form, was built in the year 1440, by Sir Colin Campbell; a knight of Rhodes, ancestor of the Breadalbane family. Sir Colin was a son of Argyll: His father gave him Glenorchay with other valuable appanages for his patrimony. He was a man of high renown for military prowess, and for the virtues of social and domestic life. His consort was a daughter of the earl of Angus and she brought 600 merks as her marriage dower."—Lettice's "Letters on a Tour through Scotland in 1792," p. 272.

1792.

"Among other spots to which the landlord of the inn at Dalmally conducted me in the morning, was a height, called Barhassland, the residence of Mr M'Nab, the representative of a family of blacksmiths, who have occupied this station since the middle of the fourteenth century. The progenitor was, at that time, invited hither by Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow—to fabricate the iron-work necessary in the construction of the neighbouring castle of *Kilchurn*, and to work as smith to the family, and to the tenants upon the estate. A line of his posterity have, ever since, continued to practise his craft on the spot where he was settled. The present representative of this ancient family of blacksmiths is a very decent, intelligent man."—Robert Heron's "Observa-

tions made in a Journey through the Western Counties of Scotland in 1792," 2 vols., Perth, 1792, vol. i. p. 293.

1799.

The most picturesque object on this lake, and, perhaps, one of the finest ruins in Britain, is Kilchurn castle: not only from its magnitude and extent, but from its happy appropriateness to its situation. It is built on a projecting point, which, when the water is high, appears insulated; the shore near it is low; but on the opposite side of the lake, the rocky promontories of Cruachan rise abruptly from the water, and the swelling mass loses its wild summits in the clouds. Of the building itself, the exterior walls are nearly entire; the circular towers, which project on the south and east, prevent the monotonous effect of too regular a line; whilst the magnitude of the pile is such, as to give the whole a characteristic grandeur. We entered it by a small door, on which was the date 1693; but the chief part of the present ruin is much older. From a court in the centre, it is seen to great advantage, as a study for the painter; the walls are overspread with ivy, the apartments are high, and surrounded by lofty towers, and the wide breaches made by time, in some of them, lay open to the view of their interior. This castle is said to have been built by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, about the year 1440, when he was engaged in foreign wars; some curious information respecting it is given in the following extract from a MS. dated 1598 which was shown to me by the Earl of Breadalbane: "Colene, sixth Laird biggit the castle of Balloch, the castell of Edinamvill, the hail ludging of Perth within the close, the four kirnellis of the castell of Ilan Keilquhirne and the north chalmeris thairoff, he died April 7, 1583, at an advanced age."—Stoddart's "Remarks on Local Scenery," London, 1801, vol. i. pp. 269-271.

There is in this book a fine picture of Kilchurn by Williams of Edinburgh.

1803.

"When we had ascended half-way up the hill, directed by the man, I took a nearer footpath, and at the top came in view of a most impressive scene, a ruined castle on an island almost in the middle of the last compartment of the lake, backed by a mountain cove, down which came a roaring stream. The castle occupied every foot of the island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water; mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine between; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the castle was wild, yet stately, not dismantled of its turrets, nor the walls broken down, though completely in ruin. After having stood some minutes I joined William on the high road, and both wishing to stay longer near this place, we requested the man to drive his little boy on to Dalmally,

about two miles further, and leave the car at the inn. He told us that the ruin was called Kilchurn Castle, that it belonged to Lord Breadalbane, and had been built by one of the ladies of that family for her defence during her Lord's absence at the Crusades, for which purpose she levied a tax of seven years' rent upon her tenants; he said that from that side of the lake it did not appear, in very dry weather, to stand upon an island; but that it was possible to go over to it without being wet-shod. We were very lucky in seeing it after a great flood; for its enchanting effect was chiefly owing to its situation in the lake, a decayed palace rising out of the plain of waters! I have called it a palace, for such feeling it gave to me, though having been built as a place of defence, a castle or fortress. We turned again and reascended the hill, and sate a long time in the middle of it looking on the castle and the huge mountain cove opposite, and William, addressing himself to the ruin, poured out these verses:—

> "'Child of loud-throated War! the mountain stream
> Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
> Is come, and thou art silent in thy age.'"

—Dorothy Wordsworth's "Tour in Scotland," 3rd ed., pp. 138, 139.

1822.

"The castle as it now stands has been much enlarged since the days of Colin Dubh. The south side was added some time during the fifteenth century; and the north, which is far the most spacious part of the building, was erected by Ian Glass, first Earl of Braidalbin 1615. This wing contained the state apartments, and below them the kitchen and other menial chambers. Its space was of considerable extent; in the walls are the apertures of twenty-four casements, in which the sockets of the iron stauncheons are yet visible. The strength of the keep is nearly treble that of the rest of the fortress. The walls are above six feet thick, and within them are narrow stairs communicating from the third flat to that above. From the same division to that beneath there is in the thickness of the wall also a secret passage, which descends from beneath the niche of one of the south-west casements, and had its egress by a trap in the arch over the door, which opens from the room below upon the grand staircase of the keep. The roof and the floors of the castle are now all gone, and the west angle of the north wing and a great part of the interior walls of the rectangle are in ruins. This dilapidation is not the work of time, but the hand of wilful desolation. In the 'forty-five the building was garrisoned against the Prince; but the superior attractions of the situation, and the effects of a stroke of lightning, caused the family shortly afterwards to remove their residence entirely to Taymouth. So lately, however, as thirty years since the building was entire, and inhabited by an

old woman, who acted as housekeeper: one of the rooms was hung with tapestry, and wine was in the cellar for the use of the chieftain if he should visit Loch Awe on a sporting excursion. The iron door was still on the charter room, and an old skull-cup and mail shirt remained hanging on the wall of the armoury.

"When the new house was erecting at Taymouth, it was thought that the deserted roof of Caölchairn might still be applied to the new edifice, and save expense of constructing another. Without making any survey of the respective areas of the two buildings, the old castle was unroofed, and the materials carried to Taymouth; but when they arrived, it was found that the principals and rafters were too short for the dimensions of the new shell, and consequently useless. After this outrage upon the venerable fortress of Loch Awe, it was given up to general spoliation: the church, the inn, and many of the tenants' houses in the straith were supplied from its pile with sills, window-cases, and corner stones, and it was thus reduced to a state of ruin." —"Bridal of Caölchairn," p. 300.

1843.

"24th April 1843.—We took a car before breakfast and went to Kilchurn, of which, besides seeing it, I wanted to have a bit, for my long contemplated, and seemingly never to be executed, old castle chessmen. It is a very fine ruin, grandly placed. There are far larger and far more beautiful and interesting fragments of *religious* architecture in Scotland, but I cannot recollect the ruins of any greater *castle*. And this one has still enough of turret, and window, and ivy remaining to render it perhaps in as perfect a stage for preservation, as a ruin, as it ever has been or can be. But what murder it is undergoing! There is little neighbouring population, and therefore there is little of the usual Scotch sheer filth. But except this there is every other atrocity. Not one sixpence of money or one moment of care has ever been bestowed on either of the two duties of protecting or of cleaning. The whole rubbish has been allowed to accumulate of late exactly as it has fallen; and not one trowelful of lime has ever been laid out to prevent the descent and accumulation of more. The consequences are that the inside is almost utterly inaccessible, and that time has made, and is making, innumerable obvious preparations for undermining and throwing down more large and important masses. Whole walls seem to depend in some places on the crumbling of a small stone."*—Lord Cockburn's "Circuit Journeys," p. 184.

* Since Lord Cockburn's time much has been done for the preservation of the ruins. The walls are well cared for, the interior and precincts are kept clean and tidy, and there is a caretaker and his wife in residence in a little house within the castle.

1865.

"The castle is picturesque enough to please the eye of the landscape painter, and large enough to impress the visitor with a sense of baronial grandeur. And it is ancient enough, and fortunate enough too—for to that age does not always attain—to have legends growing upon its walls like the golden lichens or the darksome ivies. The vast shell of a building looks strangely impressive standing there, mirrored in summer waters, with the great mountain looking down on it. It was built, it is said, by the lady in the Crusade times, when her lord was battling with the infidel. The most prosaic man gazing on a ruin becomes a poet for the time being. You incontinently sit down, and think how, in the old pile, life went on for generations—how children were born and grew up there—how brides were brought home there, the bridal blushes yet on their cheeks—how old men died there, and had by filial fingers their eyes closed, as blinds are drawn down on the windows of an empty house, and the withered hands crossed decently upon the breasts that will heave no more with passion. The yule fires, and the feast fires that blazed on the old hearths have gone out now. The arrow of the foeman seeks no longer the window slit. To day and night, to winter and summer, Kilchurn stands empty as a skull, yet with no harshness about it; possessed rather of a composed and decent beauty—reminding you of a good man's grave, with the number of his ripe years, and the catalogue of his virtues chiselled on the stone above him: telling of work faithfully done and of the rest that follows, for which all the weary pine."—Alexander Smith's "Summer in Skye," 1866, pp. 65-66.

THE BRACK.

THE ELEPHANT GULLY.

By Harold Raeburn.

This is the conspicuous black chasm with two pitches (visible) very well seen from above the first rise in Glencroe. It cleaves the main mass of the rocks at the lower right-hand (N.) edge of the corrie, under the summit ridge of the mountain.

The easiest way to reach its foot is to cross the River Croe by the bridge at the farm of Creagdhu, and slant up hill into the corrie, bearing always to right. The Croe water can also be crossed, unless in flood, just below the rocky gorge higher up the glen.

The gully is built in three pitches, the highest mainly underground.

It was first ascended on 30th May 1906 by Messrs A. M'Laren, S. G. and C. P. Shadbolt. Whether from modesty or because these three gentlemen were not then members of the S.M.C., the only notice was four lines in Vol. 9, p. 144, of the *Journal*. The party which made the climb in 1912 were unaware of this note, and ascended the gully under the impression it was new. They only realised their mistake one by one on emerging from the exit hole of the top pitch and seeing a cairn close by.

The gully was attacked by Dr and Mrs Inglis Clark (Dr Clark's paper, "The Motor in Mountaineering—The Brack," *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. 9, pp. 19-24), but conditions were unfavourable and the first pitch was not reached. Another S.M.C. party had also a "look at the gully," but they were unprovided with rope, and again conditions were unfavourable.

As Dr Clark remarks in his article, the corrie below the gully is full of huge boulders. These are much higher, both in standard and size, than the well-known practice boulders on the way up to the N. peak of the Cobbler. Four or five were climbed by the 1912 party. On two of them

only one possible route could be discovered. The Elephant Gully is remarkable for the enormous size of the chockstones of the two visible pitches. Especially huge is the upper of these. One does not quite realise this till close at hand. In fact, doubts were expressed by someone of the possibility of getting behind the chockstone, whether the aperture, which was evidently there, would prove large enough. Another made the remark, "I believe an elephant, were he a rock-climber, would probably be able to get through." As a matter of fact, a 70-foot whale would have no difficulty due to waist measurement, and did it not prefer, with an astonishing absence of good taste from an S.M.C. man's point of view, "sounding" in the sea to 'scending on the rocks.

Thus, however, the origin of the proposed name.

An alternative poetic title, "The Chimney of the Mountain Gnome," was promptly rejected. There was too much risk of some Cockney guide in the future pointing it out as "The Mount'in 'Ome of the Mountain Gnome." Anyway, the title is surely better than the endless—

"North, East, South, West,
Great, Wee-ist, Worst, Best"

style of nomenclature, or worse still, the severely mathematical, as—

"A_1, B_2, C_3, D_4, S.M.C.$_{Nth}$ power."

The day of our visit, 3rd Nov. 1912, was a quite perfect one. Keen frost the previous night, and this morning an absolute dead calm, left the whole visible extent of the surface of Loch Long unruffled by the faintest ripple. The water was of extraordinary clearness, and more extraordinary still, seemed to possess in full the double capacity of perfect reflection and absolute transparency. At once every detail of the boulder-strewn shore, the bracken-clad lower slopes, the snow-tipped peaks, and the deep blue sky were mirrored in its polished surface. At the same time the rocks, the sands, and the seaweed of the loch bottom were visible through the upper pictures of the surface. The effect struck one as though the water was not real. Something airier, lighter, more alive than the somewhat

heavy and very inelastic substance which we know results from the marriage of the fiery oxygen to the volatile hydrogen. It had the same quality in stillness as the water at Eaux Vives has in motion—

> "Where Leman leaps out of Gènevan gates
> To form the reformed Rhone."

The slight suspicion we had had in the cities of the south of the imminent approach of winter were here clear and evident. On Lomond's shapely cone, and on the rugged hills to the north-west, lay more than a mere sprinkling of snow, whilst the black, jutting crags of the Cobbler were finely draped and made a vivid contrast against purest white.

Down in the valley, however, on the swift, smooth motion of the rushing car coming to a stop, the heat grew quickly almost oppressive, as the unclouded sun gained power. Leaving the car above the steep rise about half-way up Glencroe, the party ascended straight up into the N.E. corrie of the Brack. C.C., or the Cautious Chauffeur (so called because he has never been known —*by the police*—to exceed the speed limit), not caring to leave his "animal" standing by the road unwatched, took "her" down again to the farm, and beat the rest of us easily to the gully.

Here we all foregathered for lunch. The slabby buttress to left of the gully looks as though it might afford, in good conditions, a possible climb. To-day its summit was fringed with plates of ice, and great icicles hung from the jutting ledges of the upper part. No one, therefore, even thought of trying it. Leaving the three officials (the lady President, the lady Secretary, and the lady Librarian of the L.S.C.C.) to do what "reefing" might be considered necessary, C.C. and the G.C., or Guide-Chef, started off to explore the lowest pitch (the G.C. is so called because, though totally ignorant of the Brack and its topography, he was supposed to "Cook" for the party). The gully is a wide one, the underside of the first chockstone fully 20 feet across—directly, wholly inaccessible. Below, the gully bed slopes back

far into the mountain, with very high angled unstable scree and small pitches. How far it was possible to follow this was not fully tested. Both explorers thought, after later evidence, that communication might be made by a trifle of mining, with the bed of the gully, a good bit above the chockstone.

About 80 feet from the entrance the way got very narrow, slimy, and also very steep. It had been "pitch" dark for some time, and matches had to be used.

A simultaneous thought flashed through both burrowers' brain boxes: "The ladies would not like this." "The luzula and moss drapery on the right wall, even if stiff with frost embroidery, is much superior from a scenic point of view. Let's try it!" Retreat and ropery. The united party—in two sections—now tackled this right wall.

It is very steep, and the holds not quite satisfactory owing to their loose, turfy nature. It was, however, soon overcome, and an easy traverse led above the first pitch.

A short distance up the gully bed above, here composed of loose rocks, the L.S. discovered a small opening. On dropping a stone down a faint rumbling was heard for a considerable time. The conclusion, therefore, was that this is the exit of the dark chimney below. The second pitch now loomed close overhead. It appeared of a very hopeless character. The chockstone is probably not less than 30 feet across. On climbing up into the great cave behind it, however, a very neat little ledge was discovered. Though steep it was not difficult, and presently all the party were standing at ease on the turf-covered summit of the great chockstone. From here is the crux of the climb. The route adopted seemed the only one. With much ice about this would not be a suitable climb for any but the strongest party to attempt. From the turf-covered top of the chockstone a neat horizontal ledge leads out on the right wall. This is somewhat overhung above, and is just wide enough to stand on without falling over. Towards its outer end a small flat-floored recess in the cliff occurs, about 5½ feet above the level of the ledge. This niche is about 18 inches wide. At the back of the niche a sharp-angled crack in

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

November 1914. THE BRACK *J. N. Young.*

clean rock formed in our case the desired safety-key for the opening of the passage. The G.C. found that a short reach just put this key out of his grasp. No doubt it might have been gained by a slight jump, but the place is too vertical and the balance too fine. It ought not to be risked. A gentle heave from the powerful shoulder of the C.C. and the key was in hand.

There is a good hitch in a little chimney higher up, and the rest of the party soon followed, the C.C. finding that his extra height enabled him to reach the key without any jump.

Contouring a rounded mossy rib demanding care and balance, we again entered the gully bed. Soon came the third and last pitch. This was of quite a different character. A long, slanting tunnel at an angle, not very great indeed, but enough to render the loose stones with which it was superabundantly lined very restless.

They appeared eager, under the mean excuse of gravity—as if that was any excuse for such conduct—to fiercely attack the party. One could almost think they could see real malignant little mountain gnomes heaving and pushing behind the seldom-ceasing stream of rock fragments.

By keeping close, catching the blocks before they got properly started, damming them up till the others got clear, and then letting them go with a rush, we at last crawled out at the exit. This was a neat green hole in the turf some way back from the cliff edge. Then we saw the cairn.

However, we did not grudge it to the then unknown pioneers. We had enjoyed the climb to the full, and the uncertainty of the issue had kept up our interest to the very last.

A quarter of an hour later we stood on the summit of the Brack. To the N., N.W., and N.E. all was clear, and many a snow-capped Highland Ben, even to the great monarch of them all, was clearly visible.

S., S.W., and W. almost all the sun-bathed landscape was obliterated by a thin brown veil. What could it be? Not Glasgow smoke? But that it was. Borne slowly off the great city by a faint S.E. breeze, it covered such an

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

May 1911 BEINN DEARG *G. Sang.*

THE FORBIDDEN MOUNTAINS.

BY GEORGE SANG.

IT was on the 22nd of May 1912 that the Sub-Editor of the Northern Guide Book Section tempted me to accompany him material prospecting on his extensive claim. Beinn Dearg was our first objective, and I was under the impression that our visit there was purely and solely in the cause of the Guide Book. Judge of my horror, then, when on the 15th of October following he naïvely informed me that the Editor was on my track for an article. In fear and trembling I retired to my private chamber and having locked and barred the door after pinning thereon a card, "No Editors or Canvassers admitted," I raised at the altar of the Goddess Nicotine the pale ghosts of departed recollections.

I do not think I am, in fact I hope I am not, a pessimist, yet it is a curious thing that the most vivid recollections I have of our journey north from Blair Atholl to Altguish inn are, the perfume of three young pigs, fellow sufferers with ourselves on the jolting mail coach from Garve, and the taste of the bacon served at breakfast at Altguish the next morning. Truly the pig is an unclean animal! To these I might also add the austerity of the hostess when she informed us that "the istaablishment waas not for gifing preakfasts pefore nine o'clock at all." We wanted ours at 7 A.M., also some conveyance to assist us on our five long miles of weary road. The only trap was, alas! attending the sale of effects at Dundonnell, so that in the end we were forced to go on foot. And now, having rid myself of these obsessions, let me to the hazier but more beautiful memories.

To the north of the king's highway connecting Garve with Ullapool, in what one is tempted to call the very wilds of Ross-shire, lies a group of Scotland's Forbidden Mountains. They are little known except to the deer-stalker and the ardent mountaineer. But few tourists find their way over the wide moors and bare low hills that frame the horizon seen from the deserted turnpike; and although the

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

May 1913 *G. Sang*

CHORRO GIRANDA

(Looking towards the Prewett's Bridge, Deadwood and Co. A Mine.)

of leave" is more zealously supervised or more perfectly located than the unsuspecting tourist in the deer forest. Nor can he imagine what scorn is imputed to the bearer of that designation who dares penetrate unpermitted to the fastnesses of the forbidden lands without those little material attentions of good will so freely taxed by our exchequer.

'Mid the heather of the moor to the north-east of the road a well-marked track wends its way from a point a few hundred yards past the Garve end of Loch Droma. This crosses the southern shoulder of a low hill, Meall Feith Dhiongaig, and dips downwards again towards the shore of the shapely little lochan called Loch a' Gharbhrain. There the track ends at a deserted shieling standing in the centre of a few acres of good grass, and from that point the mountaineer is free to choose his own route. The mountain rises in three great upheavals, and if he would follow the most effective way he must ascend to the crest of the first rise, Leac an Tuadh, and there about 2,000 feet above sea-level, traversing directly northwards, descend towards the Choire Ghranda, keeping the little tarn of Loch nan Eilean on his left. After a quarter of an hour's going from the lochan, skirting the base of the second rise, he will be confronted by a natural wall which forms the lower lip of the great corrie. Once the top of that is gained the grandeur of the view fully recompenses the climber for the energy spent in surmounting steep slopes of heather and in picking his way amid the confusion of boulders, far-flung fragments of the higher towers that flank his path upon the left. Here, far below and hemmed round by walls sweeping at one point to nearly 1,000 feet above its surface, alternately sleeps and storms the deep tarn of black water known as Loch a' Choire Ghranda. In its peaceful moments it reflects to the eye the inverted picture of the seamed and wrinkled face of Cona' Mheall, the shapely peak towering on the right with the sun glinting on its freshly rain wet rocks furrowed with deep gullies and terraced with bright strips of herbage, the playground of the deer. Dark and frowning on the left, close from the water's edge, in awesome slope and airy leap, tower the mural escarpments of the

great Beinn, the lower slabs still bearing on their repellant faces the writing of the age when ice held dominion in these lands.

So steep are the mountain sides rising to the west of Loch a' Choire Ghranda that their ascent is not lightly to be accomplished by even the most experienced of cragsmen. Great masses of stone, held only to the mountain face by ropes of heather and padding of moss, await dislodgement, and the climber must use every care and all his skill to avoid weaning these children of destruction from their parent mount. Here and there as we moved cautiously upwards we noted evident traces of a recent fall, and the smell of friction was in the air. Once with both hands grasping the never too secure herbage and mailéd feet blindly groping for the hold which was not, our nerves were strung to humming tension by the crash of rock from the far side of the corrie. Fortunately for us it was only the sound of some stone dislodged by the foot of a deer magnified to a roar by the echoing walls around !

It was stiff going till the upper col was reached at 3,000 feet and there a welcome luncheon halt was made on a sheltered ledge looking over to the shapely Cona' Mheall with the waters of the lochan now far below dancing in the sunlight.

Presently and all too soon came a storm of hail and a biting wind so that we were glad to be on the move again. Then it was that, turning for the last 500 feet of our climb, we wondered why the mountain had been called red, for its summit is as grey almost as the streets of Edinburgh. Surely it speaks well for the glory of the sunsets that so cold a thing can bear so warm a name.

The upper and final corrie is disappointing. It is neither very wild nor very steep. Hardly steep enough to tempt the attack direct, so we followed the simplest way to the top round the eastern shoulder, rough going over shattered boulders but a hand-in-pocket job.

From the top the view must be wonderful on a clear day. Even with such a day as favoured us we saw more mountains than we wot of, and some old friends, seen from this fresh view point, looked out at us with new

faces almost defying reasonable recognition. But there, with an identity beyond mistake, the grand group of An Teallach raised a majestic and serrated ridge with long trails of mist sweeping 'twixt the peaks that encircle the dark Toll an Lochain, and there was something in the air that day to robe even the rounded Fannichs with majesty.

While we were still admiring the view and vainly trying to dodge the chill blasts behind the intermittent shelter of the cairn, snow commenced to fall and neither of us seemed over anxious to tarry on our peak. There was a considerable field of snow on Beinn Dearg's north-east flank in the end of last May and this helped the speed of our descent for a few hundred feet in the direction of the col between Cona' and Dearg. From the col we had hoped to add the summit of Cona' Mheall to our day's bag, but the thought of the long homeward tramp and the warning hands of a reliable watch dissuaded us, not entirely against our will, and we luckily found no difficulty in dropping from the col to the level of Loch a' Choire Ghranda down a steep hillside of slabby rock and broken heather patches.

Walking along the Cona' side of the lochan we had opportunity of studying the bold cliffs on the opposite side all of which seem exceedingly steep and are broken up by many tempting looking chimneys and gullies.

From the foot of the lochan we followed a deer path beside the burn which drains it to the Allt Lair through a precipitous and verdant ravine rather defective in foothold than otherwise. After passing through the little wood and fording the Allt above Loch Coire Lair a deer track will (perhaps) be found on the east side of the loch leading southwards. Sometimes distinct and sometimes totally obscured this sketchy way should be maintained till on the low mounds at the south-east end of Loch a Gharbhrain a good track is found which passes the cottage and so regains the Garve road by a wire suspension bridge of emphatic resiliency over the Glascarnoch, here somewhat too wide and deep to ford. Then follows the painful trudge along the hard uninteresting road whence the

luring sight of the distant inn with its awaiting supper is dangled in microscopic remoteness for a few moments before the hungry eyes of the weary travellers, only to be obscured again for many a long mile, till patience and perseverance gain the day, and even Altguish fare seems palatable and the musty parlour a welcome harbour of refuge. Not every party can count on the gladdening sight of Messrs Mounsey and Gibbs restoring their circulation after a long motor run north, nor have the luck that was ours to be sped the next morning to a really satisfactory breakfast in the thoroughly comfortable hotel at Ullapool.

May 1912. *G. Sang.*

CLIFFS OF BEINN DEARG, FROM LOCH A' CHOIRE GHRANDA.

UNIV. OF MICH.

NEW GUIDE BOOK—MUNRO'S TABLES.

"LINDERTIS,
KIRRIEMUIR, 10*th January* 1913.

"DEAR MR EDITOR,—

"At your request I am busy revising and bringing up to date the tables of the 3,000 feet mountains and 'tops' which were published in the sixth number of the *Journal*, September 1891.

"The issue of the third edition of the revised 1-inch Ordnance Survey Map has thrown considerable extra light on the subject, and also involved a large amount of extra work; for not only has every name and height to be checked on the 1-inch, but the 1-inch and 6-inch maps have again to be compared to see if they agree. A careful study of the revised 1-inch maps shows that while they are a distinct improvement on former editions, in that many names and heights which formerly were only given on the 6-inch map now appear on the 1-inch, there is yet much to be done to bring them up to the climber's requirements. A very great many 'tops' and even some separate mountains have no height given on the 6-inch map and only a contour height on the 1-inch, and in several cases even that is wrong.

"During the twenty-one years since the tables were published I have climbed nearly all the 'tops,' and have when possible measured heights and collected information. There are still, however, many tops about which we have no knowledge of their height beyond the contour given on the 1-inch map. Doubtless other members have also been making observations, and I therefore appeal to them to furnish me, within the next few months, with such information as they have been, or may be, able to collect. I append (1) a list of tops of which I have only the 'contour' height given on the 1-inch map, and shall be glad to hear of any aneroid measurements taken of these: (2) a list of approximate heights which I have already got; with the contour height given on the 1-inch map as well. Any differences from these approximate heights which have been noted might be communicated. I give the section

in the 'tables,' and the number of the 'top,' *not* of the separate mountain.

"As I shall be in Africa till Easter, I should be obliged if members would mark their communications, 'to await return.'—Yours very truly,

"H. T. MUNRO."

Section in Tables.	Number of Top.	NAME.	Contour Height from 1-in. O.S. Map.
			Feet.
1	538	Creag a Bhragit	3,000
3	260	Meall a' Bharr—Carn Mairg	3,250
...	515	Meall Luaidhe—Carn Mairg	3,000
5	266	Sgòr an Iubhair—Glen Nevis	3,250
...	267	Stob Coire an Fhir Dhuibh (Aonach Mor)	3,250
...	533	Tom na Sròine (Aonach Mor)	3,000
...	263	Sgòr Iutharna—Alder District	3,250
6	517	Carn Balloch, N.E. top—Monadhliaths	3,000
7	534	Top ½ mile north of Saddle	3,000
...	518	Fraochag (Saddle)	3,000
...	519	Am Bàthaich (Saddle)	3,000
8	520	A' Chioch (Cluanie District)	3,000
...	521	Sail Chaoruinn (Cluanie District)	3,000
...	257	Drochaid an Tuill Easaich	3,250
...	522	Sgòr a' Dubh Doire (B. Attow)	3,000
...	258	Stuc Beag	3,250
...	259	Stuc Mòr	3,250
...	117	Saoiter Mor (Mam Sodhail)	3,500
9	268	Ruadh na Spreidha (Sgurr na Lapaich)	3,250
...	265	Sgurr na Clachan Geala	3,250
...	523	Creag a Chaoruinn	3,000
10	524	Creag Dubh (B. Eighe)	3,000
11	526	Meall Gorm (Fannich)	3,000
12	527	Glas Leathad Beag (Wyvis)	3,000
...	528	Top of Coire Lochain (Wyvis)	3,000
...	529	Meall nan Ceapraichean (Ross-shire)	3,000
14	261	Stob Dubh an Eas bhig (Cairngorms)	3,250
...	116	Fiacaill Coire an t. Snechda (Cairngorms)	3,500
...	264	Sròn a' Chàno (Cairngorms)	3,250
15	262	Airgoid Bheinn (Beinn a' Ghlo)	3,250
16	532	Creag Leachdach—above Loch Muich	3,000

The following approximate heights want confirmation :—

Section in Tables.	Number of Top.	NAME AND POSITION.	Approximate Height from Aneroid Measurements.	Contour Height from 1-in. O.S. Map.
			Feet.	Feet.
3	301	Creag Mhor (Carn Mairg) - - -	3,200	3,000
...	303	Meall Garbh (,,) - - -	3,200	3,000
...	60	Beinn Ghlas (Ben Lawers) - - -	3,657	3,500
...	458	Sron dha Murchdi (Ben Lawers) - -	3,040	3,000
...	105	Meall Corranaich (,,) - -	3,530	3,250
...	176	Meall Garbh (Meall nan Tarmachan) -	3,369	3,250
...	240	Beinn nan Eachan (,,) -	3,265	3,250
...	445	Sgiath Chuil - - - - - - -	3,050	3,000
4	255	Stob na Doire (Buchaille Etive Mor) -	3,160	3,000
5	305	An Gearanach (Mamore) - - -	3,200	3,000
...	306	An Garbhanach (,,) - - -	3,200	3,000
...	89	Top of An Cul Coire (Aonach Mor) -	3,580	3,500
...	516	Beinn na Socaich (Lochaber) - -	3,300	3,250
...	45	Stob Coire nan Ceann - - - -	3,720	3,500
...	343	Stob Coire Ghaibhre - - - - -	3,150	3,000
6	345	Sron a Ghaothair (Creag Meaghaidh) -	3,150	3,000
7	446	Meall na Teanga (W. of Loch Lochy)	3,050	2,750
...	179	Garbh Chioch Mhor (Glen Dessary) -	3,365	3,250
...	397	Garbh Chioch Bheag (,,) -	3,100	3,000
...	395	Sgurr na Forcan (Saddle) - - -	3,100	3,000
8	346	Ceum na h-Aon Choise (Ben Attow) -	3,150	3,000
...	132	Tom a Choinich Beag (Mam Sodhail) -	3,450	3,250
10	344	Meall Dearg (Liathach) - - -	3,150	2,750
...	444	Spideanan nan Fasarinen (Liathach) -	3,050	2,750
...	307	Bidean Toll a Mhuic (,,) -	3,200	2,750
...	514	Stuc a' Choire Dhuibh Bhig (,,) -	3,000	2,750
...	287	Spidean Coire nan Clach (Beinn Eighe)	3,220	3,000
11	247	Slioch - - - - - - - -	3,260	3,250
...	400	A' Mhaighdean - - - - -	3,060	2,750
...	197	Mullach Coire Mhic Fhearchair - -	3,320	3,250
...	185	Sgurr Creag an Eich (An Teallach) -	3,350	3,250
...	208	Lord Berkeley's Seat (,,) -	3,350	3,250
...	181	Corrag Buidhe (An Teallach) - -	3,360	3,250
...	418	Glas Meall Liath (,,) - -	3,080	3,000
...	276	Sgurr Breac (Fannichs) - - -	3,240	3,000

Section in Tables.	Number of Top.	NAME AND POSITION.	Approximate Height from Aneroid Measurements.	Contour Height from 1-in. O.S. Map.
...	525	Beinn Liath Mhor Fannich - - -	3,120	3,000
...	536	Meall nam Peitherean - - - -	3,130	3,000
12	302	Cona' Mheall (Beinn Dearg, Ross-shire)	3,200	3,000
13	304	Ben More Assynt, S. Top - - -	3,200	3,000
14	8	Sgor an Lochain Uaine, the "Angel's Peak"	4,095	4,000
15	531	Beinn Garbh (Beinn Dearg, Athole) -	3,050	3,000
16	398	Creag an Dubh Loch (Loch Muich) -	3,100	3,000
...	71	Carn a Choire Bhoidheach (Lochnagar)	3,630	3,500
...	133	Creag a Ghlas-uilt (,,)	3,450	3,250
...	537	Little Pap (,,)	3,125	3,000

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

GENERAL MEETING.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Club was held in the North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh, on the evening of Friday, 6th December 1912, with the President, Mr Godfrey A. Solly, in the chair.

The Minutes of the Twenty-third Annual General Meeting were read and approved.

The HON. TREASURER, Mr Nelson, submitted his statement for the past year, showing a balance in favour of the Club of £170. 7s. The income of the Club had been £173. 15s. 3d., and the expenditure £122. 14s. 6d. (of which £44. 14s. 3d. went to the *Journal*, £30. 1s. 9d. to the Club-room, £9. 16s. 11d. to additions to Library and Lantern Slide Collection, £13. 16s. to the Club Reception, &c., the balance, £24. 5s. 7d., being for printing and sundry expenses). Besides the above account, the Treasurer submitted that of the Commutation Fund, showing that sixty-six members were now on the roll, and that there was a balance of £298. 7s. 2d. at its credit. The total funds of the Club at 31st October 1912 amounted to £568. 14s. 2d. The accounts were approved.

The HON. SECRETARY, Dr Inglis Clark, reported that seven new members had been elected to the Club, viz.: Hugh James Craig, Charles Deards, John Hirst, Allan Gow Marshall, Thomas Roxburgh Marshall, Robert Watson, James Mann Wordie, and that the membership of the Club was now 199. At the beginning of the year the membership of the Club had been 196, of whom two had resigned and two had died.

The HON. LIBRARIAN, Mr Russell, in his report stated that the Library had been considerably more used in 1912

than in 1911, and mentioned the number of books and slides added during 1912.

The OFFICE-BEARERS, with the exception of those retiring or resigning, were re-elected.

Mr STUART CUMMING'S temporary election to the Committee was confirmed.

Messrs Goodeve and Morrison retired by rotation, and W. N. LING and JAS. C. THOMSON were elected to fill the vacancies.

It was stated that Mr GEORGE SANG had been appointed by the Committee as Assistant Honorary Secretary.

The following addition to Rule No. V. was proposed and passed. "In the event of the Club publishing the projected Guide Book, it shall not be supplied free of cost to Club members unless the Committee so decide."

Mr Maylard suggested that members might consider whether it was desirable to alter the President's term of office from three years to two; he asked that members should communicate with him on the matter, and stated that if he found there was any general feeling in favour of the change, he should bring forward the necessary formal motion at the next Annual General Meeting.

It was decided to hold the New Year Meets at Killin and Fortingall, and the Easter ones at Aviemore and Derry Lodge. It was also decided to hold a special Meet in Ross-shire at a date to be arranged for the purpose of obtaining information for the New Guide Book.

The question was discussed as to the advisability or otherwise of continuing the admission of advertisements into the *Journal*, and after some debate, it was decided that the practice should be continued.

The Editor reported that work on the New Guide Book was going steadily on, but that it was not at all likely that the work would be published this summer.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER.

At the close of the General Meeting, the Annual Dinner was held in the same hotel, with the President, Mr Godfrey A. Solly, in the chair. The members present numbered 63, and the guests 27—in all, 90.

The toasts proposed were:—

The King - - - - - - The President.
The Imperial Forces - - H. P. Macmillan, K.C.
Reply—Colonel Harry Walker.

The Scottish Mountaineering Club - - The President.
The Alpine Club and Kindred Societies - H. MacRobert.
Reply—A. L. Mumm.

The Guests - - - - - - W. Galbraith.
Reply—A. R. Smith.

The President - - - Sir James H. Ramsay, Bart.

RECEPTION.

Previous to the Annual General Meeting, the Club held a reception at the Royal Arch Hall, Edinburgh. Mr F. S. Goggs showed a number of the latest Club slides, illustrative of the Meets of the Club at Tarbet and Glencoe in 1912, and Mr W. N. Ling showed a number of Alpine slides. Both sets were much appreciated by a large gathering of members and their friends.

FIFTIETH MEET OF THE CLUB.

NEW YEAR, 1913.

FORTINGALL.

NEITHER did the famous Roman camp nor the equally renowned yew, aged upwards of 3,000 years, attract members to this charming village, situated at the entrance of one of the finest river gorges in Scotland—the gorge of the Lyon. It may be that many of the younger members could not spare the extra time required to visit Fortingall, but it was distinctly disappointing that so few were found who were willing to leave the beaten track for pastures fresh. However, those who did take the trouble felt themselves rewarded. Without disparaging other hotels it may be stated that the Club has put up at no more comfortable quarters, and that mine host takes a good old-fashioned interest in his guests. The weather was favourable for improving waterfalls and for the transformance of many stretches of the Lyon into Niagara rapids. The west wind was bracing and brought the colour to one's cheeks, although an iceaxe was uncommonly useful as an anchor, and journeys to the west were sometimes cut a little shorter than was authorised by the paper programme. Distant views from the ridges and tops were generally conspicuous by their absence, but near views and some wonderful light effects made up for the lacking panoramas.

On Saturday night, the 28th December 1912, Clapperton, Russell, and Sang arrived from Aberfeldy, and Goggs from Killin *via* Meall Corranaich and Meall a' Choire Lèith. Sunday, the 29th December, witnessed a vain attempt on the part of Russell and Sang to keep a tryst with Ling on the summit of Ben Lawers. Ling was there with the wind in his back, but the same wind effectually blocked the progress of the other two beyond Meall Garbh. However, they met at Lawers Inn and the three were motored back to Fortingall. Clapperton and Goggs went to kirk and inspected the yew tree, &c., in the wet.

Monday was dry and the five took a trap to a quarter

of a mile south of Glengoulandie Farm, on the Tummel Bridge road, whence a good track was found on the east side of Allt Mor for about one and a half miles ending abruptly at a wall: from here the long eastern ridge of Schichallion was followed to the summit. The mountain was covered with snow and the summit in mist, but twice whilst the party were lunching just below the cairn, the whole length of Loch Rannoch was seen. A quick descent was made to the junction of the streams north-west from the Glenmore Bothy, from which junction a grand track, or old driving road (only marked on the 6-inch O.S. map), led over the moor between Meall nan Eun and Meall Gruamach right to the back of the hotel. It was a strange and novel experience to be back at 2.30 having left the road at 9.40.

Tuesday, Ling left at eight to catch the boat at Fearnan for Killin, the remainder of the party walked some three and a quarter miles up Glen Lyon, crossed the stream, in grand spate, by the Black Bridge, thence along the south bank, across the Allt Da-ghob by a picturesque old narrow stone bridge with a foaming waterfall above, and then right up the steep hillside into Gleann Da-ghob to the summit of Meall Gruaidh. The wind at the cairn staggered humanity, carried three of the party in grand style back to Fortingall, and made Goggs fight for every inch of his way west to Killin.

Wednesday still continued windy and misty. The three members left took trap to Invervar, found a rough track thence up the slopes of Meall Garbh, and so to Carn Gorm. The return to Fortingall was made over the various tops of the Carn Mairg range aided by a new deer-fence which kept the party straight in spite of mist.

Thursday morning witnessed a departure by motor to Aberfeldy. Friday night the President arrived from Killin by steamer and trap, and A. R. Hargreaves and Young walked across by the same route as Goggs, the previous Saturday.

On Saturday the party walked up Schichallion from White Bridge and back by the aforementioned path. Sunday, kirk, and an inspection of a curious old church

handbell, in shape like a Norwegian or Swiss cow bell, believed to date from the eleventh century and now locked up in a niche in the wall of the church.

On Monday the early morning steamer was taken to Killin.

KILLIN.

Members present.—Messrs G. A. Solly (President), A. Arthur, J. H. Bell, E. P. Buchanan, J. H. Buchanan, C. I. Clark, W. I. Clark, H. J. Craig, J. Craig, S. F. M. Cumming, F. S. Goggs, F. Greig, J. Hirst, R. Jeffrey, W. G. C. Johnston, W. N. Ling, W. G. Macalister, A. C. M'Laren, H. MacRobert, A. G. Marshall, T. R. Marshall, D. H. Menzies, H. T. Munro, H. Raeburn, J. Rennie, Gilbert Thomson, H. Walker, R. Watson, R. E. Workman, and J. R. Young.

Guests.—Messrs. A. R. Anderson, D. Arthur, A. R. Hargreaves, W. D. Macdougall, G. W. Richmond, and L. H. Robertson.

Adding to the above list those members who were present at Fortingall but who did not put in an appearance at Killin, the grand total of those present at the New Year Meet is thirty-three members and six guests.

The decision to extend the Meet over a period of ten days enabled many members to be present at this the principal centre, where otherwise there would not have been sufficient room for all. There is in the Club a very natural desire for as many members as possible to meet together, and general regret is always felt when familiar faces are missing; but Killin, as one of the smaller centres, could not accommodate at one time all who wished to be there, so that the extension was much appreciated.

Throughout the whole period of the Meet, that is from Saturday, 27th December, until Monday, 6th January, there were always one or more parties for the hills, and on Hogmanay and New Year's day a number had to find lodging beyond the hotel—no suggestion of a "night out" need be sought for here. On one occasion the dining-room proved temporarily unequal to the demand

upon it, and a guest, finding no place set for him at dinner, provided a happy solution to the problem of the correct thing to say under such circumstances by exclaiming "General Post."

It is four years since the last Meet was held at Killin, and surely the ice axe has too long been an unfamiliar sight there, since a burly member from the East was thus accosted on the first day, "Ye'll be the jiner workin' at the new hoose west the village." Perhaps, however, the inquirer had himself lately been meddling with a Bass.

Unfortunately, for some weeks previous there had been too little of the old time winter and too much of a new order about the weather. In fact there were not wanting those who were surprised to find any snow on the hills at all. On but few occasions throughout the Meet were the tops clear, and although we did not experience the heavy rains of the previous New Year, there was scarcely a day when rain, hail, or snow was not driven home by fierce winds and gales. Under such conditions no serious climbing could be attempted, so that ridge-walking was the general rule and an early return to afternoon tea found no opponents. A list of the expeditions made is given later.

On the last day of the old year the storm seemed to reach its height and so strong was the wind that the moisture in the air did not condense on the hillsides and most of the tops were therefore clear. That morning, as day broke, the hills to the north had their summit snows lit by a rich alpenglühe, and this was certainly the finest view we had of them. Battered by wind, raked by hail, and at times hurled to the ground or plastered against the summit cairn, the two parties out that day had their utmost powers tried in reaching the various tops of the Tarmachans. Even the "eponymous bird of the mountain" seemed to invite the shot rather than continue an existence so stressful. The Salvationist's route became the Ultramontane's course. No thought could be harboured of making headway along the ridges in the teeth of such a storm, and before it one moved cautiously or crawled serpent-like and had frequently to make fast, using the axe as an anchor. "But it's a hard life the sailor's,"

thus Ling; and on such a day the words got home, albeit for us at the moment the cutting blast was being tempered by some succulent fruit provided by the "sailor" himself. Such was Killin's reception to the President, who had arrived off the morning train.

For the evenings there was no "fives court," nor did Rennie turn up in time to instruct in "knotty" problems the "young idea" and others. So the President's cigars, M'Laren's pipes, and Johnston's piano received all the fuller appreciation. The hotel upheld its reputation and proved equal to the demand upon its resources, the efficiency of the drying arrangements in particular calling for special praise.

The following gives a summary of the members' more strenuous activities during the Meet.

Friday, 27th December.—Five arrived for dinner (this is included above without libel on the joint).

Saturday, 28th December.—The two Buchanans, Jeffrey, and Menzies traversed the four tops of the Tarmachans: Goggs took Meall Corranaich and Meall a' Choire Lèith in a "short day" to Glen Lyon and Fortingall. Mist and occasional rain.

Sunday, 29th December.—Ling traversed Beinn Ghlas and Ben Lawers to Lawers Inn; thence trap to Fortingall. He had a tryst for the top of Lawers and a cold wait there for one who came not. The two Buchanans, Jeffrey, Johnston, Menzies, and Young traversed the same tops in the opposite direction. Mist, hail, and strong wind.

Monday, 30th December.—J. H. Buchanan and Young ascended Meall Ghaordie, E. P. Buchanan, Jeffrey, Johnston, and Menzies walked up Glen Lochay, falling out and bouldering by the way. Mist and occasional showers.

Tuesday, 31st December.—The President and Hargreaves bagged Creag na Caillich, while Ling, M'Laren, and Young traversed the four tops of the Tarmachans. Goggs arrived back from Fortingall, having visited the summit cairn on Meall Gruaidh. Severe gale and hail; tops clear.

Wednesday, 1st January.—The President, Hargreaves, Ling, Raeburn, and G. Thomson, also the two Arthurs, Goggs, and L. H. Robertson traversed the Tarmachan peaks,

including the cliffs on Creag an Lochain. H. Walker and W. D. Macdougall traversed the same tops omitting Creag na Caillich. The two Clarks, Macalister, MacRobert, and Watson ascended Ben Lawers, motoring to and from Lawers; while Anderson, Cumming, Greig, the two Marshalls, and Richmond took in Beinn Ghlas in addition. Hirst and Young, training to Luib, got Meall Glas, Beinn Cheathaich, Meall a' Churain, and Sgiath Chrom. The Guide Book claimed Munro's energies. Mist and rain; some of the tops clear.

Thursday, 2nd January.—Meall Ghaordie was traversed by Anderson, MacRobert, T. R. Marshall, and Raeburn; and ascended by Cumming, Greig, Macalister, A. G. Marshall, and Richmond. Hirst and Workman had a walk up Glen Lochay. The President, Bell, the two Clarks, and Walker traversed Meall Garbh and An Stuc. To these tops the two Arthurs, Hargreaves, Robertson, and Young added Ben Lawers. From a comparison of the performances of the "Dreadnoughts" and "Greyhounds," it would appear that the face of An Stuc to the right of the col between it and Meall Garbh is somewhat steeper than that immediately to the left of the col. 'Mist, strong wind, hail, and snow.

Friday, 3rd January.—Training to Crianlarich, Bell joined M'Laren in a climb on Meall Dhamh. The President left by steamer for the Meet at Fortingall. Anderson, the two Arthurs, Hirst, Hargreaves, and Young traversed Meall Corranaich and Meall a' Choire Lèith, the two latter going on by Glen Lyon to Fortingall, while the rest of the party returned to Killin. Mist and rain.

Saturday, 4th January.—The two Craigs and Rennie walked up Glen Lochay and across Mid Hill into Glen Dochart.

Sunday, 5th January.—The same party traversed Beinn Ghlas and Ben Lawers, returning to the col and into Coire Odhar. Day fine but dull.

Monday, 6th January.—The two Craigs traversed Creag na Caillich to Beinn nan Eachan. Both left by evening train south. Day misty and gusty.

J. R. Y.

LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

THE following additions to the Library have to be noted :—

Swiss Alpine Club. Association of British Members of 1912.

Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mount Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp. By Geo. B. Cheever, D.D. About 1850. *Presented.*

The Contrast of Scotland as it was in the year 1745 and Scotland in the year 1819. Published 1825. *Presented*, Colonel Howard Hill.

U.S.A. Department of Interior. List of National Park Publications. *Presented.*

Various pamphlets dealing with :—

Crater Lake National Park.
Glacier National Park.
Mesa Verde National Park.
Yellowstone National Park.
Yosemite National Park.
Mount Rainies National Park.
Geysers.

Geological Survey of Scotland. Memoir 65. The Geology of the Districts of Braemar, Ballater and Glen Clova (being explanation of Sheet 65). By George Barrow and E. H. Cunningham Craig, with contributions by L. W. Hinxman. 1912. *Presented* on behalf of the Board of Education.

Geological Survey of Scotland. Memoir 93. The Geology of Ben Wyvis, Carn Chuinneag, Inchbae and surrounding country (being explanation of Sheet 93). By Dr Peach, L. W. Hinxman, C. T. Clough, and others. 1912. *Presented* on behalf of the Board of Education.

The Charm of the Hills. By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S., &c.

O.S. Maps—Several Sheets of 1 inch and 6 inch.

Two Sets of Colour Photographs framed. *Presented by* Dr Clark.

LIST OF SLIDES PRESENTED.

The cordial thanks of the Club are tendered to the undermentioned gentlemen for their valuable contributions to the Club's slide collection.

	No. of Slides.
Dr W. Inglis Clark - - - -	6
Dr H. W. Hoek - - - -	11
J. H. Buchanan - - - -	16
J. R. Young - - - - -	12

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

CLACH BEINN (Cowal), 2,109 feet.—The pinnacles on the north-east ridge of Clach Beinn above Loch Eck were brought to my notice by W. W. Naismith on the Glasgow Autumn Holiday, Monday, 30th September, and as there is some interesting climbing on them they are well worthy of mention, especially as so far there has no note been taken of them in the *Journal*. There are three pinnacles, the first or most easterly one standing alone at about 1,450 feet, while the other two are close together about a quarter of a mile further west at 1,350 feet. On the western ridge of the first pinnacle, which is about 50 feet high, a good climb can be had on a sharp serrated arête to a grass ledge at the foot of a perpendicular slab about 15 feet from the top. This might go with a rope. There is a good hold 3 feet from the top ledge up to which one might pull oneself without any help from one's feet, but the top of the rock is covered with grass and heather and there is no handhold to pull on. The top can easily be reached by continuing along the ledge to the right and up the east ridge. Twenty feet down this ridge there is a deep open chimney of about 30 feet, which we descended. To get out of this at the foot, a jump of from 5 to 6 feet out was necessary, otherwise one would land into a deep cave below. To ascend this it would be extremely difficult to get into the chimney at all, but there are quite a number of interesting routes which would well repay a visit. The second or lower pinnacle is the least interesting of the three. The upper one immediately above it has a wall face to the east and north which would not likely go. On the south face, which is very steep, there are several good climbs. The face will go right up as the handholds are good, but care must be exercised in choosing these as there are many loose pieces of rock. We forced at least three routes up this 20-foot wall.

There is a miniature right-angled gully at the south-east corner of about 40 feet which might go, but as we had no rope we did not attempt it. The rocks were very wet and slippery, but there are many interesting short climbs to be done, and a rope is certainly a necessity for some of them. ALLAN ARTHUR.

ARRAN—CIR MHOR B_1-B_2 RIB.

On 22nd September 1912 a party of four—Miss R. Raeburn, Messrs MacRobert, Raeburn, and Young—made a variation on the north-east face of Cir Mhor. Starting up the B_1 gully with the intention of following the original route of Clark and Raeburn (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. v. p. 29), they crossed over into the big cave in B_2. This was, as originally, and probably almost always, wet. The stability of the overhanging stones up which it would have been necessary to climb was very doubtful. No one appeared eager to irritate them. The cave was avoided by a traverse out on the right wall and in again to exit of cave in gully floor above. A short distance up a traverse of the wide steep grass of the B_2 gully leads to the B-C rib above its steepest part. Here a most impressive view is obtained into the great upper chasm of C gully. The slabs which form the sides of this C chasm are built on a really grand scale. Even the adepts of the most modern oromaniacal school, the "Naked-footed slab-crawlers" or "Adhesives" we might term them, would find it difficult to make anything of such a place. Traversing back to the left the party—on MacRobert's suggestion—instead of continuing up B_2 gully, kept still to the left and managed to get on to B_1-B_2 rib. This was followed to screes above, a not difficult but interesting climb. The top is level with "L'Oubliette" or Bottle Dungeon Cave at the head of B_2 gully. This cave is thus avoided by the new route. Those, however, who wish a neat problem in back and knee work, extending that expression to cover "shoulder and toe," may find keeping to the gully more amusing.

H. R.

BIDEAN NAM BIAN, MEANING OF.—The following extract from a letter written by Mr Chas. H. Alston of Letterawe, will interest many of our readers :—

"I see 'Bidean nam bian' is translated the 'Point of the *Pelts*.' Strictly speaking, it is '*hides*,' and more particularly *deer-hides*. A somewhat obscure name, as to which I have a theory. The sides of the hill are famed for the fine grazing—just as the opposite slopes of the Greenhill are the reverse. Now hides vary much in quality (for leather), and the quality depends to a great extent on the condition of the animal. Again deer-hides were of considerable economic importance to the ancient Gael for his 'brogan,' and other purposes. It does not seem too far-fetched to suppose that 'Bidean nam bian' was famed of old for its fine hides just as it was in modern times for its sheep and wool."

S.M.C. ABROAD.

C. W. WALKER, GEORGE SANG, and W. N. LING went out to Montanvert on 22nd July and started with a reconnaisance of the Aiguille du Plan. To give the mountain time to improve, the next day

was spent in a good rock climb on the Capucin ridge of Les Périades. In this Mr Raymond Bicknell accompanied the party. A severe storm raged on the following day, and when it cleared, the mountains were plastered with new snow and evidently unfit for climbing for some time, so next morning the party with Mr Bicknell left Montanvert early, crossed the Mer de Glace and descended to Argentière, thence up to the Col du Tour and through the Fenêtre to the Glacier de Saleinaz, and down to Praz de Fort in brilliant weather. The next day the journey was continued up the Swiss Val Ferret, over the snow col Ban d'Arrey—whence a magnificent view of the Grandes Jorasses was obtained—and down the beautiful Italian Val Ferret to Courmayeur.

Next morning the party ascended to the Grandes Jorasses hut, and kicked steps for some 1,500 feet above it. A doubtful morning succeeded, and before the party had gone far a heavy snowstorm came on and they were obliged to return and descend to Courmayeur.

The high mountains were again unfit, so the trio turned their eyes southward, except Bicknell, who returned over the Col du Géant.

The Val de Rhêmes was ascended to near Notre Dame, where a comfortable little inn was found at Chanavey, and next day the Bec de Zambeina was crossed—a sporting bit of ridge giving entertainment —on to the Cima d'Entrelor and the Cima dell' Auillie, and a long day was completed by a descent to Dégioz.

It was intended to climb the Grand Nomenon on the way to Cogne, but bad weather compelled them to be content with a misty passage through the Col di Mesoncles to Cogne, where Mr Harry Walker, with his wife and daughter, were found.

The four men started next day to the Herbetet chalets, whence the following morning the summit of the Herbetet was attained. They descended to Cogne, wet through by heavy rain. After an off-day a start at 2.15 A.M. was made for the Grivola, but the party were driven back by the weather. Sang then left for home. The remaining three then made another unsuccessful attempt to get up the Grivola, and Cogne was finally left *via* Val de Valeille, whence the Punta di Forzo was ascended, an interesting expedition with beautiful views.

H. Walker and Ling then went up the Val de Valeille, ascended to the Col Patri (first ascent from this valley) without difficulty, and climbed along the rocky ridge to the summit of the Punta Patri Nord where the weather became bad—cold and windy.

Some step cutting was required before the Patri Sud was gained, then a quick descent was made to near the Monei chalets, where twenty-five to thirty bouquetins were seen, and the Valnontey was reached as darkness set in. After a day's bad weather the two Walkers and Ling had a good climb up the west ridge of the Punta Garin, from the summit of which a glorious view was obtained.

Ling then returned to England, and the Walker party proceeded to Arolla *via* the Grand St Bernard and Sion, the "High Level Route" being out of the question.

At Arolla the weather went from bad to worse, and the only expeditions carried to a successful issue were the ascents of the Dent Rouge and the Dent Perroc. The Arolla valley was abandoned on the 27th August smothered in snow.

Mr GOODEVE sends the following notes :—

July 25.—E. Backhouse crossed the Faulhorn to Grindelwald with headquarters at the Bear.

July 26.—T. E. Goodeve arrived from England at 8.30 A.M., and with Backhouse and Hans Kaufmann, who acted as guide in all the subsequent expeditions, went up to Gleckstein Inn.

July 27.—Gleckstein was left at 2 A.M., and the Krinne Saddle reached at 5.15 A.M. The Wetterhorn was then ascended by the Gutz Glacier face, the ridge being struck about 200 feet below the summit. The snow was hard and there was a lot of ice on the face involving six hours' almost continuous step cutting, the summit being reached at 12.30 P.M.

Descent to Grindelwald *via* Gleckstein by the ordinary route.

July 28 *and* 29.—Bad weather. *July* 30.—Up to the Guggi hut.

July 31.—Weather looked very bad at 2 A.M., rain still falling and heavy clouds hanging low down on the mountains, but by 4 A.M. it had cleared so well that it was decided to start for the Mönch, and a hurried breakfast was taken. The ice wall was in good condition, and the worst part took about thirty-five minutes to negotiate, the angle being very steep. The summit was reached at 11.15 A.M. The view was superb in all directions. Descent was made to the Bergli hut where the night was spent.

August 1.—Leaving Bergli at 1.45 A.M., in doubtful looking weather, the traverses of the Grosser Fiescherhorn and Ochsenhorn were successfully accomplished. The snow was in good condition, but the cold was great owing to a strong wind. Descent was made by the Ochsenjoch which was interesting and varied, and involved considerable step cutting. Grindelwald was reached eventually in time for tea.

August 2.—Weather-bound at the Bear, rain falling in torrents.

August 3.—Took the train to Lauterbrunnen and went up to Roththal hut in perfect weather.

August 4.—Left hut at 3 A.M. and ascended the Jungfrau: the summit was made at 8.30 A.M., and descent made to the Jungfrau Firn into dense mist, some difficulty being experienced in finding the correct way to Concordia where the night was spent.

August 5.—A storm rose in the night, and on getting up fresh snow to the depth of about 3 or 4 inches was found round the hut. Climbing was out of the question, so a visit was paid to the Märjelen See.

August 6.—Leaving Concordia at 3.30 A.M., ascending by the

Ewig Schneefeld, the little Mönchjoch was crossed to Bergli. Snow started to fall on leaving Bergli, and Grindelwald was reached at 10.45 A.M. A halt was made for lunch, &c., and the party again started at 2.30 P.M. for Rosenlaui where they arrived soaked by the rain which fell all afternoon.

August 7-12.—Various attempts were made, but owing to continuous falls of snow nothing was accomplished, and as on the 12th the outlook for climbing for many days to come seemed hopeless, the party disbanded at Grindelwald.

Mr W. GARDEN writes as follows :—

"Every one who has been abroad this year seems to have the same tale of woe. I went out with Mr Eric Greenwood this year on 10th August and returned in disgust at the end of the month having not got a single peak. We fiddled about at Ried in the Lötschenthal for four days, and after prospecting the Distel Glacier with a view to making the Bel Alp by the Beich Pass, and visiting the Bietschhorn hut to find the Bietschhorn plastered with fresh snow, we fled for a prolonged week-end to the Italian Lakes, even there to find it only moderately warm. From Pallanza we did a record day. The American spirit seemed to get hold of us, or more probably the reaction of loafing at Ried, and starting from Pallanza at 5 A.M. we did the three lakes and got back there at 7.30 P.M.—of course per steamboat and train !

On the 20th we returned to Martigny, and on the following morning met the twin brothers Brigg with whom we had had a long time-tryst to celebrate their fiftieth birthday on the summit of Monte Bianco, but alas ! it was not to be, and on the eventful day we found ourselves humbly crossing the Glacier des Bossons. We actually did —or we think we did—reach the Col du Chardonnet from the Lognon Pavilion, but we were caught in such a blizzard and fog in this our one effort that we could not tell exactly where we were, but we got well out of it."

Dr, Mrs, and Miss INGLIS CLARK with Mr C. CLARK had a very successful motoring and climbing visit to the Continent in August. Crossing the Ardennes by the pass of the Hohen Venn (about 3,000 feet), the mountainous borderland of the Eiffel was traversed to the Vosges, where the wild wooded pass of the Donon (over 3,000 feet) was crossed to Schlettstadt. In company with Dr Hoek two days were spent in the Black Forest, eight passes being crossed and the summit of the Belchen was reached. Crossing the St Gotthard pass to Lugano, some days were spent in the Val Solda (near Mamette), exploring the dolomitic mountains, and Fojorama, M. Torrione, and M. Pizzone were ascended. Violent storms prevented the full programme being

carried out. The Bregaglia valley was visited from Chiavenna, and then circling round to the south, Piz Cengalo, the highest of the Bregaglia peaks, was ascended *via* Capanna Badile. Chased away by bad weather, the Engadine was entered from Tirano. The higher peaks being impossible, the eastern peak of Muraigl was ascended by a sporting ridge and tower (some 2,000 feet of good rock work), and a presumably new ascent made of Piz Vadret (about 1,000 feet of very steep arête of at least equal difficulty to the ordinary Crowberry ridge). The ascent of Las Sours was also made. An expedition was made into the Bregaglia to get view points on the north side, but attempts to cross the Lunghino and Septimer passes were checked by storms. The Morteratsch was the only high peak climbed and an attempt on Piz Palu was defeated by recurrent storms. Crossing the Stelvio pass, 9,500 feet, and the Fern pass into Bavaria, the old towns were visited, and the Taunus and Ardennes mountains led back to the sea coast.

In February 1912, Dr, Mrs, and Miss INGLIS CLARK visited the Gstaad region and had many excellent ski-ing expeditions, including the Hornberg, Hugeligrat, Windspillen, Eggli, Durreschild, Seiberg, Wallegg, Wannenegg, Saanerlochfluh, Ober Planné, Berzgumm, and Hornfluh.

Mr FRANCIS GREIG, in company with Messrs D. H. Menzies, R. Jeffrey, and S. Henderson, descended from the train at Martigny on 3rd August, and partly by electric train, voiture, and walking, reached Mauvoisin late in the evening. After spending the night in this charmingly isolated mountain inn an early start was made next morning in the moonlight for Arolla across the Giétroz Glacier, Col de Seilon, and Pas de Chèvres. The weather, which was perfect during the two days from Martigny, now collapsed miserably, and remained bad more or less during their stay.

Various expeditions were planned, and some started, but all with one exception had to be abandoned. One day, with two ladies in the party, climbing the Pigne, they were beaten back within two hours of the summit by a fierce storm lasting some hours.

After waiting some days for the storms to pass, Menzies, Jeffrey, and Henderson left Arolla on the 12th to try what the Bernese Oberland could offer in the way of weather. On the 12th the sky cleared, and Greig joined Young, who arrived from Prarayé the previous day, and two visitors, Messrs Williams and Porter, in an ascent of Mont Blanc de Seilon.

The summit was reached *via* the Col de Seilon in dense mist and a howling, freezing wind. An enforced stay of half an hour was necessary on the summit, owing to a party of six coming up the final summit arête where there is no possible passing place.

Greig, after joining MacRobert's party for a few days, desirous of

experiencing some summer weather before returning home, departed on the 16th for Montreux where he was fortunate in having some fine days of warmth and sunshine.

The President, Mr GODFREY A. SOLLY, was prevented from going to the Alps this year until 20th September when he went with Mrs Solly to Zermatt and found only about forty other visitors in the village. Serious mountaineering was impossible owing to the quantity of snow on the mountains, and the only climbs were an ascent of the Riffelhorn by the sky line route, and a traverse of the Stockhorn. This expedition was formidable enough, as it began to snow when the party left the Gornergrat and the storm continued for five and a half hours ; and had the party not included P. A. Perren they would have retraced their steps along the ridge as it was impossible to see 20 feet ahead, and the schrunds were wide. Afterwards Mr and Mrs Solly made a tour of Monte Rosa finishing by crossing the Théodule pass from Fiéry to Zermatt. All the passes were deep in snow, and no other climbers or tourists were met at any point on the route.

The lack of climbing was in part atoned for by the views in the valleys where the autumnal colouring of the foliage was magnificent.

They left Zermatt on 10th October, and believe that only one visitor remained behind.

Mr ROBERT JEFFREY, Jun., writes : "The following is a note of the doings of our party in Switzerland this summer after leaving Greig and MacRobert's party at Arolla :—

"Leaving Arolla on 12th August, Menzies, Henderson, and the writer walked over to Kandersteg by way of the Gemmi Pass and thence *via* the Krinden Pass to Adelboden where they were joined by M. Eberhardt Phildius, an expert Swiss climber.

"On 16th August the Tschingellochtighorn was climbed and the night spent at the Engstligen Alp. Next day a sporting route up the Wildstrubel from the Strubelegg Col was attempted but had to be given up owing to iced rocks and new snow. The summit was ultimately gained by traversing the Lämmern Glacier and joining the route from the Gemmi. Descent by ordinary route. After the departure of Menzies and Henderson, the writer, with a French friend, traversed Gsür and the Albristhorn in bad weather.

"The weather throughout the trip was very broken."

Messrs H. MACROBERT, R. E. WORKMAN, and J. R YOUNG were in the Alps for three weeks from 3rd August. They started from St Gervais meaning to cross into Italy by the Col de Miage, but the

awful weather drove them back to Chamonix and the Montanvert, After four days of rain and snow they struggled over the Col du Geant to Courmayeur and from there reached Prarayé in one day, with the help of a motor diligence as far as Aosta. Next day they crossed over to Arolla in driving snow and rejoined their baggage. Here they decided to wait until the weather cleared, which of course it did not do. In addition to Cassiorte, Aiguille de la Za, Mont Blanc de Seilon and many of the cols, they had a good climb on the Dent Perroc with the two Walkers. The best day, however, was spent on the S.W. Ridge and south face of L'Evêque when an exciting traverse was discovered, but not the summit cairn.

Dr LEVACK,' Messrs REID and ALEXANDER were at Zermatt about the end of August for a fortnight and found all the high peaks quite inaccessible owing to every other day being wet. A traverse of the Furggengrat in dense mist, another of the Untergabelhorn, and a few minor excursions were all that could be done.

Mr H. C. COMBER writes: "I was a week in Dauphiné at beginning of August—bad weather nearly all the time, but got a very nice expedition in—the traverse of the Pic de Neige Cordier, from the Chalet de l'Alpe to the Col Emil Pic, and down the Glacier Blanc to Ailefroide.

"High wind, and all the tops covered up, and I never even saw the Pelvoux or Ecrins. We then came right round *via* Val Louise, Briancon and the Lautaret to Grenoble, and went to look for better weather in Grindelwald. Arrived in pouring rain, and left a week later in the same condition."

MR AND MRS W. DOUGLAS spent a portion of January and February 1912 at the Grand Hotel, Les Rasses (3,850 ft.), in the Jura mountains. The weather was good and the ground excellent for ski-ing, presenting all degrees of difficulty, with a large choice of easy runs for beginners. They made many excursions, including all the peaks of the Chasseron, the highest in the Jura (5,285 feet), and also of the Aiguille de Baulmes (4,983 ft.). They highly recommend the district for winter sports. It can be reached by a two-and-a-half hours' drive from Pontarlier, or by train all the way to Ste. Croix *via* Lausanne Yverdon.

NORWAY.—The usual Norwegian cruise does not afford opportunities for lengthy climbing expeditions. As a rule, however, sufficient time for peakbagging is given ashore at one or two points. Thus J. R. Young, in June, ascended Goalsevarre (4,232 feet) at Lyngen and the Fagernaesfjeld (4,167 feet) at Narvik. A good glissade was obtained down one of the gullies on the North Cape. The Horn on this was also ascended. This fine rock pinnacle is well worth a visit. It has a sheer face towards the sea, but there is an easy route up the back.

NORWAY—MR W. W. KING.

The following extracts from a letter give an interesting account of Mr King's holiday :—

"We stayed at Turtegrö, my wife and self, and I had several climbs with some very nice Norwegians and glorious weather.

"1. With Ole Berge, the noted proprietor and guide, I did Storen Skagastölstind, going up by Vigedal's chimney and down by Heftye's chimney.

"2. With two Norwegians, Mr Gröndahl and Mr Dybwad, we had a grand climb of the traverse of the north, middle, and great Skagastölstind which were all quite free of ice and snow. The rock is chiefly granite and affords excellent handholds.

"3. Same party on 19th July (6.15 A.M.) ascended the Styggedalsbrae to the col on its eastern side, and thence by ridge between the Styggedalsbrae and Gjertvasbrae, constituting the north arête of Great Styggedalstind to that summit, up an ice slope and grand rocks. We erected stone men as for a new ascent, but when we got to the top at 1 P.M. we found a card of Mr H. Fielding Reid stating he ascended by same route last August. We must have followed a different route as there was no trace of his ascent. We continued to the Little Styggedalstind and to col below the Gjertvastind (4 P.M.). Here we tried to cross a big bergschrund, but as it was dangerous gave it up, and went up a very steep ice slope where many steps had to be cut. At top of this we got into some delightful chimneys which you would have enjoyed and reached a platform. From this point we had a little more step cutting, and at 6 P.M. reached the top up steep ice, rock slabs, and chimneys.

"Our climb was now over, but we had to get back by another way, and a tramp commenced over snow, gradual ice and huge boulders, and at 9.30 P.M. we reached the valley two miles N.W. of the hut at Skogadal. Here we ought to have stayed, but no one had suggested it, and as my wife might get anxious there was no alternative but to tramp back over the Kaiserin pass to Turtegrö which we reached at 12.45 A.M. We were out eighteen and a half hours and found most of the climbers still up waiting for us and our arrival was hailed with joy.

I took two days' rest, and then with Mr Dybwad and Miss Hoff went on 22nd July up the Riingsbrae to the col west of the eastern Riingstind. Then to the top of it up easy rocks. From the top we descended again westward, and some 300 to 400 feet from the top got on to the north face and traversed right across it to a col near the pinnacle arête leading to the Midtmaradalstind. I came last man over some very ugly slabs with very few handholds. It is a stiff climb, but quite possible if the last man is content to come down without any hitches. Just as we reached the col a thunderstorm began. For one hour we kept dry under some rocks, then we continued over the pinnacle arête to the lowest gap north of Midtmaradalstind, and thence down to the glacier and up to the hut which we reached at 8 P.M. Five minutes later a second thunderstorm burst over us. It was very grand, flashes and thunder were simultaneous, and repeated at very short intervals. At 9 P.M. two Englishmen appeared who had spent the previous night on the Midtmaradalstind and came on to the hut right through the storm and were drenched. Dybwad stayed at the hut, but again I had to go on for sake of my wife who would not know where I was, also the Englishmen could not get down unless Miss Hoff and I went as they did not know the way. At 10.15 P.M. we started again, and at midnight reached Turtegrö. Until we left the hut we had kept quite dry. Our route on north face of Eastern Riingstind is new.

"I also climbed the Dyrhougstind with my wife."

MR ARTHUR W. RUSSELL was in California and Canada, and sends the following notes:—"As I told you the weather was hopelessly bad in the Rockies, and the only climbs I managed were Mount Niblock and Mount Fairview, the latter being little more than a walk. In the Yosemite Valley in August we went up Sentinel Dome, one of the highest tops in the valley, but the ascent from sea level was made by train, coach, mule and foot! and was merely a walk.

"I give you my 'doings' as requested, but none of them were real climbs except Niblock, which was quite good under the then snowy conditions."

LADIES' SCOTTISH CLIMBING CLUB.

NEW YEAR MEET, 1913, AT TARBET, LOCH LOMOND.

THIS Meet of the Ladies' Club was an unqualified success. The weather conditions on the hills were seasonable, while indoors the comfort and warmth of the Tarbet Hotel will be remembered. Snow covered the mountains for the top 800 feet, and although blizzards were encountered, they were of short duration. A "preliminary" party of four on the last day of 1912 walked to "the Fairy Loch" and thence took to the ridge above. Not deterred by a strong half-gale from the west, they followed the ridge over Ben Bhreac and Ben Reoch to Tarbet. On New Year's Day a party of seven made an excellent start by catching the early train to Ardlui. At the hotel there was rather a chilly reception, the landlord declaring that the hotel was shut upon a New Year's Day. However, after an hour's wait, breakfast was ultimately forthcoming. Ben Vorlich, south peak, was climbed, the ridge was followed to Inveruglas, and a tramp along the loch side brought the expedition to a conclusion. The other five (for the Meet now numbered one dozen) walked to Inveruglas, making the ascents of Ben Vane and Ben Ime, returning by the Cobbler Col to Arrochar and Tarbet. The second day of 1913 saw six set off by self-rowed boat across Loch Lomond. They climbed Ben Lomond and returned across the water, the other six climbed Crois from Arrochar, returning by, and exploring, some of the Narnain caves. By Friday the party had diminished to five, but on Saturday Mr and Mrs R. Watson and also Dr and Mr C. Inglis Clark arrived. On Saturday, 4th, seven climbed Ben Chabhair, motoring up Glen Falloch to its base. There were frequent, but short, sleet showers, but even a blizzard on the top did not spoil the enjoyment of the day's outing. A delightful "high tea," a hurried packing, and the last of the Ladies' Club to leave caught the Saturday night train, and so home to town again.

RECEPTION IN KINTORE ROOMS, 7TH JANUARY 1913.—There was quite a holiday feeling about this reception, coming, as it did, so near to the time of the gatherings in the Highlands. Including members and guests, about eighty were present. Dr Marion Newbigin gave a most interesting lecture on "Mountain Forms," illustrated by lantern slides, the remainder of the programme being musical.

THE Ladies' Alpine Club, London, honoured the Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club by inviting the President, Mrs Inglis Clark, to their Annual Dinner on the 11th December 1912, at which function some 186 were present.

JANIE INGLIS CLARK.

MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

"THE CHARM OF THE HILLS." By Seton Gordon. Cassell & Co., London. 10s. 6d. net.

This handsome and beautifully illustrated volume does not, as its title might perhaps suggest, deal with the mountain charm from a mountaineer's point of view. Nor can it be said to do so as the hill walker pure and simple might view it. The somewhat cold and platonic love of geology or earth science is not the lure that has drawn the author again and again to explore and haunt the remotest plateaux and corries of Scotland's great central tableland. His love is a warmer one, for the living, breathing creatures of the upland wilds. From the lordly stag and the magnificent but tyrannous eagle, to the timid Alpine hare and the bold and confiding ptarmigan, all the four-footed and two-winged mountaineers are his friends. He draws their portraits with truth and skill, by pen and camera. He makes even the non-elect feel the charm their presence lends to the barren—even in summer, snow-streaked—slopes and corries of the Cairngorms. The mountain flora also, the azaleas, the saxifrages, *Silene acaulis*, *Armeria maritima*. The mountain trees, the ancient Scots pines and the blast-defying birches, are all described and depicted with loving care.

Many beautiful and artistic photographs of forest foreground with a background of distant snow-covered mountains are given in this volume.

These pictures form a fitting exposition of the scenic charm of the Cairngorm hills to those who have not yet had the privilege of access to them. To the experienced mountaineer, who must of necessity be a nature lover if he be a true mountaineer, they recall many memories of past joy and charm.

The author's chapter on the eternal snows of the Cairngorms will be a revelation to those of the outside public who read the book. To Scottish mountaineers, of course, his facts and pictures of those late summer snowfields and drifts will be familiar knowledge. Few members, however, of even the Cairngorm Club have had such opportunities of studying the subject as Mr Seton Gordon has had. The curious phenomenon he mentions of the sudden upspringing of mountain flowers almost immediately upon the temporary retreat of

the Cairngorm névés, has long puzzled the reviewer, when observing the same thing at the edges of the little permanent "glaciers" in the dark recesses of the great north-east corries of Ben Nevis.

The inanimate charms of the hills, their snows, their mist and cloud effects, their rocks, tarns and streams, their heathery lower moorlands, their fringe-moss covered Arctic plateaux, their wind-scalped, gravel-strewn summits, are all described in this volume.

It is, however, to the life, and especially to the bird life, of the uplands that most space is devoted. Nature studies at first hand of some of our rarest and remotest nesting British birds would fittingly describe many of the chapters. Few naturalists have had such opportunities as the author has so well availed himself of. His studies and photographs of the nests and young of the golden eagle and of its chief victim, the ptarmigan—snow grouse—as Mr Gordon appropriately calls it, are especially interesting. He has watched the dotterel to her nest and has found and photographed the young of the snow bunting (the first British mainland nest of the last named was discovered by Messrs Peach and Hinxman of the S.M.C. in 1886). His observations of the nesting habits of the eagle are particularly fresh and interesting. One snapshot of an eagle leaving her nest must be well-nigh unique. Even that wonderful monograph of Mr H. B. Macpherson's, "The Home Life of the Golden Eagle," contains no picture of greater interest. It will be news to most ornithologists that in Mr Gordon's opinion the golden eagle, in this country, nests as commonly on trees as on rocks. The reviewer here cannot but think Mr Gordon is referring to his special district, the great pine forested region of the Upper Dee.

Here the slow swelling uplands of the ancient ice-planed hills afford few steep crags. Where crags do occur they are often bare, gaunt, granite slabs, bleak and shelterless, high and windswept, plastered with ice and buried in snow till long past the nesting season of *Aquilla chrysaëtus*. The old pine forests in the valleys below are situated in jealously-guarded deer forests. For the greater part of the year they are given up to the quiet and solitude beloved of the eagle. In all other parts of Scotland with which the reviewer is acquainted, the eagle almost invariably places her eyry on some ledge of a more or less steep cliff, often of quite easy access. Two conditions are essential, shelter and quiet.

In Mr Gordon's experience the golden eagle is singularly timid and undemonstrative at the nesting haunt, and this is the general experience of all Scottish observers, including the reviewer. Nevertheless, we may venture to suggest that all the traditional stories of its boldness and aggressiveness cannot be entirely myths. Is it not possible that its habits may have altered in this respect? Certainly many of the tales told of the eagle's desperate courage in defence of its eggs or young may probably refer to the erne or white-tailed eagle, now, alas! unfortunately almost extinct as a British bird. Those of us who know

our Fritjof Saga will remember the youthful hero's battle with the eagles. Those were undoubtedly ernes.

Even in modern times the reviewer has been swooped at with loud screaming for merely going near the eyries of the erne. On one occasion the bird came almost as close as does a merlin or a great skua under similar circumstances. He has been told a story, strongly believed in on the spot, of the slaying by the erne of a would-be nest-robber. The great bird being supposed to have knocked the man off the cliff into the sea, where he was drowned.

The writer of this book is no fair weather rambler. Spring, summer, autumn and winter, storm or sun, mist or clear, often a real Scottish mixture of all kinds, he has wandered forth upon the lonely heights of the Cairngorms. The result we have in these pages. We are sure that no mountaineer or nature lover who takes up the book but will lay it down with the feeling that the author has succeeded in conveying to the mind of the reader no faint idea of some portion at least of the many-sided, mysterious, elusive "Charm of the Hills." H. R.

"THE ENGLISHMAN IN THE ALPS, BEING A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PROSE AND POETRY RELATING TO THE ALPS." Edited by Arnold Lunn. Pp. 294. Oxford University Press, 1913. 5s. net.

In 1905 Messrs Baker and Ross edited an anthology of mountain literature—mostly poetry—entitled "The Voice of the Hills." That collection was not restricted to the Alps: poems relating to the hills of England, Scotland, Wales, and other lands occupied a considerable space. Mr Lunn fills 217 of his pages with prose and 75 with poetical extracts, and although the title of the book is not rigidly adhered to, extracts dealing with other regions than the Alps are few and far between. Here is one: "If he would enter wholly into the spirit of the hills, let him go alone into some remote valley of the Scottish Highlands, till the last footpath vanishes and the highest bothy is left behind" (p. 203). An extract from J. S. Blackie's "Ben Greig"—"Why Climb the Mountains?" &c.—is also included. We wonder what that perfervid Scot would have said on finding himself called an "Englishman in the Alps"? Robert Louis Stevenson is represented by an excerpt from "Davos in Winter," and Professor Norman Collie by two quotations from "Climbing on the Himalaya and other Mountain Ranges." Turning to Englishmen, Mr Lunn is evidently a great admirer of Leslie Stephen, extracts from whose writings fill 37 pages, including 18 pages given over to a complete reprint of an article written for the *Cornhill Magazine*, June 1874, entitled, "A Bye-Day in the Alps." Ruskin has 16 pages, and the names of Shelley, Symonds, Moore, Whymper, Freshfield, Mummery, Conway, Schuster to mention a few are sufficient guarantee to any climber that the book will interest him. As regards the extracts from the poets, Mr Lunn has apparently

and quite rightly taken advantage of Mr G. W. Young's review of "The Voice of the Mountains" in the *Alpine Journal*, Vol. xxii. pp. 621-4, and shows his appreciation of that well-known climber's poetic talent by giving no less than seven extracts from his poems. Although the compiler ignores the Scotsman's claim of nationality, the latter will find pleasure and profit in reading the book, until such time as "The Scotsman in Skye" is published.

Scottish Mountaineering Club.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1912.

Hon. President - The MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE.
President - - GODFREY A. SOLLY.
Vice-Presidents { HARRY WALKER. J. H. BELL.
Hon. Secretary - W. INGLIS CLARK, 29 Lauder Road, Edinburgh
Assistant Hon. Secretary - { GEORGE SANG, 13 Hill Street, Edinburgh.
Hon. Librarian - A. W. RUSSELL, 23 Castle Street, Edinburgh.
Hon. Treasurer - WALTER NELSON, 135 Wellington St., Glasgow.
Hon. Editor - F. S. GOGGS, 15 Grange Terrace, Edinburgh.

Committee.

W. DOUGLAS. GEORGE DUNCAN.
HARRY MACROBERT. STUART F. M. CUMMING.
GEORGE SANG. W. N. LING.
R. ERNEST WORKMAN. JAMES C. THOMSON.

Sub-Committee for Club-Room.

The Hon. Secretary.
The Hon. Editor.
The Hon. Librarian (*Convener*).

THE JOURNAL.—Nos. 15, 29, 30, 44-46, 48-50, 53, 55, 58, 59, 61-69 are still in print, and may be obtained at 1s. each from Messrs Douglas & Foulis, 9 Castle Street, Edinburgh, who also accept orders to supply the *Journal* regularly, at the rate of 3s. (or 3s. 6d. by post) per annum, payable in advance.

The Hon. Librarian, Mr Arthur W. Russell, 23 Castle Street, Edinburgh, has for sale a few copies of a number of those parts of the *Journal* which are out of print; also various complete volumes: for prices and other particulars application should be made to him.

Copies of the Index to the first ten volumes of the *Journal* (3s. 6d. net, postage 4d.) can also be had from the Librarian.

UNIV. OF MICH.

THE SCOTTISH

Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XII. JUNE 1913. No. 71.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

FIFTY-FIRST MEET OF THE CLUB, EASTER, 1913.

AVIEMORE.

Members present.—Arthur, Backhouse, Brown, Collins, Corry, H. J. Craig, Jas. Craig, Deards, Donald, Drummond, Galbraith, Garden, Goggs, Goodeve, Green, Howard, Howie, Ling, Low, Macalister, Mackenzie, MacRobert, A. G. Marshall, T. R. Marshall, Maylard, Meares, Morrison, Mounsey, Parker, Sang, A. D. Smith, Solly, Squance, Gilbert Thomson, J. C. Thomson, Unna, H. Walker, Watson, Widdows, Workman, Young—41.

Guests.—C. E. Brown, W. C. Church, F. Hogben, W. D. Macdougall, J. E. M'Intyre, E. N. Marshall, C. S. Norris, A. B. I. Pollock, T. Shaw, C. W. J. Tennant—10.

Total, 51.

"Indeed I am waxen weary; but who heedeth weariness
That hath been day long on the mountain in the winter weather's stress,
And now stands in the lighted doorway,* and seeth the King† draw nigh,
And heareth men dighting the banquet and the bed wherein he shall lie."

* Either at the Station Hotel, Aviemore, or Derry Lodge.
† Mr Clulow, the hotel manager, or Donald Fraser.

Up to within ten days of Easter 1913 the winter in the Highlands had been very open, and the prospect of much snow at the Spring Meet was not encouraging; the next ten days saw a complete reversal of the conditions hitherto prevailing. Heavy falls of snow occurred all over Scotland, the deer came down to the low ground, snow ploughs were attached to the engines on the railway lines, sheep farmers had much work and worry in connection with their flocks, and the heart of the skier rejoiced.

On Thursday, 20th March, when a number of men came north, snow covered many of the station platforms between Perth and Aviemore, and at Dalnaspidal, the summit of the line (1,284 feet), nothing soiled the purity of the rolling hillside's fairy robe—the only contrast in colour being that afforded by the dark surface of Loch Garry. The President, as was fitting, opened the Meet that morning, and, accompanied by his henchman, Collins, ascended a hill, unknown to fame, behind the hotel: they reported that there was plenty of soft snow and mist. A dozen members, headed by past-president Maylard, arrived by the evening train. Friday and Saturday saw the arrival of more members and guests, and a most representative Meet resulted. As usual we welcomed several of our London members; Sunderland and the North of England sent a strong contingent; Dundee, Edinburgh, and Glasgow contributed their respective quota. The Granite City were not strong in numbers though their representatives' quality could not be gainsaid—the joint compilers of THE INDEX. Two notable absentees were Munro and Rennie: both sent greetings, Munro being in Morocco and Rennie in California. The two had doubtless paired in Parliamentary fashion, but a malicious suggestion was made that a cable should be sent to Munro stating that Rennie had unexpectedly turned up. It was considered that such action would infallibly lead to Munro's appearance at Aviemore on or before the last day of the Meet. Kindly counsels at length prevailed and the cable was not sent.

At no previous Meet has the sport of ski-ing claimed so much attention. After listening to the ski-runners one commenced to think that it would be impossible to get

to the top of any hill without laths on one's feet. Dismay began to take possession of the old-fashioned members of the Club, who did not possess ski. On calmly thinking the matter out, it was remembered that the Club annals bore conclusive evidence to the fact that the deepest and softest snow could not prevent the Club's hobnailers bagging tops and peaks without artificial aid and at length the ski-ers were put into their proper place, and the new sport was not allowed to elbow its elder brother out of existence. It is certain, however, that far more ski-ing was done at this Meet than at any previous one. The favourite resort of the ski-ing fraternity was Dalwhinnie, or Dalnaspidal, reached by the morning train from Aviemore. On Friday, Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday experts and beginners in the craft were busy making tracks over Sgairneach Mor, Udlaman, Marcaonach, Geal-charn, Creagan Mor, &c.

The best excursion was that made by Messrs Arthur and Sang, who, on Friday, putting on their skis about a mile from Glenmore Lodge, went over Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui and came down to Derry Lodge. High wind, dense mist, the rocky and icy conditions of the summit plateaux, made, one would have thought, most unsuitable conditions for ski-ing. The two men, however, carried through their programme, though they were well beaten as regards time by a party who made the same journey by the old-fashioned method. On Saturday Messrs Arthur and Sang skied up Glen Geusachan, over the snow-covered wastes to the summit of Meall Dubhag, then along the tops over Carn Ban, Sgoran Dubh, and down to Loch an Eilein. That day the weather and snow conditions were favourable.

At the start of the Meet the weather was poor. Friday was very misty and blowy on the tops and the cold intense. Saturday opened with mist, but from 1 P.M. onwards the sun came out and good views were obtained. Sunday it rained all day at Aviemore. A strong party went to Rothiemurchus Church. The only party who went to the hills reported a raging blizzard and a heavy fall of snow. A party of three coming from Derry Lodge to Aviemore that day, *via* the Larig, reached the hotel at 10.30 P.M. after

a thirteen-hour battle with the elements! A second party of two, reported as being *en route* by the first party, never turned up till Monday night. They had been defeated by a cornice in the Garbh-Choire, and had had to return to Derry Lodge, arriving there 1.30 A.M. Monday morning. A second attempt to reach Aviemore by the Larig met with success, the journey taking nine hours. Monday and Tuesday were glorious days—snow down to the 1,000 foot line, brilliant sunshine, clear atmosphere. The photographers, headed by Lamond Howie, made hay while the sun shone; it was an opportunity not to be missed. The fine photogravure which appears as a frontispiece in this number of the *Journal* gives undeniable evidence of the favourable atmospheric conditions and the skill of the wielder of the camera. These two delightful days will so impress the minds of those who were fortunate enough to be out on one or both of them, that the previous bad weather will be wiped off memory's slate, and Easter 1913 will remain on record as a snowy and good weather Meet.

Nothing of special note was done. Some fifteen members in all were at Derry Lodge, the favourite route being by Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui and back the next day by Cairn Toul and Braeriach, or *vice versâ*. Sgoran Dubh had its share of attention, whilst Càrn Eilrig, of whose ascent no previous record is contained in the *Journal*, was visited by no less than seven men on the Monday. Meall a Buachaille was also ascended. Both the last mentioned hills are fine view points. The big hall at the Aviemore Hotel encouraged and made easy that social intercourse which is such a feature of the S.M.C. Meets. On Saturday, the 29th March, Collins, Howie, Meares, and Solly departed for the south, leaving Maylard in sole possession. Another of life's pleasant milestones is past. *Auf wiedersehen!*

A DELIGHTFUL DAY ON CLISHAM.

By F. G. Farquhar.

"Wie komm' ich am besten den Berg hinan?
Steig nur hinauf und denk nicht daran."—Nietzsche.

The advice contained in the above verse, for such at least as have sufficient philosophy in their composition to put it into practice, is doubtless both sound and commendable. It does not, however, preclude preliminary observations being taken as to the best route to be followed in order to reach an unknown summit, and such was our procedure before attempting to bag Clisham.

This hill being only three or four miles distant from Tarbert Hotel, North Harris, where we were staying, was sufficiently near to give us an opportunity of reconnoitring it from different quarters, notwithstanding that it lay in the opposite direction to our daily rendezvous at the fishing lochs in Laxadale, which is on the eastern coast of North Harris. Clisham, on the other hand, occupies a central part of the district, and it is completely hidden from view on this side by an intervening range of hills which follows the direction of the coast line.

Fine mountain as it is, Clisham might, however, be in another continent for all that one hears of it from the natives of Tarbert, nor did it seem to appeal very much to the circle of fishermen from the mainland and from England who were collected in the hotel. As a cobbler to his last so a fisherman to his angle. He comes to fish, so fish he must and will. It is difficult to get him to do anything else, so if you want a day off, you'll have to gang by yoursel', and so it was in my case.

The climate of the Hebrides appears to be contrarious. Last summer, such a wet one on the mainland, was an exceptionally fine one there. Day after day a bright sun, a hard blue sky, a northerly wind and the driest of weather made fishing, except for the dry-fly man, a vain pursuit.

It was enough to make an angel swear, and therefore, *a fortiori*, a fisherman. Accordingly, on the 2nd August I chucked it and took to the hill instead.

From a previous reconnoitre of the mountain we had a good notion of what was to be done and how to set about it. The Tarbert-Balallan road crosses the eastern spur. Taking advantage of this we motored to a point on the road between the lochs a Mhorghain and na Ciste at an elevation of about 600 feet, where, leaving the road and crossing the deer fence, we made for the saddle which unites the two featureless heights of Tarsaval and Sròn Carsaclett.

At this elevation, viz., of about 1,200 feet, one is nearly on a level with the top of the ridge of Clisham's Corrie on its eastern side.

We followed this contour for a considerable distance, making for the head of a coombe in order to avoid unnecessary hill-work, and continuing the same contour on the far side of it we reached the foot of the steep eastern spur which falls abruptly enough from the top of the mountain. Nothing further remained to be done but to tackle it, and, *à la* Nietzsche, to think no more about it. It is pretty steep but not difficult.

The highest point of Clisham, according to the Ordnance Survey, is 2,622 feet. This constitutes it the monarch of the Outer Hebrides. There is a cairn on the top.

The ridge here is very narrow and jagged, the outer sides both to north and east falling precipitously, while on the inside it is a perpendicular cliff. The ridge makes a big dip to the west of its culminating point, only to rise again suddenly, and resume its former cliffy character, though not to attain quite such an elevation as at the cairn. Eventually the western flank of the corrie develops into a wide and continual sort of causeway, which gradually shelves away into the moorland below.

This appears to offer an easy though a tedious approach to the summit. From the north-west side of the ridge a connecting one runs north at an elevation of about 2,000 feet, which gets the name of Mullach an Langa. The corrie's eastern boundary, which is sharp and well defined

and of a uniform level, loses itself in the surrounding heights in the south.

Clisham's corrie is its chief feature. It is very spacious, of noble dimensions, and of a most striking appearance when seen from the south, whence it stares one in the face. Its jagged outline, perpendicular walls, and semi-crater-like aspect at once fascinate and astonish the beholder. In shape it resembles a horse shoe, with its almost encircling sides, the westernmost one, wide and flat as it is, being very like that of a heavy-built Clydesdale's shoe. We climbed down into it from the ridge where it reaches its lowest elevation between the contiguous cliffs, but it is by no means a pleasant way, especially to one in ignorance, as we were, of what might be awaiting below, for it is impossible to see to the bottom from the ridge.

On "sic" a day, however, it was very delightful when one did get down to rest on the heather-grown slopes, and refresh oneself at the numerous rills which force their way beneath the luxuriant growth. The corrie is so sheltered from north, east, and west, and is so little trodden by man, that it is a perfect sanctuary for heather. At the same time it is a regular suntrap, so that no wonder the heather was already in full bloom in this oasis in the forest.

The view from the top of Clisham is superb. The most striking object was the gem-like trinity of St Kilda set in the ocean and glittering in the sun. It bears some twenty degrees north of west from the cairn.

The whole extent of the Lews to the north lay at our feet, half land, half water, flat and desolate. The far-inpenetrating sea-loch of Seaforth, which so nearly insulates the district of Pairc, or Park, from the rest of North Harris, filled in the immediate scene to the east. To the south lay the isthmus of Tarbert which unites North and South Harris. North Uist appeared to be a prolongation of the Lews, with the Sound of Harris omitted. Quirang and the Cuilin were prominent, while on the mainland Slioch and Ben Eighe enabled us to locate the Gairloch district.

A FIFTEEN-HOUR WALK IN BENDERLOCH.*

BY F. S. GOGGS.

To be on the tramp from early morn to dewy eve—to start with lantern, and to arrive at the haven where we would be in company with the evening star, having seen the sun make a complete circuit of the heavens, is an experience which cannot be considered uncommon in the case of those whom the spirit of the mountains calls to Alpine snows; but in Scotland, to spend fifteen consecutive hours on the hills, though by no means an unprecedented, is yet not a very common proceeding. It might be mentioned as a further fact, which, though by no means unprecedented, is yet not very common, to wit, that during the whole of those fifteen hours it never ceased raining. From the last mentioned fact, any member of the S.M.C. will at once anticipate that the log of the expedition will produce moving incidents of fell and flood.

Most unfortunately, the Club's versatile Honorary Secretary has not yet turned his attention to the science of crystal gazing, and when in December 1911 the Club at its Annual General Meeting decided to hold the Easter Meet at Glencoe, no official warning was given that this might prove to be a difficult matter. As Easter 1912 drew near, however, the railway men struck, and the service of trains became smaller by degrees and beautifully less, till over many of the branch lines no trains ran. Ballachulish, the most convenient station for Glencoe, is at the end of a branch line, and the problem whether that particular section would be working or not at Easter could only be solved by the famous formula of the Prime Minister, $W_{\overline{nil}}+C$. There seemed to be a fair probability that at least one train a day would run from Edinburgh to Oban, so three members of the S.M.C. having pored over maps for some time decided to take the train to Taynuilt and from there to trust to Charon and shank's mare.

* Benderloch = Ben-eider-da-loch = hill between two lochs.

April 1912 *Robt. M. Adam*

BEINN SGULIAIRD FROM INNER LOCH CRERAN

OF
MICH.

Rooms were, therefore, engaged at Taynuilt and Clachaig, and the three of us with well-filled rucksacs and the kind of feeling which, I imagine, pervades the minds of those proceeding to the front in some campaign, of absolute uncertainty as to how far you will get and when, if ever, you will arrive at your destination, took our seats in a long and crowded Caledonian train at Edinburgh. At Stirling it was raining heavily, and the downpour accompanied us for the next forty hours. We waited inside and outside every station on the line, and at length reached Taynuilt at midnight—seven and a half hours as against a normal four. Heavy rain and Egyptian darkness did their best to prevent our finding the Temperance Hotel, but the desire for shelter proved strong enough to prevail over all obstacles, and half an hour the wrong side of midnight found us asleep.

At 5.30 we were called, and at 6.40 we started for our distant Mecca—Clachaig. It was still raining, a heavy pall hung over the shores of Loch Etive, and the outlook was as funereal as a wet day anywhere always gives. Bearing in mind the old proverb, "rain before seven, clear up by eleven," we hoped for the best. A little before seven, standing on the edge of the rough stone pier jutting out into the loch, one of us yelled for the ferry boat till his throat was somewhat sore, whilst the two others stayed in the shelter of a small wooden hut, erected for the use of those crossing the loch, which is here only a quarter of a mile wide. Half a dozen quarrymen joined us, and our Charon, ruddy-faced and stoutly built, soon landed us on the further shore. We passed quickly through the quarries with their cranes, their lines of rail, their curious coracle looking shelters for the men hewing the stones after these have been quarried out of the rock face, &c. We had not come to see these, and were pleased to leave the sights and sounds of strenuous labour behind us and to find a charming track by the loch side, in some places hewn out of the hill, now up, now down, creeping round first one headland, then another; on the one hand—the dim shore across the loch seen through the bare stems and branches which in two months' time

or less would form a leafy screen—on the other, the cliff broken here and there by running streams, and covered with moss and lichen, and ever above the clang of our hobnailers was "heard the water lapping on the crag." One or two solitary cottages were passed, then at Cadderlie the hills retreated and the loch widened—for all that we could see that morning it might have been the boundless ocean. Just after passing Cadderlie we ought to have kept to our right, still hugging the loch side, but a track to our left led us into moss hags and rank ground, and then petered out. However, we struck the track again before crossing Abhainn Dalach by a wire suspension bridge, just beyond which we came across a weary-looking shepherd lolling beside a weary-looking wee haycock. Two or three days later we saw the same shepherd in sunshine, and he seemed to have grown cheerful, but on the day we are speaking of man and nature looked weary and depressed. The shepherd lived a mile and a half away up the glen: we could see his dim habitation in the dreary distance, and we pitied his dismal lot, but looking back now I think it was all a question of weather. We spoke to him, and found he knew of the existence of the hill we were making for, but he had never been up it. We now left the track and struck north for the Allt Easach, to a point where the burn made a grand display of white horses, flecked with black. Above these falls we continued along the west bank of the stream, mounting very gradually. Beinn Bheag rose on our left and Beinn Mheadhonach on our right: both these low hills had evidently been worn smooth by ice, and although their slopes were overgrown to some extent by moss and turf, quite sufficient black-smoothed rock remained to tell the history of the past. The rock glistened with the water which steadily poured over it: beneath us the saturated turf squelched with a sound as of water-logged boots; out from the watery mist before us came the silver streamlets or foaming cascades, behind us the watery mist was pierced by the same ever-agitated element. Water, water, water,—above, below, all round. The rain was not falling with any special force, there was no par-

ticular wind, but the moisture came down—down—down with a kind of silent and resistless persistence, mocking all hope. A pair of herons standing on a sandy spit in the burn resented our intrusion, stretched out their long legs, and flew into the all-devouring mist: some bedraggled sheep moved clumsily away, but most living things thought it was a day on which it was more pleasant to remain indoors than to go out. As we followed the full burn to its source, it diminished in volume, and at length we saw the side of our hill looming up to the north-west. We then left the burn and struck away up what we found to be a fairly steep slope, with outcrops of rock here and there. Some way up we had some refreshment, but the shelterless wind and rain swept slopes did not invite a lengthy sojourn. We eventually struck the snow-crusted summit ridge of Sguliaird (or Sgulaird—6-inch O.S. map) at the foot of the final rise, and soon a big circular cairn loomed through the mist like another distant top (3,059, 1 P.M). The derivation of the name Sguliaird is uncertain, but Mr R. Angus Smith in his book, "Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisnach," states that Sgeulee means story-teller (p. 202), so that Sguliaird will mean the story-teller's height.

Our programme for the day was a generous one, and included Beinn Fhionnlaidh and Sgor na h-Ulaidh, and although I expect we all had some secret misgivings as to carrying our task through, no one hinted retreat. From the summit of Sguliaird the ridge dips north-east to 2,855 feet, then rises to a subsidiary top, 2,963 feet (about one-fifth of a mile from each other), at which point the ridge divides; the main portion goes north at first, then curves to the east to Stob Gaibhre (2,244 feet), whilst a steep rocky spur goes east, the two ridges encircling Coire nan Tulach. Down the spur we went, finding the descent steep and rocky; the rocks were well split up, and afforded us an enjoyable scramble. Taking a compass bearing in the mist we found we were going too much to the east, and presently a partial clearing showed far below silver streaks running apparently in a wrong direction from our standpoint. We therefore contoured round, struck the main ridge again, and came to a small lochan (2,087 feet),

with a hillock (Stob Gaibhre) rising straight up behind. From the hillock we strained our eyes northward, and seeing nothing but veiled and gloomy outlines, the desolation and despair of surrounding nature chilled our hearts, and a proposition to leave the two remaining hills to a brighter day found no opposer. There could not be much argument about the line of retreat: there was only one—Glen Ure. With the load of two hills off our backs, we trotted gaily down a steep hill side, avoiding here and there a rocky face, through a small hanging valley, which contained a few stunted trees and was well suited for storing stolen cattle, till we struck a good path not marked on the map. This path leads from Glen Ure farm to the top of the glen, keeping the west bank of the burn all the way, and runs high up the hill side to avoid a deep gorge. Where we struck the path we found ourselves faced by a perpendicular wall of unscalable rock, which formed the east side of the glen; many feet below us was the brawling stream in spate, behind were the steep grassy slopes, down which we had just come, rising to an indefinite height into the mist. The glen was extraordinarily narrow, a deep cut in the hills—a ravine much more nearly expresses its character than the word glen, but the scale of the ravine is large and generous; its sides on a misty day tower to heaven. It is a fitting home for the king of birds who nests here. We none of us remembered a similar glen in Scotland, and were delighted to have come so unexpectedly across such a striking bit of country. The path led us in some two miles to Glen Ure farm (3.30 P.M.), where a mossy stone bridge, in the middle of a short gorge containing some noble specimens of the fir, spanned the to-day foaming burn. Under more peaceful weather conditions there are delightfully translucent pools below and above the bridge, and the miniature gorge might well be a haunt of the fairies. The name Glenure takes us back to troublous times, for was it not Colin Campbell of Glenure who was the victim of the Appin tragedy on the 14th May 1752, and for whose murder a Stewart paid the last penalty at the scene of the crime near Ballachulish? If local tradition be correct, Stewart's execution seems to have

been as much a murder as that of Campbell, but judicial. Robert Louis Stevenson, in "Kidnapped," makes the tragedy live before us, and those who prefer cold history unmixed with fiction can find the whole grim story in the series, "Notable Scottish Trials, Trial of James Stewart (The Appin Murder)."

The farmer at Glenure kindly gave us the use of an outhouse, where, protected from the steady downpour, we lit our aluminium cooker, and soon had a luxurious afternoon tea ready. Unpacking, the consumption of many courses, the drinking of much tea, then repacking, took somewhere approaching an hour. We now had a good road under our feet, and after three miles, mostly through wood, found ourselves at Salachail. Here we had a choice of routes—the obvious one by a good track leading to Ballachulish down Gleann an Fhiodh; the other, pathless, but more direct, by Allt Eilidh and the northern part of Allt na Muidhe. Galbraith, with the wisdom of age and experience, plumped for the track; Russell knew that route, and therefore voted for the unknown. I, too, voted for the trackless, so Galbraith gave in to the views of his juniors: whether he will do so again, I am not sure.

After a chat with the keepers at Salachail regarding the route, &c., we took a very rough track from the sheep-fank a quarter of a mile beyond the farm, to the north-east: this led us towards the Allt Eilidh burn, but always kept considerably above it. The water was roaring down a gorge in the glen, and made so much noise that conversation was difficult; in fact, whenever we were near a stream that day, the noise was that of a workshop filled with machinery going at full speed, and the din in our ears persisted even when one had left the burn. Strong wind has the same noisy effect, and I have no doubt both tend to make the climber sleep more soundly when the time comes. We gradually ascended, the burn being always on our right, till we saw a dam, a quarter of a mile long, above us: we then went to cross the stream where it left the reservoir, but one look at the foaming water was sufficient, and we walked back the length of the dam, and skirted the reservoir till we gained the glen beyond it.

We were surprised to see this huge loch here, as it was not marked on the map, but under less watery conditions its area is small.

Night was fast coming on, and we stumbled along over rough ground till we struck a narrow track, which led to the col (about 1,050 feet), giving access to Allt na Muidhe. Here the path ceased, and we descended steeply, bearing slightly to the right, till we found ourselves shut in by two streams, the one from the col, the other the stream in Allt na Muidhe. It was imperative that we crossed one burn or the other, and that quickly; but neither looked at all inviting. Glancing up the Allt na Muidhe a black line was seen across the white waters. "A bridge," shouted one of us, and we thought our deliverance was accomplished. On arriving at the "bridge" we found that we were not yet out of the wood: only one old fir still remained, and that covered with nails, having the business ends uppermost. Whether the worn timber would support 12 st. remained to be seen: an attempt by one of the party to cross it astride, avoiding the nails, revealed a very perplexed mental picture, and as a divided mind never accomplishes anything, neither did he. No one else seemed inclined to experiment on nail points, and as it was getting darker every moment, we ran to look at the other burn, which seemed of the two a trifle smaller. We were getting desperate now, and as Galbraith was the oldest, we tied a rope round his waist and threw him in. He scrambled out safely on the other side, and we followed in turn. It was now (8.15 P.M.) quite dark, but we stumbled along the hill side above the roaring torrent of the combined streams, and soon saw on the further bank the light from the keeper's cottage, which rejoices in the name of Gleann-leac-na-muidhe. We then came to the bridge crossing the burn and the road leading to Bridge of Coe. We did not cross this bridge and try to puzzle out the track to Clachaig, because we thought it quite possible that the bridge over the Fionn Ghleann burn might be washed away. As a matter of fact, the bridge is high above the stream, and is not at all likely to be carried away in a spate. A mile further we arrived at the farm of Achnacon at 8.45 P.M., and going in to light our lantern we

were told that the rain had been incessant for seventy-two hours, that the river was over its banks, and that it was dangerous to go on. It was arranged at length that the farmer's son and one of his men should accompany us with a swinging lamp. The cavalcade was soon on its way, and we had visible proof that the water was indeed over the roadway. We were piloted over fields, and through hedges, until at length the hard highway at the Bridge of Coe was beneath our feet. We said good-night to our guides, and at 10.20 we were standing in the porch of Clachaig Inn. We were not wet through, thanks to wettermantels, but we did not despise a change and some warm food.

Three days later a party of five drove from Kingshouse to the school at Lochetivehead in the teeth of a violent storm from the west, and having learned that the bridge over the Kinglass had been washed away two or three years ago, we followed the path on the north bank, which leads through charming birch and mossy woods, under the shadow of the ice-worn slabby face of Beinn Trilleachan. Starting at 10.15 A.M. in a heavy rainstorm of almost tropical violence we thought we were in for a thorough soaking. At mid-day, however, a marvellous change took place, the rain disappeared, the sun came out, and we had some of the most charming rainbow effects any of us had ever seen. The strong wind raised spindrift from the surface of the loch, and the sun shining on the spray made long sections across the loch's surface glisten with all the colours of the rainbow, whilst at the same time broad belts of rainbow hue lit up the mountain sides. We all stood fascinated by the marvellous and charming effect. Was the weather too stormy for the ferry boat at Bonawe to cross? On a favourable answer to this question depended our catching the train at Taynuilt. On reaching the ferry at 3.50 P.M. we found that the boat had only been able to make its first crossing that day an hour previously. The ferry on the other side over the River Awe could not be used that day at all.* It seems

* It was fortunate that we had not come down the south side of the loch, as had we wished to ferry over the River Awe we should have found it impossible.

that it is a very rare occurrence indeed for anyone to be prevented from crossing the Bonawe ferry for a whole day —once in several years—but in stormy weather an intending passenger may have to wait an hour or two.

"This Land of Rainbows, spanning glens whose walls,
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists,
Of far-stretched meres, whose salt flood never rests,
Of tuneful caves and playful waterfalls,
Of mountains varying momently their crests."

—WORDSWORTH.
"Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive."

LICHENS.

By Rev. Wm. Watson.

The true mountaineer is more than a mere athlete, whose one ambition is to bag so many peaks. He may have the soul of a poet, and as he stands on some well-won mountain top he revels in the splendours of nature, spread so lavishly about his feet; and surely few are the men around whom the hills do not sooner or later cast a glamour of poetic thought and emotion. Or his may be the instinct of the artist, and then he thrills to the myriad shades of colour on rock and vegetation and the many-tinted shadows of the hills. Or he may be interested in the peculiar fauna or flora of the mountains, differing so widely as they do from those which live on lower altitudes, and then his eye turns with delight to the birds, or insects, or flowers, which eke out a strenuous existence in the wind and cold of the heights. To any lover of flowers the Scottish hills are rich in treasure. The mountain rue, the white Alpine cerastium, the purple-rayed erigeron, the snowy dryas, the blue veronica, the Alpine sausurea, potentilla, and willow-herb, and of course the gentians and saxifrages in any number, are all to be found in profusion on the whole of the higher ranges of Scotland. Rare specimens also may be secured by the adept on almost every climb. He must be something of a Philistine who has scaled our Highland hills, and never noted the rich and rare blossoms which cling often to the most precipitous rocks. There are, however, other and lower forms of vegetation which thrust themselves upon the notice of every climber, and deserve more than the slight consideration they commonly receive. Indeed, few fields offer so rich a harvest of fresh material for the botanical student as the apparently bare rocks and steep sides of the British mountains; and even for the novice in botany there are types of vegetable life which cannot fail to rouse his interest and admiration. Not the least im-

portant of these are the lichens, a few notes on which may prove useful.

Every rock-climber is familiar with lichens, for his fingers continually touch them. Of all plants, however, they have received until quite recent times least attention. They have been the neglected children of the vegetable world. Much has been done to make up for lost time, and now several thousands of species have been described in botanical text-books. This may be surprising to most people whose acquaintance with lichens is limited to the appearance of the "grey patches" on old walls, palings, rocks, and trunks of trees.

Among botanists lichens have been the storm centre of many a controversy. It was long before their place in the vegetable kingdom was definitely fixed. For centuries they were indiscriminately mixed up with mosses, hepatics, and seaweeds, and even the prince of botanists, Linnæus, was content to include them as one genus in his class of algæ. Modern systematists now place them by themselves in a distinct order of nature between the fungi and liverworts, so that they occupy a lower position in the vegetable scale than the mosses and ferns. At the same time they are closely allied to the fungi and the algæ, and are indeed a composite product of these lowly plants. Their structure is very simple, consisting of branched and interlacing threads, formed of very narrow cells, and resembling the structure of fungi. Interspersed thoughout the substance of the lichen plant are little green bodies (*gonidia*) either in layers or in beaded rows, and these form the algal portion of the plant. Thus we have formed one of the most complete of those alliances between two kinds of plants of which nature gives many instances, and to which the name symbiosis has been given. The division of labour resulting from the co-operation of fungus and alga in the lichen is entirely satisfactory. The fungus condenses the vapour of the atmosphere by which the lichen dissolves the dust and other debris of its growing place, and carries the raw material to the constructive cells of the alga inside; while the alga, on the other hand, possessing the chlorophyll or green colouring matter so necessary to

plant growth, is able, like the leaves of higher plants, to organise suitable food from air and sunshine, and in this way performs its share in building up the common organism. It is interesting to note that it was not until 1868 that this composite nature of lichens was definitely recognised, and when the theory was first adopted without reserve and openly declared by Schwendener, it was as much to the surprise as the annoyance of lichenologists. Since then the weight of facts has resulted in the universal acceptance of the theory.

While linked in this way with fungi and algæ, lichens differ in several respects from both their relations. Fungi are usually embedded in the substance of the material on which they grow, and extract nourishment from their hosts, whereas lichens flourish only on the surface of wood, or rock, or earth, and seldom draw nutriment from these, depending for life on the surrounding atmosphere. Algæ, again, are simple water plants, and where there is no moisture there are no algæ, and fungi riot in moisture and the shade; but lichens revel in the fresh air and genial sunshine. It is true they cannot always do without moisture, but for long periods they can bear drought, and then they become so dry as to be easily pulverised in the hand. Whenever they are moistened, however, they resume active life. It is probably due to these long rests in dry weather that lichens live to such a great age. One authority says that patches of lichens "date from fabulous periods," and probably no other vegetation is so long lived. It is thus given to the mountaineer to find probably the oldest of living things in the form of lichens covering the glaciated surfaces of quartz on the summits of our highest hills. They have been there since the prehistoric days when the glaciers of the Great Ice Age melted. On the summit of Schiehallion, for example, there is a species on smooth quartz rocks, polished and fluted by glacial action, with markings as distinct and unchanged as if the glacier had only yesterday passed over them.

The vegetative system of lichens, which differs widely in appearance in different species, is called the thallus. The forms assumed may be divided into two large sections

—the horizontal, which is the typical form, and the vertical. The former may be subdivided into the crustaceous and the foliaceous. Most of the lichens found on the hills are crustaceous. Among the foliaceous lichens, the thallus of which is a flattened leaf-like expansion, are included the largest and most brilliantly coloured species, but these are found mostly on trees, or on the ground, rarely on rocks. The vertical lichens may also be arranged in two divisions, which may be called the shrubby and the thread-like. A typical example of the shrubby species is the "reindeer moss," to be referred to later, and a familiar specimen of the thread-like lichens is Usnea, which can be seen hanging in thick masses from the branches of old fir trees.

In colour the lichen thallus is just as varied as the form, although to the popular imagination all lichens are grey. Many other shades may be found—green, yellow, brown, black, and sometimes white—the colour being confined to the external layers. Much of this variety depends on the amount of exposure to light and to changes in the atmosphere. In a long period of drought the same lichen will differ much in its tint from its appearance when the weather is moist and wet. The explanation and proof of this may easily be discovered by taking some dry coloured specimen and moistening it with water. Very soon the outer layer of the thallus becomes more transparent, the gonidia or algal cells scattered through the interior substance begin renewed activity, and being green in colour they shine through the outer layer and impart a greenish tint to the plant. In some cases it is suspected that the colour of the lichen may be due to the absorption by the plant of some chemical constituent of the substance on which it grows.

The method of reproduction among the lichens is extremely interesting, but requires too much technical phraseology for full explanation in such an article as this. Suffice it to say that they possess two ways of reproducing themselves. One is by means of spores, which in the non-flowering plants take the place of seeds. These are developed in little sacs or spore-cases called thecæ, and when ripe they escape and begin the growth of a new

plant. The spores vary much in size, form, and colour. Some few are large enough to be visible to the naked eye, though most of them demand the microscope for detection, and commonly a very high power is needed to distinguish them. In a young state they are almost colourless, but when mature they assume various tints, chiefly yellowish. The other method of reproduction is by means of soridia, little tufts or cones of cells, which are analogous to the gemmæ or buds of mosses and the bulbs of some of the higher orders of plants.

Much ingenuity has been expended on the classification of lichens, for it is a most intricate business, depending upon very careful balancing of all the parts, their external and internal structure. Experts have divided them into families, then tribes, then genera, then species, then varieties, all with their distinctive features and distinctive names.

Their distribution over the face of the globe is wider than that of any other form of plant. Alike in geographical range and in altitude they are the outposts of vegetation. They are found in the tropics, and they grow above the snow line on the mountains. In the Ultima Thule of the Antarctic regions no other vegetation exists but these lowly plants struggling for existence. Even the same species may be found at very different altitudes. One species of Physcia occurs in the New Forest, and has been found on the Kiang-la mountains at an elevation of 22,000 feet, and on the Himalayas at nearly the same altitude. While they flourish anywhere, except in densely populated manufacturing districts and in the neighbourhood of cities where they are impatient of the impurities in the air, they develop most profusely in warm, moist climates like that of New Zealand. They are light-loving plants, but they seem to shun the direct rays of the sun, so that in temperate climes like our own the mountaineer will find them in greatest abundance on the northerly or north-western side of the hills.

The lichens of our Scottish mountains are as peculiar and distinct in character from those in the valleys as the Alpine flowers. They are all pre-eminently Arctic, and

form the common familiar vegetation of the Lapland and Iceland plains, while they cover Greenland and Melville Island with the only verdure they possess. Many of them are as rare as our Alpine flowers, occurring in scattered patches on the extreme summits of the Highland hills, and others are common enough. On all our hills there is what is known as the lichen zone, which on many foreign mountains is a region of desolation still more cheerless than the expanse of eternal winter above it. Dr Hugh Macmillan, in his "Holidays on High Lands," gives a vivid picture of the appearance of the lichen zone of the pass of the Great St Bernard. "The reindeer moss of Lapland," he says, "whitened the ground here and there, interspersed with a sulphur-coloured lichen which grows sparingly on the tops of the Cairngorm range; patches of the black Tripe de Roche clung to the stones, looking like fragments of charred parchment, while immense quantity of other well-known Arctic lichens and mosses covered the level surface of each exposed rock as with a crisp shaggy mantle that crunched under the feet. There were no tufts of grass, no green thing whatever." This gloomy Plutonic aspect of the plants of the lichen zone must be familiar to every climber, and gives a singular appearance to the scenery, as in the case of Ben Nevis, where almost every stone is blackened by large masses of such well-known lichens as Andræas, Gyrophoras, and Parmelias.

A short reference to some of the specimens to be discovered on our Highland hills may stimulate the interest of the climber. The reindeer moss referred to by Dr Macmillan, "the reindeer moss that whitens all the hill" of the poet, is known as Cladonia, and is very common. In Lapland it covers great tracts of country, and forms the winter fodder of the reindeer. The "cup-mosses," which bear their fruit in red tubercles as bright as red sealing-wax, and are common and familiar objects on our hills, belong to the same species. With their filigreed yellow stems and large scarlet knobs they form a lovely decoration of many a rock. Parmelia, the commonest of all lichens, is a foliaceous species, some patches of which on the hills are of

great age. At one time it was gathered in great quantities by the peasantry of the Highlands for dyeing purposes. "Iceland moss," or *Cetraria islandica*, is another well-known Scottish lichen, which is used largely as an article of food by the Icelander, who also utilises it to supplement the grazing of his cattle and sheep. Four tons of it he regards as of greater value than one ton of wheat. The curious tribe of the Gyrophoras, or Tripe de Roche lichens, looking like pieces of charred parchment, are exceedingly abundant on all the rocks. They recall the fearful hardships of Sir John Franklin in the Arctic regions, for it was on Tripe de Roche that the survivors of the ill-fated expedition sustained nature in the absence of other food as they crossed the terrible "Barrens." Then there is the geographical lichen, *Lecidea geographica*, which enamels the stones and rocks with its bright black and primrose-coloured mosaic, and forms a striking decoration to the rocks. A common vertical and shrubby species is *Sphærophoron coralloides*, which resembles a branch of delicate coral, and is also the great ornament of many a scattered boulder on the mountains. An interested climber may easily discover many other less common species. For example, there is a species of Stereocaulon which is easily identified by its peculiar resemblance to a small tree of the pine tribe laden with snow. Ephebe, consisting of black filaments with saucer-shaped fruit, may not infrequently be found in small cavities of the rocks filled with water. *Alectoria jubata*, the "tree" or "rock hair," is dark in colour. On trees it hangs in long tufts much branched and entangled, sometimes to the length of two or three feet, but it may be seen on the Highland rocks in a shorter and less turgid form. And if the mountaineer desires the very rarest of lichens, he needs only to climb to the summit of Ben Lawers, and in the crevices of the highest rocks he will find *Verrucaria Hookeri* spreading over the blackened and hardened turf in white turgid scales. It is unlike any other species, and is said to be a special creation found nowhere else in the world.

A word may be said as to the method of collecting. No costly or complicated equipment is needed. A strong,

sharp, flat-bladed knife, and a geological hammer and well-tempered chisel to split off a slice of rock as thin as practicable, are the sole apparatus absolutely required. Some species on the hardest stones are so closely attached and level with the surface, spreading like an exudation of the rocks, that the hammer and chisel are needed to secure them in a perfect condition. The specimens, wrapped in soft paper, may then be deposited in a haversack or vasculum. A pocket lens is sufficient to examine the external character, but for the internal structure a compound microscope is required.

The lover of lichens never needs to wait for a suitable season to follow his cult. They are permanent forms of vegetation, and are not affected by the changes of the seasons, so that whether he climbs the hills in summer or winter, in spring or autumn, the mountaineer who is also something of a botanist need not lament the absence of flowers. He may use his powers of observation upon and find his admiration stirred by many a beautiful specimen of the lichen tribe. He will notice how they grow where no other vegetation can find footing, and how in other places, by collecting dust fragments from the air, they prepare the way for the growth of tiny mosses, which in turn prepare a resting-place for the germination of some wind-blown or bird-borne flowering seed. By this means many a precipitous cliff is dotted with beautiful blossoms, which seem to grow where no soil could have lodged. Well may the lichens be called the pioneers of the vegetable kingdom.

HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY.

Travels in Scotland, by an Unusual Route; with a Trip to the Orkneys and Hebrides, containing Hints for Improvements in Agriculture and Commerce, with Characters and Anecdotes, embellished with Views of Striking Objects, and a Map, including the Caledonian Canal. By the Rev. James Hall, A.M. In Two Volumes, 622 pp. London, 1807.

By S. F. M. Cumming.

THE mists of obscurity have gathered quickly round this author, for there is a mystery about the origin of the work which has long remained unsolved. The book was probably prepared for the press, if not actually in part written, by William Thomson, LL.D., a very miscellaneous writer, who, like Hall himself, was a St Andrews man.

Of what religious persuasion the traveller was we do not know. He was, at any rate, broadminded and tolerant beyond many others of his time. Though in general we find him adopting a detached and unprejudiced point of view, he does occasionally let himself go at the expense of certain "fanatics whose doctrines tend to separate religion from morality."

Hall purchased a pony, and set out from Edinburgh on 15th April 1803. He specially chose the spring for his tour in order that he might see the country "when the mountains were beginning to lay aside their winter garb." His route embraced Stirling, Dunfermline, the Fife Coast, Perth, Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, Peterhead, Banff, Speyside, Inverness, Fort Augustus, Cromarty, Wick, Cape Wrath, Orkney, Barra, Fort William, Inveraray, Dumbarton, and Glasgow. There was no ostentation about the take-off. Hall simply ambled along by the Firth of Forth until

his eye was arrested by a "gentleman's seat,"—Hopetoun House no less. The charter to the estate, we are told, is a "small slip of parchment, not bigger than one's fingers, granting the right among other things to all the fowls that fly over it, as high as heaven, and everything on or below the surface as low"—as the lowest regions permitted to the imagination of a clergyman. Linlithgow and the Carron Work are coupled as places of interest, and the Forth and Clyde Canal as a piece of engineering is much admired. But there must be something wrong when the author states that "the tide does not ebb so low by 9 ft. in the Clyde as in the Forth, where it rises and falls 160 ft." To have one's morning bath brought to the door in this way would indeed be luxury beyond our wildest dreams.

At Stirling what impressed the author even more than the noble prospect from the Castle was the astonishing variety of religious opinion existing in the town. "Here are Papists, Churchmen, and Highflyers, Cameronians, Glassites, Episcopalians, Independents, Whitfieldites; Burghers, Antiburghers, Unitarians; Arminians, Socinians, Universal Redemptionists, Calvinists," and a whole host more. Brooding over the dissensions of the faithful, he pushed on to Clackmannan, where in the churchyard he discovered a tombstone with a curious inscription.

"Upon decyphering it I was both shocked and pleased; shocked at the cruelty of our forefathers, and pleased at the thought that we live in happier times. The poor mortal here interred went one day to the castle asking charity. He was desired by the haughty lord who inhabited it to depart—the exact locality of his destination being named. To this the poor man replied, 'I need not go there, I am just come from it.' 'And pray what is going on there?' 'Why, my lord, they are playing the same game there as here, taking in the rich, and holding out the poor.' For this no doubt saucy reply the man was immediately seized; and a roasted egg being put under each armpit, and his arms tied down, he was tormented till he died.

"The tradition is that this stone was not erected till many years after the death of the tyrant of Clackmannan; which is indeed almost certain, otherwise there would probably have been a further application of roasted eggs."

Skirting the shores of the Forth, Hall found it to be locally believed that the firing of guns from Edinburgh

Castle did much mischief to the fishing. The Fife villages generally prompted the thought that the vices of mankind are more contagious than their virtues. At Buckhaven his intrusion caused a great stir, and he was almost in for a drubbing. "It required all my address and the aid of my purse to get off with a whole head, which I ultimately effected by distributing money amongst their children and giving them plenty of porter."

Several pages now appear eulogising a recently deceased parish minister "whose wit and raillery were without gall, and perfectly free from that affectation which characterises punsters and other witlings, such as most of our players, who are ever on the stretch to say good things." Then follows a dissertation on the state of the fishing industry in Scotland, which in turn leads to a discussion of bounties, evasion of the law, &c. Hall remarks that the Highlanders after 1745 "being compelled to lay aside the kilt and to have each man a pair of breeches, provided themselves with breeches though they did not always wear them, but used the old kilt at home, and when they went abroad carried their breeches, swung over a stick, resting on their shoulders."

On arrival at the promontory near Crail, Hall delivered himself thus—"To a mind delighting in the grandeur of interminate prospects, Fifeness must appear a charming spot."

St Andrews was visited with particular interest, for the author had, twenty years previously, taken a course of Philosophy and Divinity at the College. He was depressed with the decayed condition of the University, and remarked that the only ground for consolation and hope for those who could wish the University of St Andrews to flourish was that a man of genius and learning might yet be admitted to that body "provided that he be careful to make a prudent marriage." In the circumstances we may pardon the author when he here becomes somewhat lengthily reminiscent, and tells a few "pleasant stories" of his younger days. These, however, are hardly of the type to be noticed here. Archery as a pastime was then very popular at St Andrews, and had been ever since "that

accomplished and wise prince"—James I.—passed an Act forbidding the "favourite diversion of football." One wonders if these are the precise epithets which would be applied nowadays to anyone bold enough to interfere with the liberty of the subject in this way. Hall was evidently no golfer, as his description of the game shows. It is dismissed as an "amusing and salubrious exercise," and bunkers—St Andrews bunkers too—are described as crevices. But he is much more at home in discussing the colleges of the University and its professors, the priory, the abuse of patronage, the cat race and the goose chase, and many pages are devoted to these topics.

Once within sight of the Lomond Hills, Hall shows that his appreciation of scenery is not confined to the flat lands and the sea. His idea of a perfect view point has much to commend it, for he insists on clear definition of objects in the foreground; "fineness of a prospect is not to be measured by mere extent, but by a combination of extent and variety, a variety of objects not faintly and obscurely, but clearly and distinctly discerned." Thus does he plump for the Lomonds as commanding perhaps the finest prospect in all Scotland, but most people will probably, and charitably, regard this as a misprint for Fife.

Still adhering to the superlative, Hall states his grounds for considering the district embraced by the Aichil Hills (he strongly objects to "Ochils") one of the sweetest and happiest regions in Britain. Yet, strangely enough, he here seems to have scented out more scandal than one would have expected, for at this point we meet with a few pages which are better skipped. Hall sometimes has a sly way with him. When he begins, "It has been remarked by our forefathers that a gloomy morning often ushers in a beautiful day," and proceeds, "This proverb was verified in regard to a young couple with whom I fell in in this part of country," we may anticipate that in a page or two the whole story will be out. And it generally is.

At Rumbling Bridge a surprise was in store for the author. He gazed with awe upon the "tartarean Devon," and was much impressed with the beauty of the neighbourhood. Pursuing his way to Abernethy, he turned a jealous

eye upon another traveller, whose conveyance, besides being elegant, could be used as a convenient dormitory.

The approach to Perth lay through Strathearn, where evidences of the ancient Danish invasion were noticed. That the Danes were wont to sit down upon Moncrieff Hill, we certainly know from history. The Pictish tower at Abernethy detained the traveller for a space, and prompted a few observations. As Abernethy was once the religious metropolis of the Seceders, an attempt is here made to convey a clear picture of the complex ecclesiastical position in Scotland at the close of the eighteenth century. Members of the Club who have forgotten who the Antinomians were will find all about them here. A long second-hand description is given of the annual "occasions" in the district, and contrary to expectation, this forms excellent reading. At Newburgh a new sect, the Bereans, was discovered. It was founded by a Mr John Barclay, "a man of lively parts and sanguine temperament." We are, therefore, prepared for the statement that "the Sandemanians and Bereans are among Christian sectaries what the Epicureans were among ancient philosophers. They live well and are merry. They are very amorous."

Being fond of angling, Hall now borrowed a rod from a certain innkeeper, and fished up the Farg. He caught an incredible number of small trout aggregating three or four pounds weight in as many hours. At this inn he comments on the simplicity and moderation shown in making up the bill, and confesses, for once, to having been ridiculously undercharged.

The way now led to Crieff, "a very stirring place," where the Highland and Erse languages penetrate furthest into the Lowlands. "The morning prayer of Mr Maxtown of Cultywhey, three miles from Crieff, is still in every mouth." It was his habit to wash daily at a spoutie near his house, and doffing his bonnet he thus prayed aloud: "From the pride of the Grahams, the wind of the Murrays, and the ire of the Drummonds, gude Lord, defend me and mine."

Approaching Perth, Hall slackened his pace. The beauty of the surroundings would have detained even the

venerable Dr Johnson, hungry, and thinking earnestly on his dinner. As for Perth itself, "it cannot be called a polite or hospitable place." The widespread classical education which Hall noticed was coupled with a regrettable religious bigotry. The former he attributes directly to the influence of the Reformation—"for the propensity to study dead languages was strongest where the spirit of the Reformation was strongest." Also the public schools had been continuously under the direction of distinguished men. While for a time Perth and druidical gloom were closely associated in the mind of Hall, it was evident that better days were now at hand.

Passing through the Carse of Gowrie where the comfortable farmers had generally adopted English methods of agriculture, our traveller came next to Dundee—population 23,000. "Here, it has been remarked, are more dwarfish, decrepit, and deformed people than in any other town of equal size in Scotland," but there is a complete absence of statistics to support this outrageous statement. It was high time the author was coming within sight of the snow mountains to clarify a much impaired vision—but they were still many miles away. In fact it is doubtful if he ever saw them, for he tarried so much by the way.

Aberdeen, on the other hand, is said to shelter people "as well bred, as well dressed, and as polite as anywhere in Britain." The work of the two colleges is sketched in some detail, generally with approval, though the prevailing tendency to confer degrees rather freely rendered the honour, in Hall's opinion, of little value. It reminded him of the case of the Greeks who erected three hundred statues to the memory of one Demetrius Phalerius. The rent of land near Aberdeen was at this time, we are told, higher than in the neighbourhood of London. By way of tempering our admiration and respect for the Aberdonians of a hundred years ago, Hall relates the following droll anecdote of two local bailies:—

"They were dear friends, and met every night of the week at a tavern, from which they seldom stirred without the aid of a contrivance. What first failed Bailie Littlejohn was his tongue;

what failed first in Bailie Burnett, his legs. Bailie Littlejohn, therefore, about two or three in the morning, would take Bailie Burnett on his back; who, if it was necessary, as it sometimes was, could enquire at a watchman, or any one, the way home."

The journey from Aberdeen to Peterhead was exceedingly pleasant, owing to the rare quality of the roads. The industry of Peterhead and other towns on the east coast is contrasted with the indolence of the inhabitants of the west. It was the habit of the fishermen of the east to salt and sell to their neighbours in the west large quantities of cod, &c. But if, as was reported to be the case, the West Highlanders could never be roused to any regular and honest form of occupation, one naturally inquires how they came to pay for the fish. Mr Hall does not explain.

We now come to something with the promise of real interest. The county of Banff was thoroughly scoured, and at length Hall found himself in the neighbourhood of Ben Rinnes, which he there and then determined to ascend. *He carried a barometer*, and found the summit "near 3,000 feet above sea-level." During the ascent he became enveloped in mist, and was at once in difficulties. He was extremely cold, and likewise hungry, having "foolishly put nothing in his pocket." Suddenly there loomed in front of him something of uncommon appearance. "I approached it not without fear, and at length discovered it to be a phalanx of wedders. There was an extremely large one in the middle, having a pair of tremendous horns." Horrible. He discreetly retired, and for a time amused himself botanising. Then the mist lifted, and a noble prospect burst into view. Forgetting for the moment all sensations of hunger and fatigue, he perceived "a secret enjoyment, a calm satisfaction and religious fervour which no language can express." As Moses on Nebo, thus may we picture the reverend author. Later in the evening, after a successful descent, he showed his appreciation, too, of a good square meal. Moreover, he had ample time to ruminate on the delights of solitary climbing, and his subsequent relation of the expedition must surely form one of the earliest confessions on record of the "awful joy" of this form of amusement.

The Avon is a swift and treacherous stream. The people on its banks had built bridges only to see them swept away by recurring floods,* and in Hall's time a crossing of the river was commonly effected by means of stilts. A piquant illustration of a party adopting this method on their way to church is among the best of the numerous engravings which adorn the work.

The section on Speyside occupies sixty-six pages, and is a miscellaneous collection of incidents and stories touching the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Highlanders up and down the country. They afford the reader much entertainment.

Visits were next paid to Rothes, Elgin, Forres, Culloden, and Inverness. The Caledonian Canal was in course of construction, and was an object of special interest, as it was hoped that when completed it would usher in a new era of prosperity for British commerce—"especially," it is added, "with that large tract of country called Labradore." For a time work upon the canal seemed to check the tide of emigration which had already begun to flow strongly in the North of Scotland. But it was only for a time. American agents were at work everywhere, "who, by advertisement, handbills, promises, and flattering accounts, set the people agog, and rendered them unhappy till they were on shipboard, when their miseries only began." All this the author deplored.

What exactly happened when Hall left Fort Augustus is not clear, but he says, "After a long fatiguing ride through a tract of country but thinly peopled, and in many places miserably cultivated, I arrived at Cromarty." We note with interest the prophetic observation: "The bay here is noble, and the harbour so large that the British navy might ride secure in it."

Further north the dreary nature of the country generally depressed both the traveller and his mount, but they persevered bravely, and ultimately arrived, *via* Wick and Thurso, at Cape Wrath. This was part of Hall's original

* One particular disaster is noticed in "Stoddart's Tour" (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. XI. p. 79).

plan, and on the achievement of his purpose he was as proud as though it had been a first ascent. From Cape Wrath he somehow or other crossed to the Orkneys, and alighted at Kirkwall, just in time for the annual carnival. "They were all in their holiday clothes; and I confess that even in London I scarcely ever saw so much money afloat." And as in London, so in Orkney, the extremes of wealth and poverty among the inhabitants were very striking. The establishment of the straw hat industry on a large scale was one of the surprises of the district.

Time was now pressing, and Hall set sail for Fort William. He was tossed about for three days, "and that not too far from my old acquaintance, Cape Wrath." But he reached Stornoway in safety. The Outer Hebrides were obviously skimmed, and to our great regret Skye is not even mentioned. Fort William had by this time apparently outlived its usefulness—as a fort—and Hall arrived there only to leave immediately for Inveraray. It is difficult to trace his route hereabouts, but it is on record that after crossing "two mountains" he reached at length in an exhausted and melancholy mood—well can we understand—the inn called the King's House. "It is a miserable and dirty hut." Next day, in better spirits, he passed down Glencoe, and had a good word to say for the "isolated hill at Ballyhulish, beautifully rising in conical form and verdant to the top, a pleasing contrast to the gloomy precipices of Glencoe, and the savage rudeness of the mountains with which it is environed." Further on the soft and picturesque beauties of Loch Awe are noticed with evident delight, and we welcome an interesting engraving representing Kilchurn Castle and our old friend Ben Laoigh.

A few days later Hall was greatly struck with the "truly sublime and tremendous beauties of Ben Lomond and the lake of that name." Proceeding by Dumbarton he arrived in Glasgow about sunset. "Tired as I was, I could not help before I retired to rest going to pay a tribute of tears, which I did copiously, over my brother John's grave, who, dying at the age of twenty-one, was buried not far from the high Church." To all appearance

half the people of Glasgow, at any rate among the lower classes, were of Highland origin. From long exposure to the weather they "had acquired a kind of grin," and wore an air of "vigilance and suspicion, mingled with an expression of ferocity and defiance." Here, as in other cases, time has happily softened, if it has not altogether removed, these sad asperities.

Bothwell Castle and the Falls of Clyde next attracted attention, and finally, about the end of October, Hall once more set foot in Edinburgh, where he promptly sold his pony cheap to a person who was likely to treat him well.

A long tour of this kind naturally brought its meed of wisdom to the traveller. He learned many things, and his experiences, even in matters of small importance, are freely related for the benefit of others who might come after him, as witness the following:—

> "Perhaps it may be of use to some of my readers to be informed that oslers and stable boys often carry tallow in their pockets with which, while they are cleaning the manger to give your horse his oats, thev rub his mouth, by which means, though your horse put his mouth among the oats and seem to eat, yet he can scarcely eat any; and when you are gone, thinking your horse has nearly finished what you gave him, Mr Osler carries off your oats and too often converts them, as Swift says, into brandy."

Such, in rough outline, is Hall's story. The hints for improvements in agriculture and commerce (indicated in the title-page) though scarcely alluded to here have really a large place in the book. The author was a keen discerner, and fully competent to deal with the majority of subjects which he handled. He was fortunate in having good introductions in many parts of the country, and such good use did he make of his opportunities that we are furnished with a very fair and accurate picture of the social life of his time among all sections of the community. True, we do not come into such close personal contact with Hall as we do with Bristed for example, nor do we meet with the poetic touch of Stoddart in some of his descriptions of scenery, but nevertheless we feel, as we are conducted through the country, that we are in excellent

company. The style is largely the style of Johnson, while the "observations" are invariably those of a shrewd, enthusiastic, and practical person, and one, moreover, with a warm side to everything of human interest. The Earl of Buchan, to whose "generous patronage and protection" the author appealed in the preface, would doubtless be thoroughly interested in the work, and subsequent readers are no less likely to share his lordship's pleasure.

MIDNIGHT WANDERINGS IN THE LARIG.

By Edward Backhouse.

"You can't go wrong in the Larig." So spoke one who ought to know, for every year he treads the familiar way, drawn thither alike by the grandeur of the scene and by the warmth of welcome at the further end. But members of the S.M.C. have no such word as "cannot" in their vocabulary; and these pages are written to show how two of them accomplished the impossible.

W. N. Ling, T. E. Goodeve, and I left Aviemore for Glen Einich on the Saturday of last Easter, and tramped through wet snow to the lower bothy. We were passed on the way by a large wagonette party, which broke into twos and threes and made, as we did, up the slopes of Braeriach. On the hillside the snow was in good condition, and a strong wind blew cold from the south-east. A thousand feet from the top we walked into cloud and had to search for the summit by means of the compass. The plateau was encrusted with ice, and as we peered along its surface, broken by blocks of stone, the appearance was of a glacier. The compass was still needed to steer us from the top, but soon the clouds showed signs of breaking and we caught glimpses of the valley. After a while, first one ridge and then another cleared and again was covered. Gradually the open spaces increased. For much of the way a fine cornice hung above the unseen corrie on our left.

Near the Angel's Peak we met Goggs and Watson walking from Derry to Aviemore. Goodeve joined them, as he had to leave for the south next morning.

Ling and I walked on to Derry Lodge, scarcely needing the other men's tracks to guide us. We left the broad back of the mountain north of the Devil's Peak and hit an easy route to the valley. Before seven, we were enjoying the warm welcome of Mr Fraser and his daughter.

We were greeted next morning by the sight of trees heavily laden with snow, and a thick carpet on the ground,

which a persistent fall was deepening every minute. Miss Fraser fervently ejaculated, "I'm glad I'm not a Scottish mountaineer," but it was without the least foreboding that we set out for our walk across the Larig. Our intentions on Macdhui were of course put aside. Up the valley from Derry Lodge we could distinguish the path only by the deeper snow that lay on it; and in the teeth of a violent wind we ploughed our way onwards. To miss the bridge across Luibeg burn caused little delay, but was of ill omen. Over the slopes of Carn a' Mhaim the snow lay less thickly and we made good progress, particularly where we rounded for a short space into the lee of the hill. Here for the first and last time till a roof was above us, we were able to talk without shouting. Once in line with the course of the Dee the wind met us furiously, and we were heartily thankful that the angle of ascent was very gentle. Still the snow fell, sometimes heavily, and then with sparse flakes driven before the wind. Although we could see little but rocks looming from time to time out of the mist, we did not trouble much about the route, as we fondly thought that the course of the stream would guide us. So thinking, we rose gradually at first, and then more steeply, and then so steeply that we resorted to the compass, and found that we were aiming north-west instead of north. Rocks appeared dimly in every direction. We concluded rightly that we must be in a corrie of Braeriach, and turned north-east to contour back again to the main valley.

It is always tiresome to drop when you know that a rise must follow: the annoyance is much more serious when every step is a laborious lift of the foot out of deep snow. So came it that we were impatient of descent and turned too early in a northerly direction. For some time we skirted the hill side without misgiving, rising gradually, as we hoped, in the direction of the pass. But once more we found ourselves encompassed by rocks, and guessed that we were again in a corrie. There are, broadly speaking, two ways out of a corrie; one the streams take, the other is popular with climbers. So as the Larig had proved elusive, we determined to make for

the summit plateau of Braeriach, which as everyone knows is a biggish target to hit. We could see snow above us broken here and there by ribs of rock. As we climbed the labour of each step increased, until the heavy man of the party found himself now and again lower at the end of a struggle than when it began. The snow was extremely soft and lay at a high angle on frozen grass, so that the only dependable support was that of the ice axe driven hard into the turf. Progress by the ribs of rock which jutted out from the snow was impossible, as they were covered with ice. Fortunately as we climbed higher the snow improved slightly, and at last appeared the cornice which rimmed the corrie. We went on in hopes of finding a gap, and it was not until we were within some 30 feet of it that we saw that it would be difficult to win through. Straight ahead the cornice was obviously impossible, to the left it was little better; but to the right the curve was broken by a bridge of snow which reached down to the slope below. Ling thought that he might be able to clamber across; but without a rope the bridge could not even be reached with safety, for steep ice slopes were between us and it. So there was nothing for it but to go down once more.

It was 6.30, and all the daylight left us was needed to reach safe ground. And still it snowed. We aimed to the east and went down till the slope rose against us, and then debated whether to turn north towards Aviemore or south to Derry Lodge. We had little idea how far from either we were, and so decided that it was better to take the direction we knew, however sketchily.

The next few hours are best passed over with few words. We found the Dee and followed down, the light fading rapidly. We crossed the stream perhaps five times, sometimes on its frozen surface, more often breaking through to its icy waters. We learnt that it is easier in the dark to step into a stream than to find the way out. A strong wind at our backs chilled us; the snow froze in lumps of ice to our clothes; we had eaten nothing for many hours, and we trudged on through the deep snow, vainly searching for a glimpse of the bothy in the hope of a little shelter in

which to put on sweaters and eat a few mouthfuls. At last we gave it up, and crouching behind a boulder our numbed hands groped clumsily in rucksacks for cakes and dates. Ling's sweater, caught by a blast of wind, was seen no more, and altogether we felt that fate was dealing hardly with us.

But from this point things went better. The snow stopped falling for the first time since we set out twelve hours earlier, the moon had risen, and before long we could discern a black form to our right front, which we took for the Devil's Peak. Soon we could make out the line of the Dee and the low pass which leads to Derry.

We steered a good course round the hillside, and after much weary trudging, the woods of the valley showed as dark patches on the white landscape. Rarely can those woods have neared so slowly; but at last the first trees were reached, the bridge was crossed, and the long stretch to Derry was traversed. Soon after 12.30 we were knocking at the door of the Lodge. Of the hospitality shown us it is impossible to speak too gratefully. A fire was soon burning in the kitchen, and another in the parlour. The first served to thaw and then to dry our clothes; while at the other we sat arrayed in our host's check suits, which adorned impartially my long shanks and Ling's elegant ankles. We drank tea and ate biscuits, consoled by Mr Fraser's sympathy and his daughter's richly deserved chaff. Then to bed, while the Fraser family stayed up till morning (so we afterwards discovered) drying our clothes.

No one who had the good fortune to be in the neighbourhood of Aviemore will soon forget Easter Monday of 1913. We spent it in a successful attempt to cross the Larig, albeit a matter of ten hours was needed to accomplish it. It was a delightful, though at times toilsome, walk. The clouds cast moving shadows on the snowy mountains; at the head of the great corries of Braeriach the cornice curved and hung.

As we sat in the sun by the side of our familiar acquaintance the Dee, we traced our wanderings in the snowstorm of the previous day and drew the obvious morals, which for members of the S.M.C. need not here be repeated. Our initial mistake had been in following up the

stream which issues from Garbh Choire instead of the one which falls from the pass. When we first turned back we were high up the slopes of the corrie, and had we gone on could have easily gained the summit of Braeriach and thence probably Glen Einich. Instead we descended and contoured into Coire Brochain. The basin of the corrie was sufficiently flat to mislead us into thinking that we were again on our proper route and that north was our right course; whereas it took us up one side of the corrie and ended in our undoing.

The snow was hard beyond the Pools of Dee, and it was not until we crossed the pass that the way became laborious. But when the sky is clear, it matters little that at every step one is sinking to the knee. After a while the snow grew thinner and through Rothiemurchus Forest it disappeared.

At sunset the glow on the eastern hills was worthy of the Alps. As we strode along the last stretch of road the light was fading, and thrushes sang in the spruce trees their vesper song. In the space of a very few hours we had passed from the depth of winter to the fullness of spring.

SONG OF THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.

By J. G. Stott.

Reprinted from Vols. II. and III. of the *S.M.C. Journal.*

Air—"*The Golden Slippers.*"

Oh, the big ice axe, it hangs on the wall,
With the gaiters, and the gloves, and the rope, and all;
But we'll polish off the rust, and we'll knock out all the dust,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.
Then our raiment stout shall the cold keep out,
And the good old axe shall again cut tracks,
And the frozen slope shall call for the rope,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.

Chorus—Oh, my big hobnailers! Oh, my big hobnailers!
How they speak of mountain peak,
And lengthy stride o'er moorland wide!
Oh, my big hobnailers! Oh, my big hobnailers!
Memories raise of joyous days
Upon the mountain side!

Then our cragsmen bold shall swarm up the shoots,
And shall win their way by unheard-of routes;
While others, never flagging, the tops and peaks are bagging,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.
Though the hailstones rattle, like the shot in battle,
And the whirlwind and blizzard freeze the marrow and the gizzard,
Though it thunder and it lighten, still our hearts it cannot frighten,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.

Chorus.

For the best of the Club will then be afoot,
From the President down to the last recruit,
And a merry band you'll find us, as we leave the town behind us,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.
You may tell Tyndrum that we're going to come,
And at snug Dalmally shall our hillmen rally,
And a lot of other places shall behold our jolly faces,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.

Chorus.

Let the Switzer boast of his Alpine host;
But the Scotsman kens of a thousand Bens—
Oh! their names are most supernal, but you'll find 'em in the *Journal*,
As compiled by that enthusiast, Munro.
The Salvationist takes his pick from the list,
And the agile Ultramontane finds the exercise he's wantin'—
Each gets climbing that'll please him, as the mood may chance to seize him,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.

Chorus.

Good comrades we, of the S.M.C.,
We're a jolly band of brothers, tho' we're sons of many mothers;
And trouble, strife, and worry—Gad! they quit us in a hurry
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.
For our northern land offers sport so grand,
And in every kind of weather do we ply the good shoe-leather;
And from Caithness down to Arran, on the mountains big and barren,
You "can trace our little footprints in the snow."

Chorus.

From the sunrise flush, when the hill-tops blush,
Till the moonbeams quiver on the ice-bound river,
We push attack and foray, over ridge and peak and corrie,
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.
When the long day's done, and the vict'ry's won,
And the genial whisky toddy cheers the spirit, warms the body,
Then the ptarmigan and raven, far aloft above our haven,
Hear our chorus faintly wafted o'er the snow.

Chorus.

LIBRARY AND CLUB-ROOM.

The following additions to the Library, over and above the usual exchanges, have to be noted :—

Ladies' Alpine Club Report, 1913. *Presented.*

Scottish Geographical Magazine for 1912. *Presented by* J. Rennie.

Pamphlet on "The Post-Glacial History of *Sequoia gigantea*." By John Muir. August 1876. *Presented by* J. Rennie.

History of the Kingdom of Scotland from Fergus the First to 1707, containing "Description of Kingdom of Scotland and the Isles thereunto belonging." By J. W., M.D. (Jas. Wallace). Dublin, 1724.

Geographical Illustrations of Scottish History, containing, *inter alia*, corrections of corrupted place-names, with Map. By David Macpherson. London, 1796.

Ski-ing : The Review of the British Ski Association. December 1912. Vol. I. No. 1. *Presented.*

The Englishman in the Alps : being a Collection of English Prose and Poetry relating to the Alps. Edited by Arnold Lunn. 1913.

Blaeu's Atlas of Scotland and Ireland. 1672.

Map of Scotland and Islands thereto belonging from new surveys, showing Roads of Communication and Military ways, Roman Camps, Roads, &c., Danish Camps and Forts, &c. &c. By James Dorret, Land Surveyor. London, 1750.

Notes on the Church of St. Fyndoca and its Monuments on the Island of Inishail, Loch Awe. By Wm. Douglas. From the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, Vol. XLVI. *Presented by* Wm. Douglas.

The Alps, or Sketches of Life and Nature in the Mountains. By H. Berlepsch. Translated by the Rev. Leslie Stephen, M.A. With Illustrations. 1861. *Presented*, James W. Drummond.

Report and Estimates relative to a proposed Road in Scotland from Kyle Rhea in Inverness-shire to Killin in Perthshire by Rannoch-Moor. By Thomas Telford. 1810. With Map.

Memoirs of Geological Survey : Geology of Upper Strathspey, Gaick and Forest of Atholl (explanation of Sheet 64). By Geo. Barrow, L. H. Hinxman, and Others. 1913. *Presented* on behalf of Board of Education.

Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club. Fifth Annual Record. *Presented.*

SLIDE COLLECTION.

The following members are thanked for their contribution of slides :—

Allan Arthur - - - -	6 slides.
G. R. Donald - - - -	2 slides.

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

THE BRACK: "ELEPHANT" GULLY.—An ascent of this gully was made by R. C. Davie, George B. Smith (non-members), and myself on 23rd May 1910. In detail our route was the same as Mr Raeburn's (see p. 209 of this volume) except at the second pitch, where we were able to cross from the top of the large turf-covered chockstone to the foot of the tunnel by two different routes: Mr Raeburn's description does not make it clear whether he followed the lower or higher of these. As at the time we were ignorant of the previous ascent in 1906 and accordingly believed the climb to be a new one, a small cairn was built at the exit from the tunnel; this apparently is the cairn which Mr Raeburn found in November of last year, and in error attributes to Messrs Shadbolt and M'Laren. Under summer conditions the climb presents no great difficulty.

JAMES M. WORDIE.

MOUNTAINEERING LITERATURE.

"ORDNANCE SURVEY MAPS. THEIR MEANING AND USE, WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF TYPICAL SHEETS." By Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc. (Lond.): W. & A. K. Johnston, Ltd. 1913. 1s. net.

The above little book of 126 pp. will interest any member of the S.M.C. Many instructive facts are touched upon in Part I., which is divided into three chapters, headed respectively :—

The Difficulties of Map-Reading.
The Use of Ordnance Survey Maps.
Methods of Studying the Maps.

For example, as maps are flat, and the country they represent, at any rate in many of the Scottish sheets, is very hilly, it is obvious that the distance between two places, as shown on the map, cannot be the actual distance the climber has to cover, and the method of arriving at the shortage of the map distance is set out on pp. 28-31.

Part II. consists of descriptions of some typical sheets; four sheets are taken in England and four in Scotland, those for Scotland being the Balmoral, Oban, Ullapool, and Haddington districts. Taking the Oban sheet as an example, the sub-headings of the chapter describing it will give an idea of Miss Newbigin's method of dealing with the subject. They are as follows :—

Position.	Effects of Ice.
Geological Structure.	Human Geography.
Chief Topographical Features.	Ascent of Ben Cruachan.
The Sea Lochs.	Summary.

The author has the gift of making her subject clear with a minimum use of scientific terms, so that the man in the street or the mere walker who is innocent of geology will yet understand what he reads, and will find, if he does not know already, how intensely interesting maps are, and what an amount of information can be gained from them. The price of the book—one shilling—ought to encourage a large sale.

THE JOURNAL.—Nos. 15, 23, 26, 44-48, 53, 55, 59-70, are still in print, and may be obtained at 1s. each from Messrs Douglas & Foulis, 9 Castle Street, Edinburgh, who also accept orders to supply the *Journal* regularly, at the rate of 3s. (or 3s. 6d. by post) per annum, payable in advance.

The Hon. Librarian, Mr Arthur W. Russell, 23 Castle Street, Edinburgh, has for sale a few copies of a number of those parts of the *Journal* which are out of print; also complete volume unbound: for prices and other particulars application should be made to him.

The Hon. Librarian has had placed in his hands by a member for sale a very finely bound set of the *Journal*. There is also on the market a copy of No. 6 of the *Journal* belonging to a non-member. This number, which is very scarce, contains Munro's Tables, is in good preservation and is neatly bound in cloth. The Librarian will be pleased to receive offers on behalf of the seller from any members desiring same.

Copies of the Index to the first ten volumes of the *Journal* (3s. 6d. net, postage 4d.) can also be had from the Librarian.

UNIV. OF MICH.

May 1913 *I. R. Young*

LOCH NEVIS AND GARBH CHIOCH MHOR

THE SCOTTISH
Mountaineering Club Journal.

VOL. XII. OCTOBER 1913. No. 72.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

KNOYDART MEET—EASTERN SECTION.

BY JAMES C. THOMSON.

As mentioned on p. 226 of this volume of the *Journal* it was decided at the Annual General Meeting of 1912 to hold a special meet in the Knoydart District in order to obtain information for the "New Guide Book": very few members were able to attend, but the following reports will be read with interest by those who could not be there.

The first arrivals reached Tomdoun by car on the evening of Friday, 16th May, from the Clyde valley by way of Ballachulish, after a run which, beginning under superb conditions, ended in what may be described either as the kind of weather that endured during the Meet or the kind of weather that was endured at the Meet. The route was one of many charms and of striking contrasts. It would be difficult to imagine a change more complete than that experienced in passing from the stinging hail blasts of grim Glencoe to the fragrance of the silky sea-breezes amongst the cherry-blossom fringing the Onich shore.

The full complement had turned up on the following night and consisted of Macalister, J. C. Thomson, Watson, Young (members), and J. MacRobert (guest). On the Saturday Young came by bicycle from Spean Bridge in the teeth of a heavy wind, and Macalister tramped over

from Glen Finnan through the bealach between Streap and Sgor Choileam to Kinlocharkaig and then down Glen Kingie to the Ban Ath bridge over the Garry. At Loch Arkaig he was told of the passing on the previous day of the Western Section bound for Loch Nevis—the only link the parties had all the week, except that probably they shared at times the precipitations of the same clouds. Though Macalister held with vigour that his route was much the happier choice, the only thing that on his arrival seemed to have impressed itself on his mind was that the last three or four miles down Glen Garry to Tomdoun were all up hill. The luggage came by amusingly devious ways; one new pair of climbing boots being forwarded "per Caledonian Railway." They reached Tomdoun a fortnight late.

The early portion of that day had been most uninviting so that nothing was done at Tomdoun until the evening when picquets to intercept and convoy Macalister were thrown out along the Quoich road between the bridge at Ban Ath and the one immediately below Loch Poulary. (There is none now at Kingie Pool as mentioned in the "Guide Book").

The next day was more promising and the party divided, Macalister and MacRobert walking up to Glenquoich Lodge. At the burnside there they proceeded by the excellent path, which leads up the south-west ridge of Gleourach to what is known as King Edward's Butt, half a mile south of west of the summit, and, having traversed Gleourach and Spidean Mialach in heavy snow and hail, got down again a little east of Ban Ath. They fared rather worse, it turned out, as regards weather than the others, who had motored on to the Sgor na Ciche group.

Kinlochquoich was not reached by them till about one o'clock, due in a measure to a late start but mostly to the numerous hasty dispersals on the way for photography. The appearance of a precious blink of sun had much the same effect on the party as fire on a bee's bike, causing an immediate stoppage of the car and furious buzzings around in a hurried search for foregrounds.

At Kinlochquoich the splendid path on the south side of

the Gairawan River was taken to beyond Loch a' Chliabhain, and one felt at once the nearness of the sea as the typically rugged scenery of the "Rough Bounds" opened in front. The branch path leading at a high angle round and up An t'Sail was followed, and was found so overgrown that its support was more moral than physical. From An t'Sail the eye swept over the upper part of Glen Carnach, one of those lonely, unknown, and most lovely little glens which are a constant delight to the hill-wanderer in Scotland. It was a great pleasure afterwards to hear that the Western party had traversed the lower portion of the glen to where it sweeps round the steep flanks of the triple-topped Ben Aden, and that they had been equally struck by its beauty. The path skirts finally round Coire nan Gall high up on Druim Buidhe, and from there it is a short and easy walk to the top of Sgor nan Coireachan. The views across Coire nan Gall of the Luinne Bheinn and Ladhar Bheinn groups, dark and lowering to windward, were most wonderful and were snatched between heavy hail-storms, snell and tanged with salt, which culminated on the summit of the Sgor in a prolonged and furious *tourmente.* This was about three o'clock.

Starting immediately, and turning westwards into the full force of the gale, the way was made as quickly as possible down the rough 700-foot scramble to the bealach between Sgor nan Coireachan and Garbh Chioch. The long narrow Garbh Chioch ridge turned out to be crowned with a series of wart-like knobs, embedded in deep and engulfing drifts. These knobs appeared interminable, and kept the mind in constant oscillation deciding whether it was more laborious to drag leaden feet round them through the knee-deep snow, or to struggle up their plastered faces for a momentary respite on their wind-swept tops only to slither down beyond once more into the smother. Anyhow, some explanation has to be given of the slowness of the progress made, as it was past six before the Sgor na Ciche bealach was reached. There was, of course, also photography, and by great good luck there were superb views. The clouds had at last lifted partially, showing on the one side to the southward far below in the

sunlight the silver thread running through "long green Glen Dessary," the lochans of the Mam na Cloich' Airde, the gleaming waters of Loch Nevis, and at rare intervals a shimmering vision of the Isles. On the other side the icy rocks of the Garbh Chioch and of Sgor na Ciche plunged downwards apparently in continuous sheets of impregnable mail into the depths of Coire nan Gall. Even from down on the Sgor na Ciche bealach they maintained this formidable, overlapping appearance, but from far below earlier in the day the joints in their armour had been descried. Actually these rocks are well broken up and terraced, and, though many of the sections must be difficult, if not often impossible, there appear to be no really definite climbs to be had on them. For anyone descending from the summit of Sgor na Ciche to the bealach with a limited amount of time at his disposal it would be advisable to keep slightly to the south to begin with so as to avoid this slabby Coire nan Gall face. As it was necessary to negotiate the Loch Quoich road before darkness set in, it was with considerable regret that the idea of including the top of the Sgor had to be abandoned. Three good sitting glissades from the bealach made quick work of the first 1,000 feet of the descent; then a rather fragmentary path led down the left side of the Allt Coire nan Gall and eventually joined the Glen Carnach path. The combined paths ended abruptly soon after at a broad stretch of the stream, which had to be waded, and almost a mile of level marshy ground was skirted before the Gairowan main path was reached again just to the south of Loch a' Chliabhain.

The party arrived at Kinlochquoich about eight, and shortly afterwards, revelling in dry foot gear, were whisked back to Tomdoun in comfort—so finishing a most interesting day's exploration.

At a point on their return before they had quite got to Kinlochquoich two hinds had insisted right on the path in sparring with each other with their fore feet—almost until a ring had been formed—and at the head of the loch the passage of the bridge was not disputed by another hind only because in this case "the ranks of Tuscany" did not "forbear to cheer."

May 1913 *J. R. Young*

COIRE REIDH AND COIRE NAN GALL
(At the Head of Loch Quoich)

OF
MICH.

For ho! A shout from "J. R.",
The rash hind leapt aside;
The foe he scanned and axe in hand
Advanced with four-foot stride.
In glittering steel from toe to heel,
Hob-nailers sure, of bull-hide real,
He swung, a trusty pair;
And on his back was hung the 'sac,
Which none but he could—budge.

Next day broke very doubtfully, and, prior to the departure of MacRobert and Watson for home, and the others for the tramp over to Cluanie, an attack on an attractive hand traverse above the hotel porch was the only strenuous thing attempted. The traverse would no doubt have gone easily enough had not the situation become too Romeo-and-Juliet like for the climber, who with well-known modesty hastily retreated, leaving to whomsoever desired a golden opportunity for both fame and felicity.

The walk to Cluanie was made in rapidly brightening weather, first through a fringe of that wilderness of self-sown birches, which now covers Glen Garry and which was at that season in freshest green, then through the bare solitudes of Glen Loyne, and finally, after the long pull to the summit of the road, into the wonderful mountain scenery of Glen Cluanie and Glen Shiel.

While on the descent to the inn, from a snug retreat in the heather amid the tinkle of the waters and the sweet scents of a tiny glen, we watched a scene that will never be forgotten—the slowly changing lights on the shining mass of a magnificent mountain away on the north of Glen Affric, where, set in the dark V of a bealach, and lit by the low rays of the westering sun, its dazzling snow-fields and great bastions towered heavenward through the magic air. This afterwards proved to be Sgurr nan Ceathreamhnan, the great neighbour of Ben Fhada and Mam Soul.

On reaching Cluanie a short and hurried survey of the galaxy of mountains in this superb district resulted in the discussion that night of numberless involved and impossible plans for the morrow; but one thing had not been taken into consideration. It was Tuesday, and a Glasgow holiday; and it was spent sitting in the inn waiting for

the rain to stop, which it did after thirty hours. A well-known proverb is said to have had its origin in this unenviable characteristic of the holidays of the Western metropolis :—

"None but the brave dare take the Fair."

It was a sore trial to tear ourselves away next morning and return to Tomdoun. As it looked promising, Young, full of energy, decided for photographic purposes first to cycle through Glen Shiel, while the less energetic remnant made their way back more directly over some of the Cluanie Forest tops. Following the Tomdoun road for over a mile, they took to the grass-covered path which leads to near the outlet of Loch a' Mhaoil Dhisnich, then went over the easy summit of Druim Shionnach to Aonachair Chrith. There in a bitter wind vain efforts were made to get a glimpse of the "brave peaks of Skye" through the masses of storm-clouds which were hurrying up from the sea and fast choking the western glens, but to the south the faint gleam could still be caught between passing hail-showers of the distant snow-filled corries of Lochaber. After a clamber on the narrow rib, which descends from the cairn of Aonachair Chrith towards Glen Cluanie, steps were retraced to Druim Shionnach, and the route continued by its short narrow eastern ridge to Creag a' Mhaim. From there the Tomdoun road was soon joined by the path which zig-zags down the south-east shoulder to near the 1,310-foot marking. Though looking so well from Glen Cluanie, their easy southern slopes detract from these hills when one is on them, and the climbs seem to be too short to be of much general interest.

On Thursday the final stage to the railway and civilisation was completed over Sron a' Choire Ghairbh, and down Gleann Cia-aig to Spean Bridge. The River Garry was crossed at Tomdoun, and the path through the Coille Dhubh followed to Greenfield in brief spells of warm sunshine. This path, where it survives, shows usually what had better be avoided; and what was marked from Greenfield to Fedden as "a drove road" in a reduced survey map got fifteen years ago, and as "a path" in one

May 1913

J. R. Young

LOOKING DOWN GLEN SHIEL

THE SADDLE

got ten years later, has now, to use an Irishism, all the appearance of being non-existent. It would be difficult to find any tract of ground, not actually bog, in a more sodden state than this bit of moor on the way to Fedden. Other drove roads which have disappeared of recent years in this district are the Glen Kingie one, and the one on the north bank of the Gairowan River at Kinlochquoich.

The summit of Sron a' Choire Ghairbh was swept by sleet and enveloped in thick mist so that nothing was seen of its large corrie. However, ample recompense was got even for this chilling reception and the dismal plod to Fedden in the descent under a bright blue sky of that most fragrant and secluded of glens, Gleann Cia-aig. High-lying, steep-sided, with the burn flowing tranquilly along its level floor, it is at first, save for an occasional well-sheltered rowan, open and bare, until a few scattered trees give warning of the ascending host of birches, under whose shadow, where their light verdure merges into the heavier foliage of the "Dark Mile" and the beautifully wooded grounds of Achnacarry, the burn at last plunges abruptly in fine cascades almost to Loch Arkaig.

Protected from the rays of a hot sun we skirted Loch Lochy now in richest colouring. Then, as we mounted the final rise on the moorland road by Kilmonvaig in full view of the familiar old Aonachs and the big Ben itself, and thought of our varied week, a memory of delights despite its buffetings, our one source of disappointment was that there had not been a larger gathering with us to share it. We remembered with regret—like the worthy old Gaelic-speaking minister in his intercessions—"not only all those who were absent, but also all those who were not present."

KNOYDART MEET: WESTERN SECTION.

BY ROBERT JEFFREY, JUN.

THE fine mountain region of Knoydart which encircles the Lochs of Nevis and Hourn may be regarded as one of the most inaccessible in Scotland. As seen in the distance from the Sound of Sleat, or from the rocky pinnacles of the Coolin, it presents a magnificent panorama of mountain and loch, and, despite the old adage which avers that "distance lends enchantment to the view," one is seized with an irresistible longing to make a closer acquaintance with its manifold beauties.

When, therefore, in March of this year, Dr Inglis Clark invited me to join a party he was forming to explore this district in connection with the Special Inverness-shire Meet of the Club, I accepted with alacrity.

The Edinburgh contingent, consisting of the Honorary Secretary, his son, and myself, left the Waverley by the 4.30 A.M. train on 16th May 1913, and was joined by the fourth member of the party, Harry Walker, at Glasgow.

We alighted from the train at Glenfinnan, had lunch at the Stage House, and started off up Glenfinnan at 12.10 P.M. in glorious sunshine, following a good track which, after crossing the stream issuing from the wild-looking corrie on Sgor nan Coireachan, petered out a little beyond Corryhully. The col between Sgor Choileam and Streap was reached at 2.35. The mist being very low, no distant views were obtainable, although, looking back, we had some lovely peeps of Loch Shiel shimmering in the sunlight. Leaving the col at 3 we walked down Glen a Chaoruinn (no track) which, from a geological point of view, is extremely interesting, there being several very good examples of glacier-worn rocks and moraine heaps. Passing the entrance to Glen Pean, which looked wild and gloomy in the mist, we reached Strathan at 4.35. After a halt of half an hour we started up Glen Dessary, and got to the top of the pass at 7.15. This glen we found very

May 1913 *W. Inglis Clark*

SGOR NA CICHE

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

dreary, although the dreariness may have been exaggerated by the steady drizzle which accompanied us most of the way. However, on the descent of the Mam na Cloich' Airde, the scenery more than compensated for the dreary trudge up to the pass.

The track passes along the shores of two delightful lochans (Lochan a Mhaim), to the north of which rise the steep, slabby slopes of Sgor na Ciche, and then winds about among a complicated series of crags. The entire absence of wind, the mist, and the failing light imparted an air of mystery to the surroundings. A short distance below the Lochan a Mhaim the path, instead of following what appears to be the natural route and going continuously downhill, begins to climb the north side of the Mam, and many were the groans and grumbles as we dragged our weary limbs up the steep zig-zags. However, as it turned out, the ascent was merely to avoid a deep gorge, and we were soon trundling downhill again.

We reached Sourlies in semi-darkness at 8.30, and took the path round the shore of Loch Nevis to the mouth of Glen Carnach. Here all traces of the track disappeared, and we found ourselves floundering in a very wet and slimy peat bog. By this time it was quite dark, and we could see no signs of the keeper's house at which we had arranged to put up. However, in response to several lusty shouts, lights appeared in the distance, and we were soon (9.45) receiving a real Highland welcome from Mr and Miss Macdonald.

Dr Clark had warned us that we would probably have to rough it here, as there was only one room, with one bed, available for our use. Instead of roughing it, however, we found ourselves luxuriously provided for. After supper and a talk whilst sitting round the peat fire, we turned in, the Clarks (*père et fils*) in the bed, and Harry Walker and the writer in sleeping bags and quilts on old-fashioned bed-chairs. The remaining floor space was littered with rucksacks, clothes, boots, ropes, &c., in artistic confusion.

On Saturday, 17th, we started with the intention of climbing Ben Aden and Sgor na Ciche, but the morning was wet and stormy, so, as we were not feeling particularly

energetic after our long walk the previous day, climbing was declared off.

Leaving Dr Clark and Harry Walker in Glen Carnach, near the junction of the Allt Achada and the River Carnach, Charlie Clark and I wandered off up the glen on exploration bent. Soon some caves suggested lunch, after which we scrambled through a boulder-strewn gorge and found ourselves on a spot of striking beauty. Here the stream, coming from a gorge higher up, formed a deep pool, bounded on one side by a lovely green sward and on the other by an overhanging cliff. We were enlarging on the beauties of the scene before us, and remarking on how chagrined the others would be on hearing what they had missed, when signs of suppressed mirth made us turn round, and there, only a few feet away, were our worthy seniors seated in the shelter of a rock, exploding with laughter at having overheard our self-satisfied comments.

The beauty of Glen Carnach came as a revelation to us, and we are at one in saying that nothing finer is to be seen in Scotland. After sweeping round the slabby slopes of Ben Aden, it rises steeply in a series of wild gorges till the beautiful Lochan nam Breac is reached. A little further up is the col leading over into Glen Quoich. Before coming to the col one strikes the good stalking track which runs from Glen Quoich to Barrisdale through the pass between Luinne-Bheinn and Sgurr a Choire Bheithe.

It is difficult to imagine a more fascinating scramble than that obtained by following the river-bed through the various gorges. The succession of roaring waterfalls, boiling cauldrons, deep clear pools and shady glades, beggars description.

Sunday, 18th.—After the photographers had taken everything and everybody within range, we said good-bye to our kind host and hostess, and with feelings of regret at having to leave so charming a retreat, set off at 10.45 up a steep but good stalking track, which took us at 11.50 to the col overlooking Glen Meadail. Here the party divided, the two older members going down Glen Meadail

to Inverie, which they reached in the afternoon, thoroughly drenched but quite happy, having discovered some especially interesting ice-worn slabs on the way. Charlie Clark and the writer left the col at 12.10, and following the ridge which runs first north and then north-west, reached the summit of Meall Buidhe at 1.35. Just before reaching the summit we noticed some fine cliffs, with very steep aretes, falling from the ridge down into the wild and rugged Corieachan-Leacach. These may afford some climbing, but the weather conditions did not allow of our making any attempt on them. From the summit we followed the ridge to Luinne-Bheinn. After lunching near the Bealach Eala Choire, we contoured round the slopes of Druim Leathad an-t-Sithe and Meall Coire na Gaoithe'n Ear on the Corieachan-Leacach side, and reached the Bealach a Choire Odhar at 3.20. From here a very prominent gully running up the south face of Luinne-Bheinn attracted our attention, and we made straight up to it. It proved to be very shallow and set at an easy angle, but once in it we found that its bed was composed of smooth, almost holdless, slabs covered with snow, and down which poured a steady cascade of hailstones. With some difficulty we got to a point about three-quarters' way up, but were stopped by a smooth slab which absolutely refused to go. With a few appropriate remarks at having been beaten by such a simple looking gully we retreated, and followed the south-western ridge to the summit (5.20). We descended to the Mam Barrisdale, and thence by a good stalking track down Glen Dulochan to Inverie, which we reached at 8.20 P.M.

Throughout the day we got some charming glimpses through the storm clouds of the lovely green of Glen Carnach and the shores of Lochs Nevis and Hourn in striking contrast to the rugged grandeur of the surrounding mountains.

The following day, the 19th, was an off-day spent in picnicking on the shore at the entrance to Loch Nevis. Splendid views were obtained across the Sound of Sleat of the snow-filled gullies and jagged pinnacles of the Coolin.

On Tuesday, the 20th, we left Inverie at 7.55 A.M., in a steady drizzle and followed the track up Glen Dulochan with the object of climbing Ladhar Bheinn. By the time the Mam Barrisdale was reached (10.10), however, the weather was so bad that even the Honorary Secretary, with his thirst for information, agreed that it was a hopeless day for climbing. The ascent was therefore given up and the track followed to Barrisdale. Here we found ourselves at 11.5 all more or less wet and in a bit of a fix. On the assumption that we would go over Ladhar Bheinn a boat had been ordered to meet us at the mouth of the Allt Coire Dhorrcail at 4 o'clock to take us to Arnisdale, and the problem was—what were we to do till then, soaked as we were. The problem was solved by the shepherd's wife at Barrisdale giving us the use of her kitchen, and a roaring fire for drying purposes. A stranger looking into the little kitchen would have seen four jolly members of the S.M.C. sitting round the fire in various stages of deshabille busily employed drying a miscellaneous assortment of garments.

The local "postie" arriving about 4 o'clock we all crowded into his little boat and set out down Loch Hourn in the direction of Arnisdale. Off Coire Dhorrcail we transhipped into the larger boat we had ordered, and soon landed at Arnisdale with teeth chattering and soaked to the skin for the second time that day. Adventures such as these, far from spoiling our enjoyment, only help to keep green our memories of a very pleasant holiday.

On Wednesday, the 21st, we explored Glen Arnisdale and Gleann Dubh Lochain, and found them fine in a way, but not to be compared with, say, Glen Carnach or the Mam na Cloich' Airde. Leaving us at the Dubh Lochain, Dr Clark and Harry Walker, with commendable industry, climbed Druim Fada, and on their return reported fine views of the upper reaches of the fjordlike Loch Hourn with magnificent colour effects.

Thursday, the 22nd. Leaving Arnisdale at 9.50 we ascended the steep south slope of Ben Sgriol to the summit ridge, and reached the cairn at 12.40. After lunch we left at 1.30 and descended in a westerly direction in a thick

May 1913 *W. Inglis Clark*

BEN SGRIOL

driving mist by steep scree slopes and a snow gully to the gap between Sgriol and Beinn a Chapuill, and thence to the Loch na Lochain (2.55). Here Dr Clark and Harry Walker left us to go south *via* Glenelg, while the remnants of the party, having another day to go, returned to Arnisdale with the intention of climbing Ladhar Bheinn on the morrow. In the vicinity of the snow gully just mentioned there are several fine rocky bluffs, but owing to the weather conditions we could not see whether they would afford any climbing or not. If the scree at the foot of the bluffs can be taken as an indication of the nature of the rock, then I am afraid that any climbing would be of a decidedly dangerous nature, as the said screes are covered with a greenish growth which makes them very slippery and treacherous.

I may here mention that the track which is marked on the maps as running between Glenelg and Arnisdale, past the Loch na Lochan, is now non-existent.

Friday, the 23rd, saw Charlie Clark and me leaving Arnisdale by row-boat at 9.15. We landed on the south shore of Loch Hourn at 10. We had intended exploring the cliffs of Coire Dhorrcail, but as usual the mist was low and nothing was to be seen, so we contented ourselves by simply making for the summit which we reached by way of the north-east ridge at 12.45. Descending into Glen Guseran, just above Folach, we followed the stalking track over the Mam Uidhe and were soon (4 P.M.) being welcomed back at the little hotel at Inverie. This house, I may say, we found to be exceedingly comfortable.

The following morning we went by the post yacht to Mallaig, and thence by train home.

A very prominent feature of the mountains is that their slopes are in nearly every instance composed of great smooth slabs, clean cut by ice action, and there is in consequence an almost entire absence of screes. As seen in wet weather with the water streaming down them these slabs look very forbidding.

There appeared to us to be very little definite climbing to be had. Some of the sections between the terraces dividing the slabs seemed to be impossible—in any event

they would certainly present problems of the highest difficulty.

All over, there is not more than a few inches of soil covering the bed rock, and the vegetation is accordingly very sparse. The only tree that seems to thrive to any extent is the natural birch.

The great attraction of the district, so far as the hill-wanderer is concerned, is, of course, the infinite variety of the views and the wonderful colour effects.

The weather was on the whole distinctly bad, but we were, nevertheless, unanimous in the opinion that our short holiday spent wandering through the romantic and little known "Rough Bounds" was one of the finest we had ever had.

In conclusion I wish to tender the thanks of our party to the various proprietors and their people for the kindness and consideration shown us.

All the weird, visionary lore that lives
  Still by the dim lochs of the western sea,
And to that region and its people gives
  Strange eerie glamourie.

THE BIRD CLIFFS OF ST ABB'S.

By Wm. Douglas.

The scenery of the coastline running between St Abb's village and Fast Castle is perhaps the most interesting on the whole seaboard of Eastern Scotland. Its beauty and rugged grandeur are a delight to all who care for Nature in its wildest form. Whether viewed from scenic, geological, or ornithological points of view these four miles are full of entrancing interest. The green skyline of the cliffs wends its undulating way along the coast, sending many rocky spurs to shore and sea. The enclosed bays, cradled in the cliffs, are often well-nigh inaccessible, and the joy of solving their mystery adds much to their charm. Fantastic stacks, their colours ever changing as the lights of storm and sunshine flit across their face, rise from the sea through a surrounding circle of surf. Promontories with flat and grassy summits break the coastline, and from these the bird-life on the cliffs below can be viewed with ease.

The cliffs are also seen to advantage from the sea, and it often makes a delightful excursion to row round the Head in a small boat. Should the almost ever-present swell from the sea be absent, it is well to seize the opportunity and enter some of the deep caves and wind in and out among the stacks. A word of warning must be spoken. The tides run strong, and a big sea, even with a light wind, quickly rises. It is, therefore, inadvisable to venture afloat in unsettled weather.

In spring and early summer the chief attraction of the cliffs lies in their bird-life. At that time they are covered with birds, and one never wearies of following with the eye the graceful flight of the gulls and of watching them in their nesting haunts. They take up their abode in early April, and do not leave the rocks till mid-August. The birds that nest here in the greatest numbers are the Herring Gull, Kittiwake, Guillemot, and Puffin. A few pairs of Razorbills, Shags, and Eider Ducks are also to

be found. The Lesser Black-backed Gull occasionally breeds here, but in isolated pairs, and a pair of Peregrines, which have different sites for their eyrie, have this year deserted the romantic one near Fast Castle for the loftier one on Earn's Heugh. Rock-doves and Jackdaws are distributed along the coast, and smaller birds such as Martins, Swifts, Swallows, Wheatears, and Rock and Meadow Pipits are constantly seen. Terns, Cormorants, Herons, and Oyster-catchers, are nearly always in view fishing the sea near the Head. Towards the end of the season long strings of Solan-geese pass with low-lying flight on their migration from the Bass to southern waters.

The geology of the coastline is extremely interesting and well displayed. But as I am no geologist I quote from Sir Archibald Geikie, that, "nowhere are the foldings of the silurian strata more magnificently laid bare" than on the five miles of cliffs that stretch westward from St Abb's Head. He also refers to "the gigantic arches and troughs wherein the massive beds of greywacke are folded like piles of carpets," and to the dark volcanic rock that projects beyond the rest of the coastline and bears the lighthouse.

St Abb's village is a little fishing haven with a row or two of houses for summer visitors extending southwards from the large mansion which bears the same name. Its hall and church were gifted by the late proprietor, Mr Andrew Usher, to his tenants. Its harbour, improved by the same generous landlord, is good, and though partly tidal, offers a snug refuge for the fishing fleet of this little port. But to the eye of the yachtsman the half tides and exposed rocks show the necessity of local knowledge to use it safely. Maw Carr, a big black, double-headed rock, is on the west side of the entrance, and on the east there is Jonah's rock with an unmarked half-tide outlier beside it.

To the south of the village there is an ideal beach for children called Coldingham Sands, and in summer the row of bathing-houses that fringe the bents are used to their fullest extent all day long.

To the north of the village and beyond St Abb's House there is, below the cliffs, the gravelly beach of Starney Bay, with, on its south side, the broadish rib of the Long Carr's

W. Douglas

ST ABB'S FROM WHITEHEUGH

low-lying rocks from which a fisher is seldom absent, and the grassy cliff faces above are covered with primroses which continue in bloom well into June.

The road to the Head from the village skirts the grounds of St Abb's House, and at the end of its long garden wall the great cliff of Whiteheugh bursts suddenly on the view, and the cries of the gulls at once hit the ear. The red crumbly rock of the Starney Bay cliffs leads the eye to the more solid mass of the darker rock of Whiteheugh, on which are packed in the breeding season Guillemots, Herring Gulls, and Kittiwakes. The droppings of these birds have so whitened the cliffs that its present colour justifies the name. It is a long and narrow promontory sending down precipitous sides of over 100 feet to the sea below, and is guarded at its neck by a group of rocks resembling at a distance the ruins of an ancient castle. It is not everyone who cares to pass this ruin and walk to the end of the promontory, for those not accustomed to high places will find the walk an eerie experience.

At low tide a way can be made along the base of this promontory from Starney Bay for a considerable distance.

The grassy gully between Whiteheugh and Hardencarrs Heugh can be descended, and at low tide Hardencarrs can be visited, from which a view of the hole that pierces the head of Whiteheugh can be got.

Beyond Hardencarrs, and between them and the long arm of Waddy rocks, is a small red island called Redshanks rock. How it got this name I know not; certainly no Redshank tenants it now.

On returning to the top of the cliff one may, for the sake of the view, leave the path that leads directly to the Head and keep close to the edge of the Hardencarrs Heugh, descending by that route to the picturesque little bay of Burnmouth Harbour where some boats are usually lying on the bents above the stony beach.

Between Burnmouth Harbour and Horsecastle Bay is Horsecastle, big and little, some 75 feet above sea level, with a fine little bit of rugged rock scenery of its own on the seaward side.

In Horsecastle Bay there is an excellent spring of fresh

water welling up in the bents just above high water mark. Guarding the north entrance to the cove stands the rugged rock of the East Hurker surmounted by a bolster-stone which is gracefully poised near its summit. We have often seen Eider Ducks and their young swimming in the water near its base.

From the Bay one crosses a wall by a wooden stile and mounts the steep grassy roadway to the top of the big lumpy Kirkhill (250 feet) where once stood one of St Ebba's chapels. Only the turf-covered ruins of the foundations now remain. Early in the nineteenth century the walls were standing to a height of some four feet. The remains indicate, according to Messrs M'Gibbon and Ross, a chancelled building, the outside dimensions of which are—of the chancel 21 by 24 feet, and of the nave 56 by 30 feet.

St Ebba dates back to 683, and tradition says she founded the Abbey of Coldingham as well as the two buildings on the Head to which her name has been attached. She must not be confounded with a later Ebba, who, in 874, was abbess of Coldingham, and who, on the occasion of an attack by the Danes, cut off her nose and lips, and induced her community to do the same, in order to escape the licentiousness of the invaders.

Below the cliffs runs seawards the long rocky rib called Waimie Carr, and to the north of it is the Deil's Elbow and Tods Rock further out. The north cliff of the Kirkhill is named Batty's Heugh, and from which a great land stack is detached, called the Batty stone. This Batty stone is a conspicuous object in the view as one mounts the opposite slopes to the Head.

Perhaps Kirkhill may be claimed as part of St Abb's Head, for the dip between the two is not much more than 100 feet, ere it rises again to 310 feet at the Signal Station. From the lowest point between the two, a descent can be made to sea level by a steep grassy slope, and a view of Cauldron Cove obtained. At the head of this cove is a deep cave which can only be entered by a boat. It is locally known as the Piper's Cave, and tradition says it extends as far inland as Reston, though probably 50 or 60 feet will be found to be its depth.

UNIV.
OF
MICH.

W. Douglas

ST ABB'S HEAD

After Kirkhill comes Black Gable and Harelaw Cove, with a double cave, and Clafferts Rock and Eelicar before the lighthouse cliff is reached. In the breeding season every outlying rock and inaccessible cliff face is decorated with birds, and the air is filled with their wild cries. The kack-kack and loud cyah-cyah of the Herring Gull, the plaintive kate-a-wake of the Kittiwake, and the gurgling notes of the Guillemots make a never-ending and delightful chorus.

The Guillemots are on Whiteheugh, Batty Heugh, the great cliff south-east of the lighthouse, Cleaver Carr, Foul Carr, the Ramparts, the rocks of the Barn-yards, on the cliffs west of the West Hurker, Broadhaven Heugh, Raven's Heugh, and Thrummie Carr. The Razorbill in a few pairs can generally be picked out among the Guillemots with a largish colony above Thrummie Carr. The Herring Gull is everywhere. It is one of the handsomest birds of the gull tribe and is the joy of these cliffs. The Kittiwake is on Whiteheugh, Cleaver Carr, Foul Carr, and Broadhaven Heugh. The Puffin is on Foul Carr and on Float Carr of the Barn-yards in considerable numbers. This is comparatively a new bird to this district. When Mr Muirhead wrote the "Birds of Berwickshire" in 1895 he records none on the Head. The Shag nests on the Brander and on Thrummie Carr, the only breeding sites in Berwickshire.

The lighthouse is 224 feet above the sea, and is one of the most important lights in Scotland. Its 10-second flashes are watched for by every ship that passes at night, and from it the electric light of the May Island is seen 21¾ miles off, and that of the Bass 19½ miles.

The view from the Signal Station on the top of the Head is extensive. To the north-west Largo Law, the Isle of May, the Bass, North Berwick Law, and the long range of cliffs from Petticowick to Fast Castle are in full view. The Souter Rock is often mistaken for Fast Castle, but the latter can easily be distinguished standing half way up the cliff face a little above and beyond the Souter. To the south, the view extends to Holy Island and Bamburgh Castle.

After passing the lighthouse buildings and going to the edge of the cliffs, the glorious Cleaver Rock towers into view like a gigantic crumpled slate set on end covered with Gulls and Guillemots. A steep grassy slope to the west of the lighthouse cliff lets one down to a low-lying ridge of rock not very many feet above sea level from which a splendid view of the south and east sides of this weird rock can be had. It is interesting to sit and watch, with the aid of a binocular, every motion of the Kittiwakes while they feed their young, and to pick out the Razorbills from among the Guillemots.

In the next cove will be found the most interesting group of rocky stacks on the Head, viz., Foul Carr, the Stack and Crooked Carr backed on the west by the great cliff known as the Ramparts. The Herring Gull has the Stack all to itself, but on Foul Carr it has to share the nesting site with Kittiwakes, Puffins, Guillemots, and Razorbills—and Jackdaws too. The Stack is climbed without the aid of a boat. A very steep grassy and earthy slope runs down from the top of the cliffs to the shore and base of the Stack. To get on to the Stack from the shore involves a difficult step from a detached boulder before commencing to climb. Foul Carr is sometimes climbed from a boat by its west side, and it is a sensational though not a difficult adventure.

Crooked Carr is low-lying and carries no birds.

A good view of those rocks is had from the top of the cliffs, for one can circle round three sides of them, and come quite close to them at the end of the nunnery promontory.

On this promontory stands the ruins of St Ebba's nunnery. The line of its foundations is still fairly visible though mostly grass covered. Its dimensions are 69 by 22 feet, and the walls about 4 feet thick. Looking out from the nunnery westwards across Headland Cove, is a view of great beauty. In the foreground is the splendid group of rocks collectively known as the Barn-yards backed by Hope's Heugh, and the long line of coast stretching away westwards. There is some confusion in the nomenclature of the individual rocks composing this group, for the 6-inch O.S. map has allocated three names belong-

ing to three rocks of Petticowick to them. The map in Mr Muirhead's book corrects this mistake.

On rowing into the yard from the east, the rock which lies to the south side is locally known as the Lesser Black-backed Gull Rock, and tradition has it that at one time a large colony of this bird nested here; now there are none. A pair or two, I am told, sometimes nest on the opposite rock of Float Carr among the Herring Gulls, and this is likely, for I have frequently seen a pair on the wing in this vicinity. The first stack on the north is called Skelly, and the next, divided from it by a narrow crack, goes by the name of Float Carr and carries the largest colony of Puffins on the Head. The outer one with this fine pinnacle is the West Hurker.

At low tide the West Hurker can be reached without the aid of a boat. A descent can be made to the foot of the cliffs of the West Hurker Brae—a very steep brae—and then a rough scramble over seaweedy boulders lands one on the stack. Two rocks lying close under Hope's Heugh and joined to it at low tide are called the Big and Little Channeler.

The cliffs now make a sweep southward to Petticowick, and these carry another colony of Guillemots which nest above a large cave and do not look as if they could be reached from above. Further on, and close to Petticowick, are the three rocks: the Staple, Old Man of Wick, and the Wheat Stack, all answering to their descriptive names.

Petticowick is a pretty cove with a beach of fine water-rolled stones, a handsome jetty for the landing of lighthouse stores, a house for salmon fishers, and a spring of excellent water on the beach just above high water mark.

From Petticowick the cliffs to Fast Castle look their best and show splendidly the contorted and tilted *strata* of their geological formation. The bold cliffs of Broadhaven Heugh and Raven's Heugh are quite close, and the great Earn's Heugh, the highest sea cliff on the east coast of Scotland, rises boldly from the shore for 500 feet and leads the eye on to where the 200 feet waterfall of the Moorburn tumbles over a cliff on to the Heathery Carr beach about a mile away.

From the Wick one can, at low tide, get some distance along the fore-shore towards West Hurker, and in the opposite direction into Broadhaven Bay, but the walking in either direction is not easy. Broadhaven Bay can be easily entered from above.

The next bay beyond Broadhaven Heugh is West in Thirle Bay and it can also be entered from above, though the grassy gully down which one has to go is fairly steep. Raven's Heugh is on the left during this descent. It may be possible to gain this bay from the shore of Broadhaven Bay, but at one place at least the horizontal ledge along which the route runs looks broken and might be difficult to pass.

The West in Thirle Rocks at the Carr side of West in Thirle Bay are very interesting and command a splendid view. At the Carr end of the bay are two deep caves which can be entered at low water, but Raven's Heugh does not appear to offer a way along its base, and the fine ridge of rocks of Thrummie Carr which carries many pairs of Guillemots and Herring Gulls seems to be inaccessible from the shore to the ordinary climber. Mr Raeburn, however, tells me that on one occasion he reached it by a very difficult traverse.

Broadhaven Heugh is a splendid rock cliff, rising sheer from the sea for 150 feet with many horizontal ledges along its face, and on these nest Guillemots and Gulls. Thrummie Carr runs seawards with steep sides and carries a peculiarly shaped tower with a flat sloping roof. Raven's Heugh rises 100 feet higher than Broadhaven Heugh but is more broken up, and is therefore not so impressive.

Below Thrummie Carr Heugh and Biter's Heugh is Biter's Beach with Green Skeers and Alice's Strand Gaut lying off.

Uilystrand Brae, Snuffholes Heugh, and Whitestone Brae come next, with Snuffholes Stells, Whitestone Heugh, and Little Pits below, and Black Rock lying off.

There is a lovely place for a picnic close to the top of the Moorburn waterfall. A large flat stone projects sufficiently far to enable a splendid view to be had of Heathery Carr beach lying far below and of the long line

UNIV. OF MICH.

W. Douglas

THE BARN-YARDS FROM ST EBBA'S NUNNERY

of the Earn's Heugh cliffs. This beach extends from West in Thirle Bay to Moorburn Point, a distance of more than half a mile, and is difficult to reach from above, though a way might be found on the Uilystrand Brae or Whitestone Brae that would lead there. A sensational climb can be made to it by the rocky spur immediately to the west of the waterfall, but the most easy way of reaching it is from the bay beyond (Moorburn Beach). This involves a rough scramble over rocks and finishes up with an interesting passage along the face of a rock overhanging a deep pool. Tuns Law, 491 feet, lies back from the summit of the Earn's Heugh cliff, and has the remains of "forts" near the summit.

After leaving the waterfall, still going west, one rises to Oatlee Hill (532 feet), and the shore below is called Moorburn Beach—why it gets this name I do not know, for the Moorburn does not flow into it. This beach is reached from above by the usual steep and grassy gully.

At the east end of this beach is Pikie's Rock, Moorburn Point, and Pikie's Stell. At the west end is Oatlee Cove with a splendid cave floored with large water-worn stones beautifully clean. Maw Carr and Mawcarr Stells are just beyond.

Shilments Beach can be entered from Moorburn Beach, but whether Barleyhole Rocks which separate it from Lumsdaine Shore can be passed I have not yet ascertained. Lumsdaine Shore, which is gained from above by a zig-zag path much fallen into disrepair, is a long stretch of sandy beach with an extraordinary fore-shore of parallel ribs of rock and leads on to the Brander—a long narrow rib of rock of considerable elevation with several peaks. On the east side of it nests a small colony of Shags, and the top carries many nests of the Herring Gull. It is fairly easy of approach from above, and at low water can be reached from Lumsdaine Shore, but to do this involves the crossing of two high rocky ribs, and the final ascent of the Brander itself is by no means without difficulty. This route makes a delightful expedition, and takes one into the wildest of places.

Between the Brander and the Souter is Dowlaw Dean—

a narrow ravine which ordinary walkers will find difficult to cross without going inland for half a mile. It is rich in vegetation, and in spring is full of blue hyacinths and other wild flowers. The shore at the foot of the Dean can be easily gained by the Souter Brae. The Souter is a rock tower prominent in the view all along the coast, and is often in the distance mistaken for Fast Castle. From the Souter a big ascent has to be made to the summit of Hawk's Heugh some 400 feet, before one can descend to Fast Castle. On Hawk's Heugh the Peregrine often makes her eyrie.

Fast Castle—this ancient, historical fortress, where Margaret Tudor spent a night and which was lost and won many a time in the wars of the Borders—stands now in ruins. Sir Walter Scott, in his description of it, says, "Imagination can scarce form a scene more striking, yet more appalling, than this rugged and ruinous stronghold, situated on an abrupt and inaccessible precipice, overhanging the raging ocean, and tenanted of yore by men stormy and gloomy as the tempests they looked down upon. Viewed from the sea, Fast Castle is more like the nest of some gigantic Roc or Condor than a dwelling for human beings, being so completely allied in colour and rugged appearance with the huge cliffs, amongst which it seems to be jammed, that it is difficult to discover which is rock and what is building." *

The platform on which the ancient historical fortress of Fast Castle stood is 260 feet long by 88 feet at its broadest part. The approach to this platform was by a drawbridge over a chasm 20 feet wide, but now that the drawbridge is gone one walks over the narrow neck with ease. The remains of the round tower which guarded the entrance gateway are still in existence as well as some of the walls of the keep and outer buildings. Tradition says that access to the castle could be obtained by means of a boat from the sea, and that a cavern penetrating the rock had a staircase which led directly into the castle, but of this there is no evidence now.

* "Provincial Antiquities," vol. ii., p. 188.

UNIV. OF MICH.

Few people who start their explorations of the cliffs from St Abb's care to follow them further than Fast Castle, and if they reach so far, this alluring spot tempts them to rest awhile before they begin their long and undulating moorland tramp of two and a half hours that lies between them and their home. Here they can lie, dream their dreams, raise pictures of the brave men and stately dames, of intriguing politicians and border chiefs, who in days gone by have called the rocky headland their own; or people anew these ruined walls with Scott's immortal creations, —while all the time the unwearying gulls sail across the vision, displaying such a perfect mastery of the art of flight, that even the most experienced aviator of the day must sigh and think how vain a thing it is for man to aspire to such a wondrous thing as the flight of a bird.

UMBRAE QUAEDAM S.M.C.

"The goodliest fellowship of climbing cranks,
Whereof this world holds record."—
TENNYSON (slightly altered).

I SAW them sitting at two tables round;
One where the grey fog of the northern sea,
Filling each street of Scott's romantic town,
Sweeps o'er the curving rampart of the Crags,
Playground and nursery of the infant club;
The other table by St Mungo's shrine,
Where far-famed Whangie rears his noble front,
And dark St Rollox rains his ghastly dew
In the all-absorbing bosom of the Clyde.

Celestial banquets where the wine flowed free,
And many a tale of mountain daring told;
Where R-ms-y's eloquence rushed through the smoke,
And M-yl-rd smoothed his scientific frown,
And giant R-b-rts-n o'ertopped the crowd,
And R-nnie warbled praises of his boots,
And fleet L-nd-rt-s showed his monstrous list,
And called as witness of three thousand peaks
The wandering shepherd of the Rannoch fold;
And R-b-rn, Galahad of the mountains he,
Strong on the Ski as on the kletterschuh,
The friend of every bird and beast and flower;
While Cl-rk, great master of the magic art,
Beamed through his glasses on each changing slide.

One form I missed for ever dear to me;
He seemed a fisher of the silver Tweed,
With sturdy frame and locks all brindled grey,
But with two voices: one in college bounds
Hurled wrathful logic at the atheist crew;
The other sang a sweet and simple lay,
Melodious music of a mountain burn,
Of Ettrick Kirk and Carter Fell, and tales
Of love and death and battles far away,
Among the green hills of the Forest Land.

UNIV. OF MICH.

December 1913 *J. B. Young*

VIEW FROM THE BRAES (looking LOCH LONG AND THE GAREFOCH

ARGYLL'S BOWLING GREEN AND GLEN CROE.

By F. S. Goggs.

THE story goes that a well-known member of the Club was being interviewed by a gentleman who was very anxious to sell him a large wall map of Scotland, beautifully varnished, and guaranteed to contain more information than any similar production. Our fellow-member genially remarked that he was much interested in golf, but could not see that golf courses were marked on this otherwise most excellent map. The seller, with that quickness derived from long practice in the salesman's art, replied at once that whilst he must admit there was some foundation for the criticism, he would draw his critic's attention to the fact that bowling greens were marked, pointing at the same time to Argyll's Bowling Green. The name is in common use to designate that triangular tract of country enclosed by Loch Long, Loch Goil, and Glen Croe. A rougher piece of country in a similar area it would be hard to find in Scotland: as a writer in 1782 truly says, "Between the two lochs are all the possible variety of Alpine scenery exhibited, with all the horror of precipice, broken craig, or overhanging rock." *

Most writers regard the title as the product of Scottish humour. I may be permitted to give one excerpt as a sample of many similar remarks:—

"The hilltops to the south of us, between Loch Goil and Loch Long, have been facetiously called the Duke of Argyll's Bowling Green, either in irony or, more probably, as a delicate compliment to his lordship. All western Scotsmen have a high opinion of the greatness of the Macallum More, and it may be that those who first applied the name meant to intimate by it that so powerful is the Duke, that what to ordinary mortals are stupendous hills, are to him a mere 'bowling green.'" †

It has been an interesting task to find out when the

* "Miller's N.B.R. Official Tourist Guide," Season 1906, p. 130.

† "Our Western Hills," 1892, by a Glasgow Pedestrian, p. 104.

name was first given, or at any rate was in such common use as to appear in books or maps.

Mr Niall D. Campbell, heir to the Duke of Argyll, has kindly informed me that in his opinion the name is not older than about 1700 or 1680, and in support of this view the oldest map on which I have found the name is one by Carington Bowles, published in London probably in 1735.*

James Dorret's map, published in London in 1750, has the same playful epithet for the district, and most maps after that date follow suit. What says the Ordnance Survey Map? The 1-inch is entirely innocent of the name, but on referring to the 6-inch I was interested to find it applied to a small plot of ground between Mark on Loch Long side and The Saddle. A letter to the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey elicited the following courteous reply:—

"ORDNANCE SURVEY OFFICE,
SOUTHAMPTON, 21*st May* 1913.

"SIR,—I am desired by the Director-General to say that the small spot of ground, about 1½ chains in diameter, to which the name 'Argyll's Bowling Green' is applied on the Ordnance Survey maps was first ascertained in 1869.

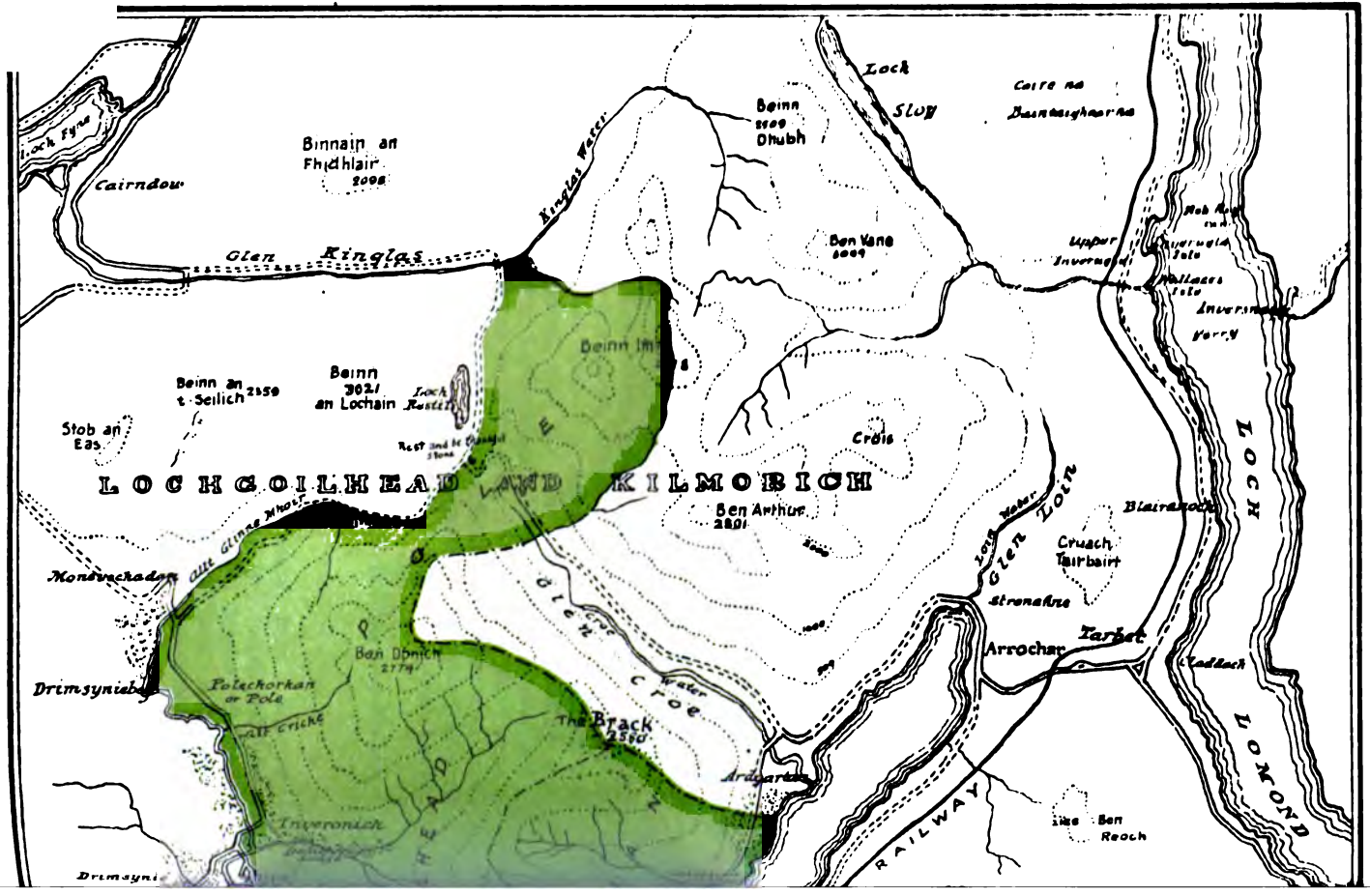
"It is thus described—'A well-known name applied to a small spot of ground near the old bridle path leading from Portincaple Ferry to Lochgoilhead, being the route traversed by the Dukes of Argyll in journeying to and from their seat at Inveraray and the south, prior to the formation of the present road through Glen Croe. It was in connection with their traversing this route that the name was derived.'—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

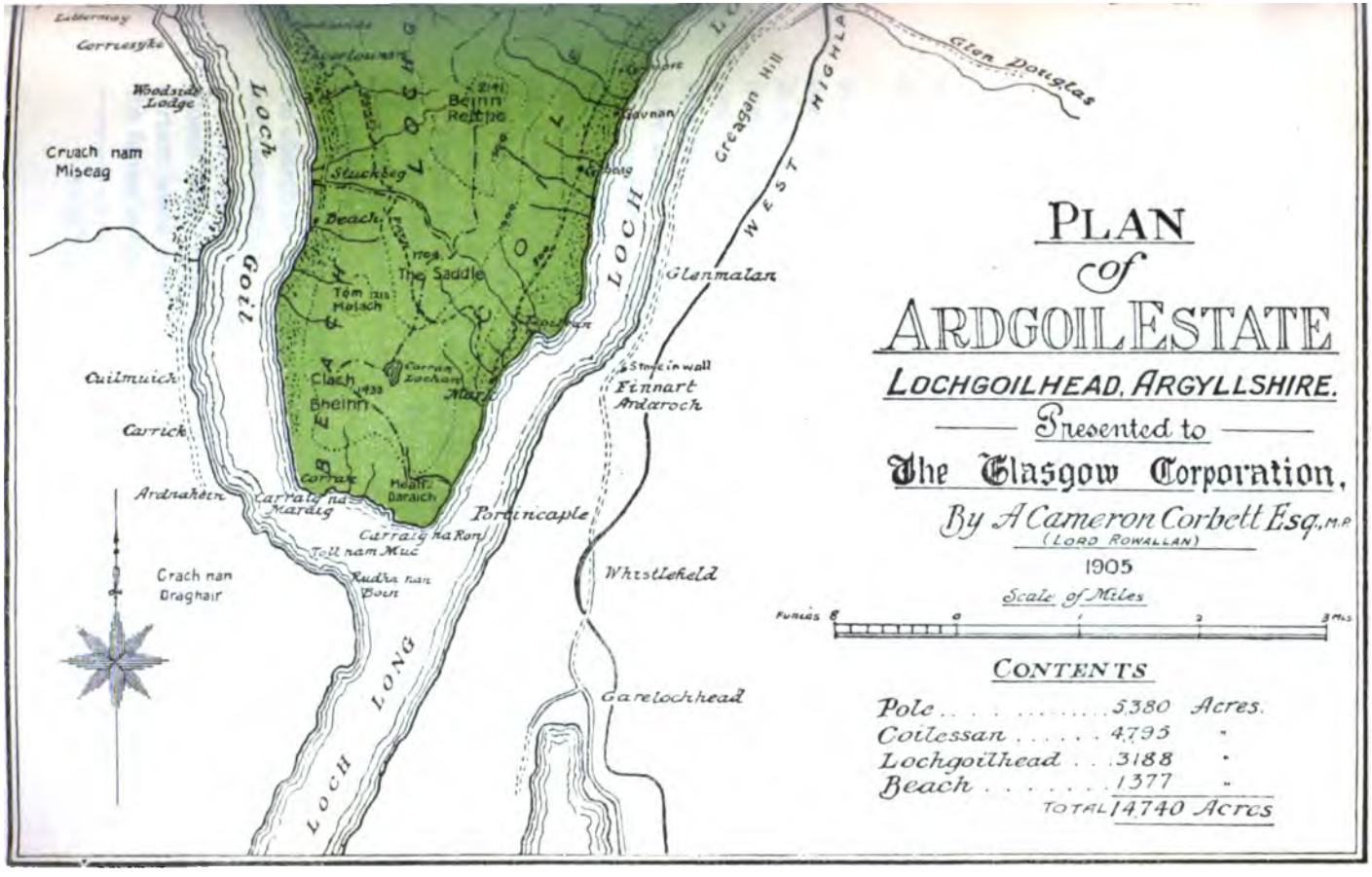
"A. D. MEERES, *Colonel.*

"F. S. GOGGS, Esq."

---

* The Royal Scottish Geographical Society have a copy of a map entitled "A New and Complete Map of Scotland and Islands thereto belonging, from Actual Surveys, &c., &c. London: Printed for Carington Bowles, No. 69 in St Paul's Church Yard. R. Sayer and J. Bennett, No. 53 Fleet Street. Scale British Statute Miles, 69½ to a degree" which they date in their books as "probably soon after 1730." In the British Museum there is a map by a Frenchman, Le Rouge, dated 1746, "L'Ecosse, suivant les nouvelles observations publiées à Londres en 1735, par Bowles."


Loch Fyne
Cairndow
Binnain an Fhidhlair 2908
Glen Kinglas
Kinglas Water
Beinn Dhubh 3009
Loch Sloy
Corrie na Buinneighearna
Ben Vane 3004
Upper Inveruglas
Inveruglas Pier
Inveruglas Forty
Beinn an t-Seilich 2359
Beinn an Lochain 3021
Loch Restil
Stob an Eas
LOCHGOILHEAD AND KILMORICH
Beinn Ime
Creis
Ben Arthur 2891
Glen Loin
Crunch Tairbairt
Blairmore
LOCH LONG
Strone Point
Arrochar
Tarbet
Ardlui
Loch Lomond
Monivraddan
Allt Glinne Mhor
Drimsynie
Polechorkan or Pole
Allt Cricke
Ben Donich 2774
Glen Croe
Water Croe
The Brack 2550
Ardgartan
Inveronich
Drimsynie
RAILWAY
Ben Reoch



PLAN of ARDGOIL ESTATE

LOCHGOILHEAD, ARGYLLSHIRE.

Presented to

The Glasgow Corporation,

By A Cameron Corbett Esq. M.P.
(LORD ROWALLAN)

1905

Scale of Miles

Furlongs 8 0 1 2 3 Miles

CONTENTS

Pole	5380	Acres.
Coilessan	4795	"
Lochgoilhead	3188	"
Beach	1377	"
TOTAL	14740	Acres

(Taken from Plan kindly lent by Glasgow Corporation)

The particular spot referred to on the O.S. 6-inch map is said to be flat and grassy, and very like a bowling green, and on writing to Mr Buchanan of Beach, on Loch Goil side, whose family have held the farm for many generations, I was informed—"It is said, and I believe truly, that the path from Lochgoilhead to Mark was a favourite riding path of the then Duke and Duchess on their way to Roseneath and the Lowlands—and that resting at the particular spot specified, it very readily took the name." Mr Buchanan is of opinion that the name, Argyll's Bowling Green, commonly given to the whole district, has been derived from the small piece just mentioned. A one-seventh of an acre of ground expanded to some 14,000 acres!

All men are fallible, cartographers not excepted, and from the above evidence I consider it a reasonable supposition to make that the application of the term, Argyll's Bowling Green, to the whole of the peninsula has arisen from a pure blunder, and that the theory about the roughness of the district being the humorous foundation of the title has no foundation in fact. Some very amusing blunders have arisen in travellers' notes on place-names, arising from the traveller and the native informant quite innocently misunderstanding each other. Again, there is the risk of the traveller misreading his notes, or of the map-drawers or engraver mistaking the rough draft. All climbers know there are a thousand ways of going wrong. What matters the exact cause in this particular instance?

There is a tradition that a still earlier name for the peninsula was Gaunan, a Duncan Campbell, a personage of some prominence about 1370, being described as Lord of Gaunan.*

In 1442 Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochaw granted to the church of Kilmun two merklands of Crechane (Creagan) and Gawnane.†

In 1550 Archibald, Master of Argyle, granted, and Queen Mary confirmed, to Colin Campbell of Ardkinglas certain lands, among which it is interesting to note are all the farms in the district we are now dealing with. Three

* "O.P.S.," vol. ii., p. 84. † *Ibid.*, p. 77.

"marcatas terrarum" of Glencro, five of the two Glenferneis, four of Polcrorkyran, four of Innerronich, two of Craghawes, three of Stokkis (? Stuckbeg), two of Baith (Beach), two of Corrin, three Creganis (Creagan, now Mark), six of the two Guawnannis (Gaunan), twenty "solidat" of Killessane (Coilessan), five marcat of Ardnandane (Ardgartan), &c. In this deed Archibald Campbell of Gawaane (Gaunan) is stated to be brother of Colin, and failing children to Colin, his heir.*

In 1562 a grant of Archibald, Earl of Ergyle, is dated at the town of Lochgolishede.†

In Bleau's Atlas (about 1625) Gaunan appears as one of several farms on the Loch Long side of the peninsula, and many old maps show two farms or clachans near the waterside, where the Allt Gaunan, or the Gaunan burn, which runs down the hillside between Cnoc Coinnich and Ben Reithe, enters Loch Long, called respectively Gaunan-more and Gaunan-beag, that is Great Gaunan and Little Gaunan. The ruins of these two settlements exist to-day. Gaunan, probably of considerably more recent date than those two just mentioned, situated at the edge of the sea loch, and at the mouth of the murmuring burn, on a grassy plot fringed with a pebbly beach and hemmed in by charming woods, is an ideal spot on a June day on which to have afternoon tea, watching the red-billed heron getting its daily bread, listening to the chattering of the birds, and enjoying the sweet-scented fragrance of land and sea. The walls of the house still stand almost entire. Gaunan-more and -beag are situated some 400 feet above the loch, and command charming views. Gaunan-more lies some 500 yards to the north and Gaunan-beag some 1,100 yards to the south-west of Gaunan: Gaunan-beag was possibly a small clachan or village, as there are several ruined houses, or rather, heaps of stones, sad evidences of departed human activities.

Gaunan, Argyll's Bowling Green, and yet a third name, Ardgoil. This third title brings us down to very recent dates.

---

* "O.P.S.," vol. ii., p. 80. † *Ibid.*, p. 81.

In 1905 Lord Rowallan (then Mr A. Cameron Corbett) gifted to the Glasgow Corporation 9,360 acres of land, comprising the three farms of Lochgoilhead, Beach, and Coilessan (see map), and in 1906 he added to his munificent gift a further 5,380 acres—the farm of Polchorkan. Within the boundaries of the last-mentioned farm is the summit of Ben Ime, so that our public park includes a Munro.

"Under the Deed of Gift . . . the following are the purposes for which the estate is conveyed to, and to be held by, the Corporation, viz. :—'(*First*) That the said lands and others hereinbefore disponed shall, subject to such reservations, rules, and regulations as the Corporation of the City of Glasgow may, from time to time, resolve upon or prescribe, be held and maintained by my said disponees in perpetuity as a place of resort for the community and inhabitants of the said city; (*Second*) that no house or other building erected or to be erected on any part of said lands and others before disponed shall be used or occupied as a public house or as a club where intoxicating liquors are sold, or otherwise for the sale of intoxicating liquors; and (*Third*) that the whole revenue to be derived by my said disponees from the said lands and others before disponed shall be held and applied by them for the maintenance and development of the said estate, and particularly (but without prejudice to the said generality) for the purpose of making it more accessible to the community and inhabitants of the said city, whether by piers, ferries, or otherwise.'" *

Apart from Ardgoil's intrinsic interest, it is worthy of note that it is the only tract of country (of any size) in Great Britain which at all corresponds to the National Parks of the United States, of Canada, of New South Wales, &c., and doubtless the Corporation of Glasgow will in due course supply such facilities of communication, whilst taking care to retain the park's primitive nature, as will enable the public to enjoy its heritage of wild beauty.

At the present time Arrochar (steamer or train) and Lochgoilhead (steamer) are the only convenient jumping-off points, and as Arrochar Station is some six miles off, and the steamers to Lochgoilhead are few and at awkward times, the making of a single day's excursion to the "Park" is left almost entirely to the hardy members of the S.M.C.

* Ex. Report, Jas. Whitton, Superintendent of Parks to Glasgow Corporation, 1907.

Inquisitive individuals who study maps will probably point out that their map shows a ferry between Portincaple, a village just below Whistlefield Station, and Mark, a shepherd's cottage on the Ardgoil shore. If you happen to be the Duke of Argyll this will be an excellent means of approach, as your vassal who holds Portincaple is bound, as part of his "Reddendo" or rent, to ferry you, your family, horses, and retinue, backwards and forwards, between Portincaple and Mark, or rather Creagan, an old farm in ruins about a third of a mile north of Mark, as often as required.

There is no public ferry from Portincaple now, although, provided the sea is not too rough, a boat and boatman can generally be arranged for, to land you on the farther shore. If, however, you arrive at Mark and no previous arrangements have been made, you may shout yourself hoarse, or burn a forest down, but no ferry boat will put off. If the shepherd at Mark be at home (and he is an obliging man), he may (wind and weather permitting) be able to row you across. Arriving from the interior on the coast at Mark, whether you reach Glasgow or some other human hive that same night always involves a big IF.

Unless a night out is a matter of indifference, therefore, it is safer to cross *from* Portincaple, and walk northwards. If the Glasgow citizens are ever to disport themselves on their native heath a regular steam ferry service between Portincaple and Mark must be inaugurated. We will, however, chance our Mark crossing and make a traverse of the Bowling Green from north to south. Leaving Arrochar we round the head of Loch Long, and instead of Norwegian boats, which harried the district in Haco's time, we see what look like diving platforms at regular intervals, and a factory-looking structure on the shore. These objects are connected with a Government torpedo testing establishment. Let us pass on and forget its existence. Three miles from Arrochar Pier we reach the mouth of Glen Croe. The traverse of this glen formed part and parcel of what was known at the end of the eighteenth century as the Short Tour of Scotland—many notabilities, from her late Majesty Queen Victoria downwards, have

G. B. Campion *J. Cousen*

VALE OF GLENCROE, ARGYLESHIRE.

(Drawn & Steel Engrd. from an Original Picture by Wm. Beattie, M.D., Vol. [illegible])

had to put up with the vagaries of the Scottish weather here, and on the whole writers have not been unduly complimentary, although flowers of rhetoric can be culled at both poles.

Dr Johnson (1773) thinks it "a black, dreary region."

Another doctor * finds that the Glen "disposes his mind to a profound melancholy."

A third doctor,† a friend of Sir Walter's, writes of "the most desolate place under heaven."

The well-known Pennant finds here "the seat of melancholy"; a D.D. talks of entering "the horrors of Glen Croe."

Poor Mrs Aust seems to have been particularly unlucky in her weather, "When is there a day in the year free from rain in Glen Croe? . . . no day; no, not one." Over some poor travellers' heads the "mountains, high and craggy, . . . almost meet," others pass "under hanging mountains and beetling crags."

Guide-books improve these travellers' tales:—

"The ravens and other birds of prey seem lords of this frightful pass." "The scenery is wild, sublime in the highest degree." "We have seen nothing to equal Glen Croe in savage grandeur."

Macculloch, the geologist, sensibly enough remarks that "Glen Croe has naturally attracted the attention of the general body of travellers, as it is the only valley of its peculiarly wild character which lies in the course of the ordinary tours, and yet it is very uninteresting: rude without grandeur or beauty of any kind, and nearly as void of variety as of magnificence or grace."

Dr Cririe (1802) says the scenery here must be striking indeed to people accustomed to see only fertile plains and gently sloping hills; but in a native of Scotland, who has had leisure and opportunity to survey her mountains and glens, it can excite no sense of that sort unless during a thunderstorm, or some convulsion of Nature.

Another reverend gentleman complains of artists' embellishments, whose "fancies have converted sloping into

* Dr Spiker. † Dr Leyden.

vertical strata, to say nothing of annihilating at one flourish some few thousand acres of ground, and so making very neighbours of the two sides of the glen which, in truth, keep at a respectful distance from one another." He was disappointed in Glen Croe, but, nevertheless, considered it "a fine desolate pass, with some grand massive rocks about it."

A discriminating lady who went through the Glen in 1775 writes: "We shall . . . return by the same road we came, which is, to me, not a displeasing one, though the major part that travel are of a contrary opinion. I cannot better describe it than by saying it strikes a pleasing gloominess that I do not dislike, being so new to me, who have only been used to bowl away upon a turnpike road in England."

We follow the road up the Glen, gradually ascending, passing on our left Creagdhu, a shepherd's cottage, opposite which occurred last February a landslide, the extent of which was, as usual, much exaggerated in the daily press. At a turn in the road, some four and a half miles from Arrochar, looking back, we get a peep of Ben Lomond framed by the Tarbet depression: at five miles from Arrochar we can elect to cross the stream, strike the col between Ben Donich and the Brack, or continue to the summit of the Glen, balance ourselves on the Rest and be Thankful stone (for a full note on which see pp. 344-350), and then ascend Ben Donich from there—the latter course will take the longer time. Taking the first route we soon arrive at the Bealach Dubh-lic (1,259 feet), and here for the first time strike Ardgoil, the boundary running along the watershed; we continue on up the easy slope, passing *en route* two or three cairns, one tall and thin like a cairn on stilts, till we come to the top of Ben Donich, said to be named after a local saint. The summit of Donich is flattish, and in a mist it is wise to make sure that you are actually on the summit, where is a well-made cairn (7 feet high, 40 feet in circumference), otherwise you may be deceived into believing you have bagged your hill by resting satisfied with a small cairn on a top, only 6 feet lower, some 160 yards away, a trifle east of north. Lochgoilhead, or rather the land round about the village (the houses you cannot see), looks rich in green far

below you. Donich commands the best view of Ardgoil, being situated far enough to the west to command a view of the chain of hills which runs from the Brack southwards. The ascent from Lochgoilhead is considerably shorter than that from Arrochar, and a little steeper.

In an interesting book, "Our Western Hills: how to reach them; and the views from their summits," by a Glasgow pedestrian (1892), there is an account of the ascent of Donich from Lochgoilhead and a description of the view. Portions of Lochs Fyne, Awe, Long, Gare, and Goil can be seen, the mouth of the Clyde, and away to the open sea, Arran and Ailsa Craig; to the north-west, we saw Cruachan and the hills of Mull, Scarba, and Colonsay. Away to the north the Glasgow pedestrian mentions "Lui, Chaluim, More, Stobinian, Heskernich, Ghaordie, Lawers, Schiehallion,* Lomond," and to these I would add Ben Nevis (over forty miles away as the crow flies), Carn Mor Dearg, &c., Clachlet, Stob Ghabhar, Ben Voirlich, Stuc a' Chroin, Ochils—not a bad list for a hill under 3,000 feet.

We were here on the 28th October 1911, and the day was such a glorious one that we left our rucksacks, and even our coats, at the col, making the ascent of Donich in our shirtsleeves.

Back we now came on our tracks, and in thirty-five minutes we were at the col once more. Going a few feet down the glen (Allt Coire Odhair) we struck a burn, where we made tea; then instead of striking straight for the summit of the Brack we skirted round the hill's northern flank, passing an undercut rock *en route*, which we ascended; rough sheep tracks led us into a shallow corrie, and we found ourselves at the foot of those cliffs which are plainly seen from Glen Croe. We went close up to the start of the Elephant Gully,† but as the sides of the Elephant were plastered with ice, and we could not find his tail (*i.e.*, we had no rope), we went back a few yards and scrambled up an open gully, and were soon on our second top for the day, Ben Brack (2580.5 feet), (cairn five feet high, well

* I think this impossible.

† See *S.M.C.J.*, Vol. xii., pp. 209-214.

made). On some of the older maps the name appears as Ben Unack. The view from here is also most extensive, although Donich shut out from us a good deal of country to the north-west. Ben Nevis is seen more distinctly than from Donich. There is more water in the near foreground—most of Loch Long and a bit of Loch Lomond. The three peaks of the Cobbler on the other side of Glen Croe stand out prominently. Most of the hills seen from Donich can again be seen from the Brack, and Ben Chonzie, among others, can be added to the list. From our lofty perch we looked down on the narrow white strip which denoted the road in Glen Croe, and two or three vivid green patches caused our eyes to rest for a moment on the white walls of the homestead, the labour of whose occupants maintained these oases.

Ben Brack throws out a great shoulder to the east, and very rough and rugged his shoulder is. Fronting Glen Croe are a number of rocky faces on which scrambling can be had as suits the fancy, and some good sized holes, twenty or more feet deep, will be found among the boulders. Sheep get into these occasionally; but there is no reason why, with ordinary care, the human variety of that breed should follow suit. Our course, however, heads south, and if we are to cover the ground and get in before nightfall we must hurry on. Not too fast, though, or we shall find ourselves in difficulties. The direct route on these hills ends invariably in an impossible cliff face. We must swing either to our right or left, the right for preference. Our next hill, Cnoc Coinnich, does not look far away. Thirty minutes from the cairn and we were at the col (1,599 feet). Another twenty minutes over rough moor and we were under a rocky face with one deep-cut gully. Keeping this on our right, we used our hands once or twice, and another ten minutes found us on the summit of the Cnoc (2,497 feet) (one or two stones serve as a cairn). From here, if I remember rightly, Carn Mor Dearg can be seen, but not Ben Nevis himself. If time permit the wanderer will be well rewarded if he descend the gently sloping hillside due east for some 500 feet, when he will find himself on the edge of a cliff looking

J. R. Young

GLEN CROE (Upper Part)

J. R. Young

BEN DONICH AND LOCHGOILHEAD

down on as tangled a mass of boulders as can be seen anywhere in Scotland. Titans must have fought here, slinging masses of rock like boys do pebbles. Some are 60 feet high, and are quite inaccessible to those who cannot get up, and there will not be many who can. Geologists tell us that this is the scene of a landslip.* It must have been on a scale beside which the landslip in Glen Croe early this year was an extremely trifling matter.

Creeping round their bases, up over the smaller ones piled in rich confusion, we go warily, as to a solitary traveller a false step might mean imprisonment and an enforced hunger-strike. A descent can be made through this boulder-strewn area, appropriately called Garbh (The Rough), down to Coilessan Farm, or the ridge can be easily regained at the col between the Cnoc and Ben Reithe, our next summit. From the summit of the Cnoc to Ben Reithe is another semicircular sweep, twenty minutes to the grassy col (1,732 feet), and another twenty-five minutes over rough, hummocky ground, on which one course is as good as another, and we reach a well-formed little cairn (2,141 feet). This is not on the actual summit, which is some 160 yards north of the cairn (2,144 feet): a few yards on the ridge drops steeply, bear away to the right, and at another drop again to the right. Skirting this second drop we pulled up short, below us—one could have dropped a stone on him—was a grandly antlered deer. He saw us, but without haste he quietly, with proudly poised head and inimitable grace of form and motion, passed away down the hillside—a living symbol of strength and beauty. As we did not know there were any deer in Ardgoil, our surprise and pleasure at seeing this fine stag were the greater.

Our hills were now getting lower and closer together. The Bealach, just to the north of the Saddle, is called Bealach na Diollaide (1,352 feet). The Saddle, a black rocky summit, did not look far off, and thirty-five minutes found us on its summit (1,704 feet). Here were two small

* "Memoirs of Geological Survey." "Geology of Mid-Argyll,' 1905, p. 149.

well-made cairns some 40 feet from each other. From one is seen the whole length of Loch Long, from the other the northern half of Loch Goil. South the view is a delightful one—Gareloch, the estuary of the Clyde, Ailsa Craig, the Cumbraes, &c. Near at hand are seen Tom Molach and Clach Bheinn, the last two hills over four figures in the Bowling Green, and nestling below the cliffs of the latter hill is seen the only lochan of any size in the peninsula—rough, very rough country still. If the pedestrian considers he has had enough, and the trim-looking cottage of Mark and the green park of the old farm of Creagan entice him downwards, twenty-five minutes of gentle trotting will land him on the shore of Loch Long, and on the dogs being quieted, he will learn his fate as regards crossing the water. Do not, however, be too much in a hurry on leaving the Saddle: a descent due south will end in disaster unless you are roped; a traverse must be made to the west along an interesting ledge before a southern course is once more taken; select the most open ground you can see, and you will find yourself at a fank adjoining a ruin, which represents the old farm of Creagan, some 400 or 500 yards north of Mark, to which a rough and stony track leads through woods. If, however, the traveller scorns delights and lives laborious days, he will finish his task by proceeding westwards from the summit of the Saddle.

After descending some 300 feet, we cross the Duke's path, probably without noticing it, then up a few feet over a hummock called Cruach an t' Sithein (1,431 feet), down again, and up or round another hillock; then across a level strath, very green, with coarse rank grass, up the face of Tom Molach by a steep grass gully, where you can use your hands, to the summit cairn (1,210 feet), from which an excellent view of Loch Goil is had. Then a trifle down, in and out among rocks, and the cliffs of Meall Mor nan Caorach are above us on the right. Select what route you wish—there are plenty of them; but when the ridge is reached you will be a little uncertain as to which of one or two similar looking spots is the summit. Circle round a little to the left (south-east) and the fair-sized cairn on the summit

of Clach Bheinn (1,433 feet) will be found. Beneath you is Corran Lochan and beyond is Mark. From the Saddle to the Clach, 1-1¼ hours, is good going, and another thirty minutes will land you at Mark, *via* the south end of the Lochan and the south side of Allt a Phuirt, the burn which runs from the Lochan east. By means of a simple addition sum it will be found that the trip from Arrochar up Donich and on to Clach Bheinn by the sunlit or mist-covered tops involves some 6,500 feet of ascent, and, excluding halts, will take some eight hours. If the pedestrian find the day too hot or close for the last-mentioned expedition, or if perchance the mist has reduced all tops to a uniform level, a more repaying walk is that from Glen Croe to Mark along Loch Long side or rather above it.

At the entrance to Glen Croe, four miles from Arrochar Station, and between the nineteenth and twentieth mile-stones, a road strikes off west to Ardgartan House. It crosses the Glen Croe burn by a stone bridge, and just beyond, on your left, are the gates of the house. You take the rough road to the right, and a few yards further is a gate, where the farm road swings left (south) again, and you are free from motors and other evidences of civilisation for some hours to come. The open hillside on your right gives you a sense of freedom, and 200 yards or so further on a burn will give you clear water for your kettle. If you have come by the early morning train it will just be time for breakfast, and unless the midges wish to share your meal, a very pleasant stopping place it will be found. Breakfast over, the farm track is followed up and down through charming woods, gay on a spring morning with the song of birds, and bright with the sunlight streaming through the fresh green foliage. Primroses and other wild flowers, ferns and mosses, fill in the details of the picture. Three-quarters of a mile from Glen Croe we come to a small waterfall on our right, a gate, and a cottage between our track and the Loch. Here starts Ardgoil. The woody character of this charming approach to our public park continues for another three-quarters of a mile when we arrive at Coilessan farm. Here may be seen

the remains of an old mill which, doubtless, at one time served the whole district. At this farm the rough road ceases. We pass right through the farm buildings to the open hillside beyond. We can, if we wish, turn to the north-east here, and follow a long, gently sloping shoulder of the Brack, which will land us on the top of the easternmost portion of that hill (2,000 feet); three-quarters of a mile nearly due west over broken ground takes us to the summit cairn, whence Glen Croe can be reached once more by easy slopes, *via* the col between the Brack and Donich. The slopes on the Coilessan side are plentifully supplied with moisture, but a dry pair of stockings in one's kit is the best remedy for that. This circular trip from the Ardgartan Bridge can be done comfortably in four hours.

There is no trace on the O.S. maps, not even on the 6-inch, of any track south from Coilessan by Loch Long side, but as I knew from old maps that there used to be several farms between Mark and Coilessan, I concluded that I should probably find a track of sorts, and a chat with a shepherd at Coilessan confirmed my hypothesis. The shepherd told me, however, that the track was difficult to find, and although he was too courteous to say so, I think he was of opinion that a man from the town could not keep it even if he struck it. You can follow up the Coilessan burn till you come to a bridge, cross it, and follow the trail which runs south-west at about the 400-foot line, just above the trees through the "park" (*Anglice*, paddock), or you can cross the burn immediately after passing the farm, strike straight up to where the trees end, and a long stone dyke runs south-west and north-east, and the trail will be found just to the north of the wall. From here a visit can be paid to the Garbh (*Gaelic*, rough), and it is well worth a visit, but it involves an ascent of 1,800 feet from Coilessan, and although there are no difficulties to overcome, the hillside is fairly steep. Our track at the 400-foot line continues on through the "parks" of Dail, a farm long deserted, till after some two miles we come to the Gaunan Burn, which drains the country lying between Cnoc Coinnich and Beinn Reithe. A bridge spans the burn, and if we are wise we shall turn off the track here and follow

J. R. Young

TOM MOLACH FROM LOCHGOILSIDE

J. R. Young

PORTINCAPLE, FERRY, AND MARK

(1) The Saddle (2) Mark

UNIV
OF
MICH

a very poor footpath on the south side of the stream through grand woods, till we emerge on a sandy spit washed by the salt water of Loch Long, with the bare walls of Gaunan facing us. An ideal spot, as I mentioned on p. 326, for afternoon tea, provided always that the midges are engaged elsewhere. To regain our track it is not necessary to scramble up the burnside again; an old track leads from the ruined house, gradually sloping up the hillside (south-west) to a fank clear of the wood and commanding a very pleasant view. From the fank the line of the 400-foot track can be seen above, and a scramble down and a scramble up soon lands us on the trail once more. I could not say that the trail is plain for "*all* men to see," but it should be sufficiently plain for members of the S.M.C.

If you look at the map you will see on Loch Long between Gaunan and Mark a dwelling marked Feoileann; it is the only croft left in the district. To the east of the croft the land runs out into the loch forming a cape and bay. From the track 400 feet above this cape one has about the best view of Loch Long obtainable from Ardgoil: its whole length can be seen, and the wooded shore line with its numerous little indentations is most attractive on a sunny day. The track keeps well above Feoileann: you can see the cottage below you at the foot of the steep wooded slopes and the little beach with probably a boat drawn up on it, then you plunge into wood and emerge once more on to open ground where the track disappears altogether.

Keeping straight on, however, a fank is seen a little further down the hillside, and close to it is the ruined farm of Creagan, from which the ferry to Portincaple is called, on some of the older maps, Creagan Ferry. A track leads from here in a quarter of a mile to Mark. Going in the reverse direction it will be found very difficult to pick up the track a quarter of a mile beyond Creagan, where, coming from the north, it emerges from the wood on the open field; it comes out just north of a low dyke, which probably formed at one time the boundary between the wood and the park, but the best plan is to ask the shepherd to put you on the start of the track beyond

Creagan, after which you should be able to follow it. I have not the slightest doubt but that in due course the track I have just endeavoured to describe will become a very favourite walk, probably the favourite walk in Ardgoil; a very slight expenditure would make it easy for anyone to follow: there are no severe ups and downs on it, but it undulates sufficiently to give you constant change of view, and being mostly above the wood line you get grand open views of loch and land. Walking quietly it will take you one hour from Coilessan to Gaunan and one and a half hours thence to Mark, that is, three hours from the Glen Croe road to Mark. A visit to Garbh will necessitate an addition of nearly two hours to these times.

If you arrive at Mark in good time, instead of crossing to Portincaple, take the Duke's Path * already referred to, and catch the steamer, if there be one, at Lochgoilhead, and if not, walk back to Arrochar, by Donich Lodge and Allt Coire Odhair. The path at one time must have been an excellent one, it twists and turns in order to keep the gradient down, much more like a modern road than an old hill track; it has been very little used for over a century, and is much overgrown with heather and grass, and in places, particularly where marshy, disappears altogether. Sometimes the old path, 6 feet wide, is sunk below the level of the ground, sometimes it stands out prominently on the hillside, sometimes it shrinks to a mere trail, and often you have to follow on in faith till you hit the track once more. The endeavour to find and keep the path adds to the enjoyment of the walk, and Glasgow scoutmasters might do worse than exercise their lads' powers of observation over this trail. From Mark the shortest way to strike the track is to keep up the south bank of the stream which flows by the side of the cottage. Cross the first burn which comes in from the west, and you will soon find the old path, which I believe slants up the hillside to this spot, from the burn 150 yards south from

* The earliest map I have found this path marked on is one by I. Cowley dated 1734:—"Map of such parts of his Grace the Duke of Argyll's Heritable Dukedom . . . as lye contiguous upon the western coasts of North Britain," &c.

Mark. Follow up the curves of the path which is here usually sunk below the level of the surrounding turf; a burn is twice crossed, just before where two burns join about 900 feet up. Hereabouts, to the south of the path, according to the 6-inch O.S. map and local report, is the true Argyll's Bowling Green; what we thought was the spot was green enough, but covered with coarse rushes, not an inviting spot on which to rest, at any rate on a wet day. The path curves upwards to its highest point about 1,400 feet, between the Saddle and an inconspicuous hummock called Cruach an t' Sithein. Here the ground is very marshy, and the track keeps to the drier hillside on the right; it then becomes difficult to follow, but continue in a north-westerly direction and you will strike the burn leading down to Stuckbeg Farm. A charming burn this is, its glen is well-wooded, and a more delightful place for a picnic it would be difficult to find. Some three hundred yards down from where the burn leaves its ravine for the open hillside, the place where the path crosses the burn will be discovered by the keen-eyed hillsman; then a little further the question will arise, Am I on the path or is it merely an old dyke? It is the track right enough, and continuing at about the same height we come to a wood; keep up a little to the corner of the wood, then the path becomes a mere track for a while over pasture, and by a fank, till a wood is once more reached. Here the path becomes perfectly distinct and goes rapidly down towards the loch, then once more we emerge on pasture, and the track is not easily found, but we kept straight on, and thought we saw traces of the path till we came out on the lane which goes east from the main road, 200 yards north of the pier. From Mark to Lochgoilhead takes from two to two and a half hours, and every yard of the way is interesting. Both near and distant views are very pleasing, water and hill being well balanced. Let no reader think that the beauties of Ardgoil are exhausted by this article. Ben Ime, the summit of which commands a most extensive view, has hardly been named. To the botanist I would mention that a paper entitled "The Plant-Geography of Ardgoil" was read by

Mr Thomas Nisbet to the Geographical Section of the Royal Philosophical Society of Glasgow on the 13th January 1911, and was reprinted in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for September 1911, and in conclusion I would venture to express the hope that the Glasgow municipal authorities will arrange for a regular ferry service between Portincaple and Mark, and will put into repair both the Duke's Path and the track from Coilessan Farm to Mark, and thus enable lovers of Nature whose pedestrian powers are not those of mountaineers to make use of Lord Rowallan's gift to the city.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Alpine Journal, February 1913.—The first paper in this number is one by our Honorary Secretary entitled "Unfrequented Valleys in the Brenta, Engadine, Bregaglia, Masino, and Solda Districts," illustrated with reproductions of four colour photographs and two black and white. Twenty-seven pages are devoted to "In Memoriam" notices; death has indeed been busy in the ranks of the Alpine Club: Sir Alfred Wills has gone from us full of years and honours; he was the last survivor but one of the original members of the A.C., and Mr R. Walters, the actual last survivor, died two days later. Not one of the original members of the A.C. is alive to-day. Then we note the death of Mr C. T. Dent, who was an original member of the S.M.C., and attended the first dinner of the Club in 1889; he was at that time President of the A.C. He passed away at the comparatively early age of sixty-two, a good climber, a fertile and interesting writer, and a most effective speaker on mountaineering topics.

Messrs J. M. Archer Thomson and H. O. Jones were not members of the S.M.C., but the former kindly contributed an article to our *Journal* for February 1912, entitled "New Climbs in the Isle of Skye." Both were climbing in Skye in September 1911, and both died within a few weeks of each other in August 1912. They were well known to many of the present generation of climbers, and to lose them in the prime of life makes sorrow the more poignant.

Though the memorial notices are sad reading, they form an interesting chronicle of those who have left us awhile, and their biographies are inspiriting.

Fuller particulars regarding the unfortunate accident which caused H. O. Jones's death than are set out in the In Memoriam notice are given in an addition to an article by G. W. Young, "La Pointe Isolée of Les Dames Anglaises," pp. 39-43.

The price of the *Alpine Journal* has been raised from 2s. to 3s. 6d.; each number consists of some 120 pages and the number of illustrations has been recently much increased. This number contains 33 illustrations and that for May contains 17 illustrations and 4 panoramas.

Alpine Journal, May 1913.—This number contains a Scottish article, "The Ascent of Stack-na-Biorrach (The Pointed Stack), St Kilda," by Richard M. Barrington. Although written thirty years after the author's visit, the article is very interesting. The natives, of course, had no English, and a Gaelic-speaking interpreter brought from Glasgow at great expense was found not to understand the St Kilda dialect, and was afraid to go within ten yards of any cliff, so he was relegated to the position of "caretaker of an old Crimean tent which was pitched on the only level patch (about ten yards square) near the landing place." It was nearly a fortnight before the natives would permit the author to accompany them—like wise men they wanted to see how he climbed before they trusted him on the same rope as themselves. The fact that all the climbs were made without boots shows that the modern school of barefooted climbing is not so modern after all; truly there is nothing new under the sun.

A member of the S.M.C., Mr A. M. Kellas, writes the most important article in this number, "A Fourth Visit to the Sikhim Himalaya, with Ascent of the Kangchenjhan," illustrated with 4 superb panoramas and 3 full-page views.

Rucksack Club Journal, Vol. 2, No. 3, 1913.—In the contents of this number appears an entry, "The Rucksack Club Hut" (illustrated), by T. Wyldbore. The frontispiece is a view of the Club Hut.

In the report of the Annual Meeting held on the 10th January 1913 (page 249) appears the following sentence: "Reference was also made to the principal event of the year, the opening of the new Club Hut." On page 255 this further sentence is found: "The pamphlet that was issued in reference to the Club Hut gives the height of the hut above sea level as 1,250 feet, the correct height is 1,360 feet."

The article by Mr Wyldbore assumes a knowledge of facts which can only be possessed by members of the Rucksack Club, and after having read it the outsider's comment will probably be, "Oh, for six lines of plain fact."

We gather that the Rucksack Club either bought or leased a cottage in a dilapidated condition eight miles from Tal-y-Cafn station, in Cwm Eigian, Wales: that the Club have put the said cottage into habitable repair: that it is now in use as a Club Hut. If any member of the S.M.C. proposes to be in the district doubtless further information as to where the keys are kept, &c., would be readily given by the Rucksack Club authorities. Is this not the first Club Hut in Great Britain?

EXCURSIONS AND NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive brief notices of any noteworthy expeditions. These are not meant to supersede longer articles, but many members who may not care to undertake the one will have no difficulty in imparting information in the other form.

ARDGOIL—"REST AND BE THANKFUL" STONE, GLENCROE.

"Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,
Who, that has gained at length the wished-for height,
This brief, this simple wayside call can slight,
And rest not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the limbs repose,
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep—
So may the soul, through powers that faith bestows,
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that angels share."

WORDSWORTH—"*Rest and be Thankful*" *at the head of Glencroe.*

IN going from Arrochar to Inveraray or Lochgoilhead, *via* Glencroe, there is by the wayside a well-known stone called "Rest and be thankful." It is situated at an elevation of 853 feet, about the highest point in the road, half a mile south of Loch Restil, and the spot commands a good view down Glencroe.

As Baddeley remarks in his "Guide-Book" (7th ed., 1892, Part I., p. 189): this stone "had the good luck to attract Wordsworth's attention, and was 'canonised' forthwith: looked at prosaically it is simply a milestone gone wrong." The road through Glencroe was one of the military roads which were made after the '45 in various parts of the Highlands, and an officer who was engaged in these peaceful engineering operations gave the Hon. Mrs Murray Aust the following particulars regarding this stone:—

"In the year 1746, the 24th regiment, Lord Ancram, Colonel, and Duroure, Major of it, being employed in making that road to Inveraray, as I have been informed by a good friend of mine, who was then a young lieutenant in that regiment; when they had completed the zig-zag to the top of the hill, they set up a stone like a tombstone, under a black rock, and engraved thereon the words, 'Rest, and be thankful.' The stone is still there, though not under a black rock; but it is raised upon a broken bank, and now contains, in addition to the old inscription of the 24th regiment, 'repaired by the 23d regiment, in 1768.'"*

Dr S. H. Spiker, librarian to His Majesty the King of Prussia, passed this way in 1816, and tells us that "on the brink of a hill, there is a stone plate, with the inscription 'Rest and be thankful, 1748; repaired † by the twenty-third regiment, 1768.'" ‡

The Rev. Mr Botfield, in 1829, writes: "Passing the rude stone appropriately inscribed 'Rest and be thankful,' § we descended," &c. ||

Under date 23rd April 1843, Lord Justice Cockburn remarks in his interesting "Circuit Journeys" (p. 180): "Stone tablet at 'Rest and be thankful' chipped and rendered illegible."

Hugh Macdonald, sub-editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*, in his breezy "Days at the Coast," first published in book form in 1857, though the sketches contained therein had appeared previously in the columns of "two of the Glasgow Journals," alluding to the "Rest and be thankful" stone, states, "a new stone has recently been erected in room of the old one, which was much defaced."

---

* "Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland," &c. Hon. Mrs Murray Aust, 3rd ed., 1810, vol. i., pp. 401, 402.

† The road (note, as in original).

‡ Spiker's Tour, vol. i., p. 212.

§ The rest of this uncouth inscription, now scarcely legible, runs thus: "This road was made in 1746, by the 24th regiment, Lord Ancrum, Colonel—Duroure, Major. Repaired by the 23d regiment, 1768."

|| Botfield's Tour, p. 353.

How many "Rest and be Thankful" Stones have there been?

In order to find out how many "Rest and be thankful" stones there had been since the first set up in 1748, I made various local inquiries, and Mr Archibald McNair of Cairndow, road foreman, wrote me the following interesting letter:—

"*13th May* 1913.

"I cannot say how many stones have been erected since the original one has been put there.

"My father was roadman to Glencroe about forty years ago. I heard him say that the existing stone was erected by William Rhind, stonemason, Strachur (I mean that W. Rhind was employed to do the work of erecting the stone), but I don't know how many years since. I would say about sixty years: it's a block of granite from the quarries, Furnace, Lochfyne. The stone previous to this one was a block of freestone, and tourists going that way chipped bits off it to carry away with them. William Rhind's widow is still living at Strachur."

Having regard to Mr Macdonald's remark about a new stone mentioned above, I think Mr McNair's estimate of the present stone having been there about sixty years is very close to the mark. Sixty years back brings us to 1853. Did the stone erected in 1748 last till 1853, or have there been more than two stones?

From Mrs Murray Aust's remarks as quoted above, it seems clear that the original stone was still there in 1798 or thereby. Then in 1816 we have Dr Spiker, who purports to give a note of the inscription on the stone, which very closely approximates to that derived from Mrs Aust, but in 1829 the Rev. Mr Botfield gives an inscription on the stone which is three times as long as Dr Spiker's, although Mr Botfield states that the inscription was scarcely legible. Anderson's well-known "Guide-Book" (1842) gives the inscription as "Rest and be thankful, 1748. Repaired by the 23d Regiment, 1768."

In 1843 Lord Cockburn tells us that the inscription is illegible; in 1853 or thereabouts we have a new stone.

If it were not for Botfield I think nothing could be urged against the conclusion that the present stone is No. 2. Now Mr Botfield admits the inscription was scarcely legible, and I cannot help wondering whether his notes were possibly not as clear as they might have been; or whether, when he was writing his book, he did not refer to Mrs Murray Aust's Guide-Book for assistance, and in so doing "improved" on that lady's information.

I mention Mrs Aust as the possible source of Mr Botfield's information, because I have not found Lord Ancrum or Major Duroure's names mentioned elsewhere, and as Mrs Aust's "Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland" went through several

editions, it is quite likely that Mr Botfield would have used or referred to it.

I consider that the balance of evidence strongly supports the view that there have been only two "Rest and be thankful" stones, the existing one being No. 2.

Was there a Seat near the Stone, or did the Stone Itself form Part of a Seat?

There is yet another point on which it is difficult to extract information from past records, and that is, Was there a seat near the stone, or did the stone itself form part of a seat?

Dr Johnson, mounted "on a stately steed from his grace's" (Duke of Argyle) "stable, went up and down the hill with great convenience," on the 26th October 1773, and mentions particularly that "at the top of the hill is a seat with this inscription: 'Rest and be thankful.'"

Newte, in 1785, states: "On the summit . . . is a stone with the following inscription," &c.

Skrine, in 1787, writes: "Here, under a prodigious barrier of black rock, which crowns the whole, and rises above the clouds in a summit most uncouthly serrated, a stone seat is placed, with the inscription of 'Rest, and be thankful.'"

Mrs Murray Aust, about 1798, remarks (see above) that "a stone like a tombstone" was first set up, and that later on it was "raised upon a broken bank."

In her "Journal," under the date 29th August 1803, Dorothy Wordsworth states: "At the top of the hill we came to a seat with the well-known inscription, 'Rest and be thankful.' On the same stone it was recorded that the road had been made by Colonel Wade's regiment. The seat is placed to command a full view of the valley, and the long, long road which, with the fact recorded, and the exhortation, makes it an affecting resting-place."*

James Denholm in his "Guide-Book," published at Glasgow in 1804, writes: "At this situation is a seat formed . . . with a stone inscribed," &c.

In the "Gazetteer of Scotland," Dundee, 1803; "The New Picture of Scotland," 1807; "The Picture of Glasgow," 1812, &c., the same entry occurs regarding the summit of Glencroe. "Here is a seat, and a stone inscribed 'Rest and be thankful.'"

In "The Travellers' Guide through Scotland," 2nd ed., 1805, it is stated: "Here a seat is formed, and a stone placed with the above inscription—'Rest and be thankful,'" &c.

John Macculloch, the well-known geologist (1811-1821), mentions the summit of Glencroe as being "well known for its resting-place and often-quoted inscription," &c.

---

* 3rd ed., 1894, p. 123.

Dr Spiker, as mentioned above, refers to a "stone plate, with the inscription," &c.

Wilkinson, in 1824, writes: "We came to a seat, on the back of which is the characteristic inscription—'Rest and be thankful.'"

Botfield, in 1829, has "passing the rude stone appropriately inscribed," &c.

In an account of the "Principal Pleasure Tours in Scotland" (9th ed., 1834) occurs the following sentence: "A very little way beyond this lake is a stone seat near the road, with a tablet bearing this inscription, 'Rest and be thankful.'"

Dr William Beattie ("Beattie's Scotland," more or less a guide-book, 1838) says: "By the wayside is a semicircular stone seat . . . bearing the inscription. . . ."

Anderson's well-known "Guide" (1842) mentions "a stone by the wayside, well known by the appellation, 'Rest and be thankful,'" but makes no reference to any seat.

In "Scotland Described by Alex. Murray" (1866), "the stone seat of 'Rest and be thankful'" is referred to. But although I think it well to state what I have found in various guide-books on the matter now under consideration, I must admit I do not place much reliance on them as regards details: a new edition of a guide-book copies mechanically what has appeared in previous editions; and many so-called new guide-books largely take their information from those already in existence. For example, in Murray's "Hand-Book for Scotland" (a thoroughly good book, and generally reliable), 8th ed., 1903, p. 374, it is set out: "The summit of the pass . . . is marked by a well-known rude stone seat inscribed 'Rest and be thankful'—military road repaired by 93rd regiment, 1768: transferred to Commissioners for Highland Roads and Bridges in the year 1841" (*sic*). If a stone seat existed at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the balance of evidence goes to show that it disappeared, perhaps by natural decay, at least seventy years ago.

Lord Cockburn, in 1843, refers to a "stone tablet."

The Rev. C. H. Townshend (1846) gives a very full account of the summit of Glencroe. He states that there is an "inscription on a broken stone at the summit of the pass, which bids travellers 'Rest, and be thankful!' Near this stone is a curious hollow in a hillock resembling a small amphitheatre (open, though, in front), and overgrown with turf. A ledge of earth, also turf-covered, running round within it at a convenient height, forms a circular seat, on which a considerable number of persons might repose after the labours of the ascent."

At the present time, immediately behind the stone which faces west is a semicircular bank of earth, turf-covered, and forming a rough seat for some six or eight persons; from this turf bank you look straight down Glencroe.

Mr Townshend's description in 1846 agrees with what we see to-day.

It is alleged that Earl Russell commended John Bright to place himself in this seat—political opponents might be consigned to worse places.

The Words on the Stone.

The wording of the present stone is a striking example of how little trouble is (I ought in fairness probably to say was) taken by the local authorities to ensure that facts publicly displayed should be correct.

The wording, as will be seen from the illustration on p. 344, is as follows :—

REST & BE THANKFUL

MILITARY ROAD REP^{D}.

BY 93D REG^{T}. 1768

TRANSFERRED TO

COMMR^{S}. FOR H. R. & B.

IN THE YEAR 1814.*

Now, in the first place, the 93rd Regiment was not formed till 1800. It should be the 23rd Regiment.

In the second place 1814 should be 1815. On the 18th July 1814 the following Act was passed—"An Act for maintaining and keeping in Repair certain Roads and Bridges made in *Scotland* for the Purpose of Military Communication ; and for making more effectual Provision for maintaining and repairing Roads made, and Bridges built, in *Scotland*, under the Authority of the Parliamentary Commissioners for *Highland* Roads and Bridges."

Under Section VI. of this Act no Military Road may be maintained under the Act unless the Heritors of the County in which it is situated shall agree to make application to the Commissioners, and the Commissioners had to determine whether it was expedient and proper to consent to such application.†

---

* The photo from which the illustration was made was taken, perhaps, eight years ago. Within the last year or two the words on the stone have been rechiselled and repainted.

† See Appendix A, pp. 27, 28, of the Seventh Report of the Commissioners for Roads and Bridges in the Highlands of *Scotland* (Blue Book, 1815).

In the Eighth Report on Highland Roads and Bridges, dated 18th March 1816, it is stated that—"Since the Report of last year, an application has been made by the County of Argyle for placing the Military Roads of that County also under the superintendence of the Commissioners. This did not take place till the 20th July last,* nor until after much communication had passed between the Commissioners and the County; the effect of which was to postpone the Repairs upon these Roads till a late period of the season. . . . Workmen under overseers were immediately employed to complete the Repairs which the Inspector had pointed out. These were all completed during the year 1815." †

From the above extract it is quite clear that this road was not transferred to the Commissioners till 1815.

What is the Meaning of "Rest and be Thankful"; to Whom are the Words Addressed?

Mr Newte, in 1785, suggested that the making of the road cost the 22nd(!) Regiment not a little labour, and that from this fact arose the inscription, for, says he, "the hill is neither long nor difficult." In an account of the "Principal Pleasure Tours in Scotland," 9th ed., 1834, p. 257, it is mentioned that "this inscription . . . was placed here by the military as a memorial of their labours in forming the road over so formidable a precipice."

Mr Mawman, a traveller who visited Glencroe in 1804, seems to have been of less tough material than Mr Newte, and writes :—

"At the termination of Glencroe, to ease our horses, we walked up a mountain, the highest, steepest, and most rugged that we had yet encountered. We were much fatigued by the long zig-zag ascent, and found judiciously inscribed on a stone, 'Rest and be thankful.' The weary traveller readily takes 'rest'; and, looking back into Glencroe, is 'thankful' that it is not his lot to live amongst these frightful solitudes." ‡ As a third interpretation of these words we have that suggested by Wordsworth in his delightful sonnet, quoted in full on p. 344. I leave it to the reader to decide which of the above three gentlemen he will become a disciple of. F. S. G.

Crook Inn, Broughton.—Members will be glad to hear that this old-established hostelry, after having been closed for two years, was reopened last May.

Kingshouse Inn, Glencoe.—Members will be sorry to hear that the lessee of this inn left last May and that it is now closed.

---

* 1815.
† P. 40, Eighth Report, &c., Blue Book, 1817.
‡ Mawman's "Excursion to the Highlands," 1805, p. 138.

STONE NEAR WHISTLEFIELD.

The above is a photo of a stone which stands in the wall on the north-east side of the road by Loch Long, about one and a half miles north of Whistlefield Inn. The inscription reads as follows :—

THIS ROAD WAS MADE
FROM
THE CASTLE OF ROSNETH
TO TENNE CLAUCH
IN THE YEAR 1787 BY HIS
GRACE
JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE
ERECTED BY
DONALD FRASER.

The size of the letters composing the last mentioned name would lead one to think that Mr Donald Fraser was every whit as important a personage as the Duke.

Mention of the above stone is made as it is thought to be of some interest in connection with the article on "Argyll's Bowling Green" appearing in this number of the *Journal.* F. S. G.

KNOYDART MEET. EASTERN SECTION.—The following information was supplied by W. G. Macalister after his walk from Glen Finnan through the bealach between Streap and Sgor Choileam to Kinlocharkaig, and then down Glen Kingie to Tomdoun.

(1) *Glen Finnan to Kinlocharkaig.*—The path up Glen Finnan was excellent, and continued past Corryhully about a mile beyond the point marked 514. (At that point a branch path trended up towards Coir' a Bheithe.) Through the bealach and down Gleann a' Chaoruinn there is no path, and should the burn be in spate, it might be advisable to take its right side soon, as the bridge across the River Pean is immediately to the east of the junction of the two streams.

There is a bridge across the River Dessary at Strathan.

(2) *Kinlocharkaig to Tomdoun.*—The track up the Dearg Allt has disappeared, but there is one on the other side of the pass on the left of the Allt a' Chinn Bhric. At Kinbreack, locally known only as Kingie, there are bridges over both the burn and the River Kingie.

To get to Tomdoun it is important to note the bridges over the River Garry. One is at the foot of Loch Quoich at Ban Ath, and the other is at the narrows below Loch Poulary—not at Doire Dubh above the Kingie Pool, as mentioned in a note in the Guide-book. (*S.M.C.J.*, Vol. VIII., p. 203.)

This part of Glen Kingie is extremely boggy, and it is a wise plan to cross the River Kingie at once at Kingie (Kinbreack), and go a little way up the opposite hillside to a well-made path, keeping to it strictly, though it seems to cross the Allt a' Choire Ghlais needlessly high up. (A branch of this path turns north-west after crossing the burn, and emerges on Loch Quoich at the ruin of Coire Buidhe, joining there the path that skirts the south shore of Loch Quoich to Kinlochquoich.) At the Allt a' Choire Ghlais the path turns east for Lochan. Here, if it were sufficiently dry underfoot, one might with advantage be rowed across the lochan, and then follow down the right side of the river to where a path leading to the Poulary bridge can be joined beyond the Allt Doire Huan; otherwise it is better to continue on the path on the left side of the river, though it is a more roundabout way. It turns north after Lochan, and rises about 350 feet, continuing practically straight north all the way to the Ban Ath Bridge. At a point half a mile south-east of Meall a' Chait, where the path divides, the track running west-north-west to a bay of Loch Quoich must be avoided.

THE JOURNAL.—Nos. 15, 23, 26, 44-48, 53, 55, 59-72 are still in print, and may be obtained at 1s. each from Messrs Douglas & Foulis, 9 Castle Street, Edinburgh, who also accept orders to supply the *Journal* regularly, at the rate of 3s. (or 3s. 6d. by post) per annum, payable in advance. All communications regarding those numbers out of print should be made to the Hon. Librarian, Mr Arthur W. Russell, 23 Castle Street, Edinburgh.

INDEX.

Section I. - - -	**Authors.**
„ II. - - -	**Illustrations.**
„ III. - - -	**S.M.C. Abroad.**
„ IV. - - -	**Club Proceedings.**
„ V.—Part I. -	**Skye.**
„ „ II. -	**General.**

As a rule all dependencies of principal mountains have been indexed under the latter. The Index to Volume XII. has been made up on the same lines as those followed by Messrs Garden and Parker in their Index to the first ten volumes of the Journal, *and for further particulars the reader is referred to the Preface to that Index.*

Section I.—Names of Authors.

ALEXANDER, Hy., jun. Half-hours in the Club Library—Mrs Murray Aust's "Guide to the Beauties of Scotland, 1796- ," 164-172

"Alpine Journal," November 1911, *notice of*, 52

— February 1912, *notice of*, 122

— May 1912, *notice of*, 182

— February 1913, *notice of*, 341

— May 1913, *notice of*, 342

Arthur, Allan. Clach Beinn (Cowal), 235

Aust, Hon. Mrs Murray. "A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland, and the Hebrides, 1796- ," *extracts from*, 164-172

BACKHOUSE, Ed. Midnight Wanderings in the Larig, 286-290

Bailey, E. B. "The Geology of the Neighbourhood of Fort-William," *reviewed*, 55

Bell, J. H. Ardgour, 153-163

Brigg, Wm. Anderton. As Heaven's Water Dealeth—to Glen Affric and Glen Shiel, 1-12

Brown, J. A. Harvie. A Wondrous Sky, 56

Buchan, John. Half-hours in the Club Library—"A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," by Dr Samuel Johnson, 1775, 13-20
Buchanan, J. H. Notes on Kingshouse 1912 Meet, 117-119

"CAIRNGORM Club Journal," January 1912, *notice of*, 51
— July 1912, *notice of*, 182
Campbell, T. Fraser S. A New Year's Dream, 90-93
Clark, J. Inglis (Mrs). Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, Easter 1912 Meet, at Loch Laggan, 126-127
— Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club, New Year Meet, 1913, at Tarbet, 245
Clark, M. Inglis (Miss). Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club in 1911, 62-63
Clark, W. Inglis. Aonach Eagach, 146-150
"Climbers' Club Journal," No. 1, 1912, *notice of*, 122
Cumming, S. F. M. Half-hours in the Club Library—Rev. Jas. Hall's Tour, 1803, 275-285

DOUGLAS, Mr and Mrs Wm. Islands of Loch Awe—I., Inishail, 65-76
— Islands of Loch Awe—II., Fraoch Eilean, 137-145
Douglas, Wm. Islands of Loch Awe—III., Kilchurn, 189-208
— The Bird Cliffs of St Abb's, 311-321

FARQUHAR, F. G. A Delightful Day on Clisham, 255-257
"Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal," 1911, *notice of*, 52

GILLON, S. A. Half-hours in the Club Library—Thomas Newte's Tour of 1785, 94-99
— Henry Skrine's Tours of 1787, &c., 99-103
Glover, Geo. T. Fisherfield and Letterewe, 21-30
Goggs, F. S. A Fifteen-hour Walk in Benderloch, 258-266
— Argyll's Bowling Green and Glen Croe, 323-340
— Ardgoil—"Rest and be thankful" Stone, Glencroe, 344-350
— Stone near Whistlefield, 351
Gordon, Seton. "The Charm of the Hills," *reviewed*, 246-248

HALL, Rev. James. "Travels in Scotland by an Unusual Route, 1803," *extracts from*, 275-285
Hoek, H. W. A Wet Day on Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour, 104-109

JEFFREY, R., jr. Knoydart Meet, Western Section, 304-310
Johnson, Dr Samuel. "A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," *extracts from*, 13-20

KER, W. P. Ben Vane (Poem), 46

LING, W. N. Notes on Kingshouse 1912 Meet, 116-117
Lunn, Arnold. "The Englishman in the Alps," *reviewed*, 248-249

MACALISTER, W. G. Avalanche on Ben More, 124-126
— Notes on Knoydart Meet, Eastern Section, 352
Malcolm, Geo. "List of Deer Forests in Scotland," *notice of*, 183
" Mountain Club Annual," 1912 (Cape Town), *notice of*, 182
Munro, H. T. Tomdoun, 177-181
— New Guide Book—Munro's Tables, Letter *re*, 221-224

NAISMITH, W. W. Bidein Druim nan Ramh, 173-176
— Caisteal a' Gharbh Choire, 187
Newbigin, Marion I. "Ordnance Survey Maps," *reviewed*, 295
Newte, Thos. "Tour in England and Scotland, 1785," *extracts from*, 94-99

PARKER, Mrs Elizabeth. "The Selkirk Mountains," 1912, *reviewed*, 127-128
Parker, James A. Table showing the Total Number of Members of the S.M.C. grouped according to Place of Residence, 50
— The Black Pinnacle of Coire Brochain, Braeriach, 84-89

RAEBURN, H. Ben Nevis—Coire na Ciste—An Easy Way Out, 54
— The Brack: Elephant Gully, 209-214
— Arran: Cir Mhor B_1-B_2 Rib, 236
— "The Charm of the Hills," by Seton Gordon, *review of*, 246-248
Rennie, J. Ben Ime and the Cobbler: Botanical Note, 186-187
" Rucksack Club Journal," 1912, *notice of*, 122
— 1913, *notice of*, 342

SANG, George. The Forbidden Mountains, 215-220
Skrine, Hy. "Three Tours in the North of England and Great Part of Scotland, 1795," *extracts from*, 99-103
Smith, Wm. C. "Geology of the Neighbourhood of Fort-William," by E. B. Bailey, *reviewed*, 55-56
— "The Selkirk Mountains," *reviewed*, 127-128
Stott, Joseph G. Speech at Dinner of 27th February 1912, 110-112
— S.M.C. Club Song (*reprinted*), 291-292
— Song: "I Sing of a Club, and a jolly good Club," &c., 151-152

THOMSON, Jas. C. Wanderings on the Cuillin, 129-136
— Knoydart Meet, Eastern Section, 297-303
Thomson, J. M. Archer. New Climbs in the Isle of Skye, 31-40

WATSON, Rev. Wm. Lichens, 267-274
Wordie, Jas. M. The Brack: Elephant Gully, 294
Workman, R. Ernest. Stob Coire nam Beith, 185-186

YOUNG, J. R. "The Unseen Corrie" preceded by "The Dubhs," 77-83
— Club Meet at Killin, New Year 1913, 230-233

Section II.—Illustrations.

A' MHAIGHDEAN (East End of), 26
— from Torr na h'Iolaire, 28
Aonach Eagach—Meall Dearg, 152
Ardgoil, plan of, 324

BARNYARDS from the Nunnery, 318
Beinn Dearg (Ross-shire), 215
— Choire Ghranda, 217
— Cliffs of, from Loch a' Choire Ghranda, 226
Beinn Dearg Mhor, Central Towers of, 24
Ben Donich, 332
Beinn Lair from summit of Torr na h'Iolaire, 22
Ben Sgriol, 308
Beinn Sguliaird from Inner Loch Creran, 258
Bidean nam Bian from Stob Mhic-Mhartuin, 146
— from Aonach Eagach (Summer), 148
— — (Winter), 150
Bidein Druim nan Ramh, from Sgurr an Fheadain, 174
Brack, 213
— view from, to south, 323
Braeriach, from the South-east, 84
— Coire Brochain, 84, 86
— — from the South-west, 88
— — Black Pinnacle, 88
— from Càrn Eilrig—panorama (*photogravure*), 251

CASTLES from Harta Coire (*sketch*), 34
Cioch and Cioch Buttress, Sgurr Sgumain (*sketch*), 38
Cobbler (*shewing face on*), 44
Coire Lagan, Skye (*photogravure*), 129
Coire nan Gall, 300
Coire Reidh, 300
Cona' Mheall, 215

FAST Castle, 320
Fraoch Eilean (Loch Awe), 138
— — Interior of Macnachdan's Castle. 144

GARBH Bheinn (Ardgour), View from summit, 156
— — from Coire an Iubhair (*sketch*), 159
Garbh Chioch Mhor, 297
Glen Croe from old print, 328
Glen Croe, 332
Glen Shiel, 302

INISHAIL (Loch Awe) Chapel, Cross in, 70
— — Chapel, 76
— — Church, 1736, 72
— — Churchyard, Stones in, 65, 66, 68.

KILCHURN Castle, 189, 197
— Ground plan of, 192
— in 1772, 202

LEAC an Tuadh, 215
Loch Duich from Sgurr Fhuaran, 1
Loch Nevis, 297
Loch Sunart from Garbh Bheinn, 156

MAM Sodhail from Col between it and Carn Eighe, 2
Mark (Ardgoil), 336

PORTINCAPLE Ferry, 336

"REST and be thankful" Stone, Glencroe, 344

SADDLE (Ardgoil), 302
Saddle (Loch Duich), 8
Saileag, 2
St Abb's from Whiteheugh, 311
St Abb's Head, 314
Sgurr a' Bhealaich Dheirg, From (looking W.), 2
Sgorr Dhearg from North Ballachulish, 112
Sgoran Dubh from Càrn Eilrig—panorama (*photogravure*), 251
Sgurr Fhuaran, 2
— from (looking S.S.E.), 6
Sgurr na Carnach, 2, 6
Sgor na Ciche, 304
Sgurr na Ciste Duibhe, 2, 6, 8
Sgurr na Forcan, 8
Sgurr nan Gillean (*sketch*), 31
Sgurr nan Saighead, 2
Sgurr nan Spainteach, 2
Sron na Ciche (*sketch*), 36
Stac a Chaorruinn, 26

TOM Molach, 336
Torr na h'Iolaire, 22, 24
— On the centre of, 26

WHISTLEFIELD, Stone in Wall near, 351

Section III.—S.M.C. Abroad.

ALPS.

As a general rule, the names of only those hills or places which have not before been referred to in the Journal *are inserted here.*

AIGUILLE de la Fenêtre, 58
Aiguille du Rochefort, 58

BEC de Zambeina, 237
Bregaglia Valley, 240
Brenta Group, 58-59

CADINISPITZE, 62
Cima dell' Auillie, 237
Cima d'Entrelor, 237
Col Patri, from Val de Valeille, 237

DAVOS, Ski-ing at, 57
Dent de Perseverance, 58

GRANDE Fourche, 57
Grosser Fiescherhorn, 238
Gstaad, Ski-ing at, 240
Gsür, 241

LES Droites, 58
Les Périades, 237

MÉTAILLER, 61
Mont Mallet, 58
Monte Pelmo, 62
Muraigl, 240

OCHSENHORN, 238

PIZ Vadret, 240
Punta di Forzo, 237
Punta Garier, 237
Punta Patri, 237

SKI-ING, Davos, 57
— Gstaad, 240
— Les Rasses (Jura), 242

TSCHINGELLOCHTIGHORN, 241

VAL Solda, 239

WILDHORN, 60

Section IV.—Club Proceedings.

ACCOUNTS, 1911, 41
— 1912, 225

COMMITTEE, *see* Office-Bearers

DINNER, Annual, Twenty-third, in Glasgow, 1911, 43
— Twenty-fourth, in Edinburgh, 1912, 227
— to Joseph G. Stott, 27th February 1912, 110

GIFT of £100 from Gaiter Club, 41
Guide Book, New, Notice of Information wanted, 53
— Division 3, Sub-Editor gone abroad, 121
— Munro's Tables, 221

INDEX, Vote of Thanks for Compilation of, 42

JOURNAL, Advertisements in, 42, 226
— Decision to keep price at one shilling, 42

LANTERN Slide Collection, Additions to, 49, 121, 234, 293
— — Vote of Thanks to Custodian, 42

Library, Additions to, in 1912, 47, 120
— Additions to, in 1913, 234, 293
— Report for 1911, 42
— Report for 1912, 225

MEETING, Annual General, Twenty-third, in Glasgow, Dec. 1911, 41
— Twenty-fourth, in Edinburgh, Dec. 1912, 225
Meet at Tarbet, New Year, 1912, 43
— at Glencoe, Easter 1912, 112-119
Ballachulish, 114-115
Clachaig, 115-116
Kingshouse, 116-119
— at Fortingall, New Year 1913, 228
— at Killin, New Year 1913, 230
— at Aviemore, Easter 1913, 251
— at Knoydart, May 1913, 297
Meets, Places of, fixed for 1912, 42
— Places of, fixed for 1913, 226
Members, Ordinary, elected—Craig, H. J., 225; Deards, C., 225; Drummond, H. G., 41; Green, G. B., 41; Gunn, E. J., 41; Hirst, J., 225; Jeffrey, R., jun., 41; Johnston, W. G. C., 41; M'Laren, A. C., 41; Marshall, A. G., 225; Marshall, T. R., 225; Reid, A. K., 41; Scoones, P., 41; Shadbolt, L. G., 41; Watson, R., 225; Wordie, J. M., 225
Membership as at 1st December 1911, 41
— as at 2nd December 1912, 225
— grouped according to place of residence for each year from 1889-1912, 50

OFFICE-BEARERS—
Committee: Cumming, S. F. M., 42, 226; Duncan, Geo., 42; Ling, W. N., 226; Thomson, Jas. C., 226
Election of, for 1912, 42; for 1913, 226
List of, for 1912, 64; for 1913, 250
Secretary, Assistant: Sang, G., 226
Vice-President: Bell, J. H., 42

PRESIDENT'S term of office, Proposal to restrict to two years, 226
Proceedings of the Club, 41-46, 110-119, 225-233, 251-254, 297-310

RECEPTION by President in Glasgow, 1911, 43
— by President in Edinburgh, 1912, 227
Rules: Addition to No. 5 *re* charging members for New Guide Book passed, 226

SPEECH: Stott, J. G., at dinner of 27th February 1912, 110-112
Stott, J. G., Dinner to, 110-112

Section V.—Subject Index.

PART I.—SKYE.

(**Heavy** *type has been used for the Titles of Articles.*)

Bidein Druim nan Ramh, by W. W. Naismith, 173-176
Birds, List of, seen at Sligachan and Glen Brittle, July and August 1912, 136
Caisteal a' Gharbh Chòire, traversed north to south, 187
Castles, Eastern face of, Climbs on, 33-34
Coir' a' Ghrunnda, 80-83
Cuillin, Wanderings on the, by Jas. C. Thomson, 129-136
Druim nan Ramh Ridge, 176
Gap, short side, new route up, 134
Gars-bheinn, View from, 133
Sgurr Alasdair, Climb in gully on south face, 187
Sgurr Dearg, Criticism of 6-inch O.S. map, 131
Sgurr Dubh Beag, 78
Sgurr Dubh Mor, 79
Sgurr Dubh na Da Bheinn, 80
Sgurr nan Eag, Spring on, 133
Sgurr an Fheadain, 175-176
Sgurr nan Gillean, Ascent of face of second pinnacle, 31-32
— Sligachan buttress, Climb on, 32-33
Sgurr a' Mhadaidh, Climb up face between Slanting Gully and Deep Gash Gully, 34-35
— Slanting Gully, first direct ascent, 39
Sgurr Sgumain, Cioch buttress climb, 37-38
Sron na Ciche, Chimney and Crack route, 37
East buttress, direct route, 187
— chimney route, 188
— Girdle traverse, 188
— Zigzag route, 35-36
Sron Dearg, Water spring on, 133
Skye, New Climbs in the Isle of, by J. M. Archer Thomson, 31-40
"**Unseen Corrie**" preceded by "**The Dubhs**," by J. R. Young and others, 77-83
Uist, Notes on South, by F. G. Farquhar, 107-109

PART II.—GENERAL.

ALLTBEATH (Glen Affric), 5
Am Bathaiche, Ascent of, 178
Am Bodach (Aonach Eagach), 147
A'Mhaighdean, Climbs on, 29, 30
An Leth Chreag, 3
An t'Sail (Loch Quoich), 299

An Socach (Glen Affric), 4
Aonach Eagach, by W. Inglis Clark, 146-150
Aonachair Chrith, 302
Ardgoil, *see* Argyll's Bowling Green
— "Rest and be thankful" stone, 344-350
Ardgour, by J. H. Bell, 153-163
Ardvoulin (birthplace of Flora Macdonald), 109
Argyll's Bowling Green and Glen Croe, by F. S. Goggs, 323-340
Arnisdale, 308

BARRISDALE, 308
Ben Aden, 299
Beinn Dearg (Ross-shire), Ascent of, 219
— (Ross-shire), 23, 24
Ben Donich, 330-331
Ben Fhada, traverse of, 118
Ben Ime, List of plants found on, 187
Beinn an Lochain, Correct height of, letter from Director-General of Ordnance Survey, 56-57
Beinn Mhor (S. Uist), Ascent of, 108
Ben More, Avalanche on, 124-126
Ben Nevis, Lichens on, 272
— Coire na Ciste—an easy way out, 54
— Geology of, note on paper by E. B. Bailey, 55
Ben Reithe, 333
Ben Rinnes, Ascent of, in 1803, 281
Ben Sgriol, 308-309
Beinn Sguliaird, 261
Ben Vane (geological poem), 46
Benderloch, A fifteen-hour walk in, by F. S. Goggs, 258-266
Bidean nam Bian, derivation of name, 236
Brack, 331-332 ← Birds of St Abbs Cliffs 311-321.
Brack, The, The Elephant Gully, by H. Raeburn, 209-214
— — note *re* ascent of, in 1910, 294
Braeriach, The Black Pinnacle of Coire Brochain, by James A. Parker, 84-89
Buachaille Etive, Ascent of chimney on wall above Curved Ridge, 52
— Ridge to left of Curved Ridge, 52
— Great Chasm, pitches in, 52

CAIRNGORM, ascent by Mrs Aust, 165
Carn Eige, 4
Carn Eilrig, 254
Carn Mairg Range, 229
Cir Mhor B_1-B_2 Rib, 236
Clachaig to Salachail, 263-265
Clach Beinn (Cowal), Pinnacles on, 235
Clisham, A Delightful Day on, by F. G. Farquhar, 255-257

Cluanie, 301
Cnoc Coinnich, 332-333
Cobbler, Plants found on, 187
Cona Mheall, 217-218
Corrieyairack in 1793, 103
— in 1796, 169
Creach Bheinn (Ardgour), 157
Creag na h'Eige, 4
Creag a' Mhaim (Glen Cluanie), 302
Crook Inn, 350
Crois, M'Laren-Shadbolt Gully, 45

DEER Forests in Scotland, Reference to largest, 183
Druim Buidhe, 299
Druim Fada, 308
Druim Shionnach, 302

FAST Castle, 320
Fisherfield and Letterewe, by Geo. T. Glover, 21-30
Forbidden Mountains, The, by George Sang, 215-220

Garbh Bheinn of Ardgour, A Wet Day on, by H. W. Hoek, 104-106
— Motor Launch, 57, 126
— 153, 158-162
— *Sketch* of face, 159
Garbh Chioch Mor, 179, 299, 300
Glen Affric and Glen Shiel, To—As Heaven's Water Dealeth, by Wm. A. Brigg, 1-12
Glen Carnach, 299, 305-306.
Gleann a' Chaoruinn (Loch Arkaig), 298, 304, 352
Gleann Cia-aig, 302-303
Glen Croe, Argyll's Bowling Green and, by F. S. Goggs, 323-340
Glen Croe, "Rest and be thankful" stone, 344-350
Glen Finnan, 298, 304, 352
Glen Kingie, 298, 352
Glen Loyne, 301
Glen Meadail, 306
Glen Shiel, To Glen Affric and—As Heaven's Water Dealeth, by Wm. A. Brigg, 1-12
Glen Ure, 262
Gleourach, 180, 298

HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY—
Aust, Hon. Mrs Murray—A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland and the Hebrides, &c., 1796, by Hy. Alexander, 164-172
Hall, Rev. Jas.—Travels in Scotland by an Unusual Route : 1803, by S. F. M. Cumming, 275-285

HALF-HOURS IN THE CLUB LIBRARY—*continued.*
Johnson, Samuel—A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, 1775, by John Buchan, 13-20
Newte, Thomas—Prospects and Observations on a Tour in England and Scotland, 1785, by S. A. Gillon, 94-99
Skrine, Hy—Three Successive Tours in the North of England and Great Part of Scotland, 1787-1793, by S. A. Gillon, 99-103
Hecla (S. Uist), 108

INVERIE, 307, 309

KINGSHOUSE Inn, Glencoe, 352
Kinlocharkaig, 298
— to Tomdoun, 352
— to Glen Finnan, 352
Kinlochquoich, 298, 300

LADIES' Scottish Climbing Club in 1911, 62-63
— — Easter Meet, 1912, at Loch Laggan, 126-127
— — New Year's Meet, 1913, at Tarbet, 245
Larachantivore, 22
Larig, Midnight Wanderings in the, by Ed. Backhouse, 286-290
— Allt na Beinne, proposal to build new bridge, 51
— Note *re* opening of new bridge, 184-185
Letterewe and Fisherfield, by Geo. T. Glover, 21-30
Lichens, by Rev. Wm. Watson, 267-274
Loch Awe, The Islands of, by Mr and Mrs Wm. Douglas—
I. Inishail, 65-76
II. Fraoch Eilean, 137-145
— III. Kilchurn, by W. Douglas, 189-208
Loch a' Choire Ghranda, 217-218
Loch Ericht in 1796, 168
Loch Etive, along north side of, 259-260, 265
Luinne-Bheinn, 307

MAM na Cloich' Airde, 305
Mam Sodhail, 4
Maol Odhar (Ardgour), 157
Meall Buidhe (Knoydart), 307
Meall Dearg Choire nam Muc, 162-163
Munro's Tables, New Guide Book, 221-224

New Year's Dream, A, by T. Fraser S. Campbell, 90-93

"REST and be thankful" stone (Glencroe), 344-350
Reviews—
Gordon, Seton, "The Charm of the Hills," 246-248
Lunn, Arnold, "The Englishman in the Alps," 248-249
Newbigin, Miss M. I., "Ordnance Survey Maps," 295
Parker, Mrs Elizabeth, "The Selkirk Mountains," 127-128

S.M.C. Abroad, 1911, 57-62
— 1912, 236-244
Saddle (Ardgoil), 333-334
Saddle (Glen Shiel), 9
Saileag, 6
St Abb's, The Bird Cliffs of, by Wm. Douglas, 311-321
St Kilda, 342
Schichallion, direct route to Fortingall Hotel, 229
Sgor Beag, 179
Sgurr a' Bhealaich Dheirg, 5
Sgurr na Carnach, 7, 8
Sgor na Ciche, 179, 299, 300
Sgurr na Ciste Duibhe, 6
Sgor nan Coireachan, 179, 299
Sgurr Dhomhnuill, 154-156
Sgurr na h' Eanchainne, 162-163
Sgurr Fhuaran, 7
Sgurr na Forcan, 10
Scour Gairoch, 180
Sgurr Leac nan Each, 9
Sgor an Lochan Uaine, climb on face of, 51
Sgurr a' Mhoraire, Ascent of, 178
Sgor Mor, 179
Sgurr nan Spainteach, 6
Ski-ing, Cairngorm and Macdhui, 253
— Drumochter Hills, 253
— Glen Feshie Hills, 253
Song, "I sing of a Club, and a jolly good Club," &c., by J. G. Stott, 151-152
Song, Club, reprinted, 291-292
Spidean Dhomhuin Bhric, 9
Spidean Mialach, 180, 298
Sron a' Choire Ghairbh, 302-303
Sron Creise, Pinnacle on, 52
Stob Coire nam Beith, climb on face, 185-186
Stob Mhic-Mhartuin, 147-149

Tomdoun, by H. T. Munro, 177-181
— Meet at, 297, 352
Tom a' Choinich, 2
Torr na h' Iolaire, climbs on, 25-28

UMBRAE Quaedam, S.M.C., 322

WHISTLEFIELD, stone in wall near, 351